MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D.D.

RECTOR OF LATIMER PARISH, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA;
BRIGADIER-GENERAL C.S.A.; CHIEF OF ARTILLERY, ARMY OF NORTHERN
VIRGINIA.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

SUSAN P. LEE.

"J'ai toujours pris un soin très particulier non seulement de ne pas falsifier, ce
qui serait horrible, mais de ne pas altérer ou détourner le moins du monde le sens
d'un passage.”

PASCAL.

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PREFACE.

It was the singular good fortune of the people of the Confederate States, in their ill-fated struggle for separate government, to have for their leaders men of the loftiest mould.

The challenge can be safely given to the world to furnish from any of the nations of the earth, in any one era of its history, an assemblage of heroes who, for supreme ability, for martial prowess, and at the same time for devotion to duty and unsullied purity of character, will surpass the chieftains who commanded the armies of the Confederacy.

Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sydney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Joseph E. Johnston, A. P. Hill, Leonidas Polk, J. E. B. Stuart,—and others still spared to their countrymen,—deserve to live and will live through future ages in human remembrance among the knightliest and noblest of mankind.

The perusal of this faithful story of a grand life nobly lived will convince the reader that William N. Pendleton rightfully belongs to this galaxy of Christian heroes.

If it be true that the character of a people and their cause may be fairly measured by the characters of their typical men,—their chosen leaders and representatives,—then indeed the people of the Confederate South have here their proudest heritage, and no higher duty can be discharged to the living and the dead than that performed by the truthful chronicler of such lives and such men.

This work of duty and love fittingly delineates the life, labors, and character of a Christian soldier and patriot,—a man whose
virtues, though well known to the people whom he served and those among whom he lived, "were best known to his family, his servants, and the poor."

The devoted love of the daughter has not been allowed to weaken the fidelity of the historian or to give exaggerated color to the events and the scenes which she describes.

No biography of General Pendleton could be complete which did not give some account of the society, the institutions, the traditions, the people, the environment under the influence and in the midst of which he was reared, and this lovely picture is here drawn true to life.

Nor could any just history of General Pendleton's life be written which did not also portray, as has been done in this volume, the beauties of the life of the lovely woman who was for more than half a century his helpmeet,—the worthy sharer of his joys and his sorrows, his trials and his triumphs.

"For contemplation he, for valor formed;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace:
He for God only, she for God in him."

W. A. A.
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MEMOIRS

OF

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

William Nelson Pendleton, the third surviving son of Edmund Pendleton, third of that name in the county of Caroline, Virginia, and Lucy Nelson, was born on December 26, 1809.

The story of his life is one of no common interest.

He was a successful teacher and trainer of other men. For well-nigh forty-six years he exercised the high and holy calling of a clergyman of the Church and a faithful parish minister. He was not only the friend and counsellor of the leaders in a great national convulsion, but himself took active part therein, and as a soldier illustrated on many a bloody field his patriotism and his courage.

It becomes, therefore, the duty of his biographer truthfully to record the circumstances of his life, and also to indicate the causes and influences from which sprang the energy of character, the purity of motive, the intellectual ability, and the physical vigor necessary for so varied and unusual a career. Prominent among these influences were the associations and traditions of his ancestry, which must be given in some detail.

Nathaniel and Philip Pendleton,—the first a clergyman, the other a school-master,—sons of Henry Pendleton, of Norwich, England, emigrated to Virginia in 1674. Nathaniel left no children, and the Pendleton family, with its numerous branches in Virginia, South Carolina, New York, and Ohio, is descended from Philip.

The Rev. Philip Slaughter, D.D., the historiographer of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, in his history of St. Mark's Parish,
Culpeper County, devotes a number of pages to an account of the various divisions of the Pendleton family in Virginia. These sketches show them to have been upright, intelligent, respectable, and useful members of society in their different localities. Dr. Slaughter has, however, strangely omitted any notice of the Pendletons of Caroline County, from whom the subject of these Memoirs was directly descended, and who are, on some accounts, more noteworthy than their kinsmen.

Henry, eldest son of the emigrant Philip, married at the age of eighteen, his wife being only thirteen. In 1721 he died, four months before the birth of his fifth son, Edmund, who was to become the distinguished jurist and statesman of the Revolution, the most renowned and influential man of his name, and the virtual founder of the Caroline branch of the family.

Left a young widow, with a large family and small means, Mrs. Pendleton married again, and her youngest son grew to boyhood, as he himself has recorded, "without classical education, without patrimony, without what is called the influence of family connection."

But he had inherited from either father or mother a clear intellect, a resolute will, an unblemished integrity. In his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to the clerk of Caroline County, and set himself at that early age to the diligent study of the law, for which his position afforded the best facilities of the day. Made clerk of the Vestry in his sixteenth year, he spent all his small salary in the purchase of books, which he eagerly read. At the age of twenty he was, with his master's permission, rigidly examined by Mr. Barradall, an eminent lawyer, and admitted to the bar. Previous to this he had married, contrary to the advice of his friends, the beautiful Bettie Roy, who died in less than two years. In his twenty-fourth year he married a second wife,—Sarah Pollard,—who survived him.

From the time of his coming to the bar he was in full practice in the county courts, and soon passed on to the General Court, where he had abundant business until 1774, when it was closed by the Revolution. In 1752 he was sent to the House of Burgesses, to which he was re-elected until it became extinct. This was the beginning of his public career, which continued without cessation until his death in 1803, more than half a century.
Eminently conservative in the cast of his mind, he shrank from changing the laws and overturning the established order of things. In his brief autobiography he says, “When the dispute with Great Britain began, a redress of grievances, and not a revolution of government, was my wish.” To bring about such redress by peaceable means he hoped and argued and labored. But when remonstrance and petition had no effect; when such manifestations of the popular determination to resist oppression as the claim of the Virginia Burgesses that they alone had a right to levy taxes in the Colony, the universal opposition to the Stamp Act, the destruction of tea in Boston harbor, the non-importation agreement, everywhere enforced, availed nothing; when the British crown increased its efforts to enforce despotic control over the lives and liberties of American subjects, the manliness of Pendleton’s character did not hesitate or falter. Finding revolution inevitable, he gave all his energies to secure the unchanging principles of justice and truth as the foundation of the new order of things.

Such was the confidence of the great men and patriots with whom he was associated, in his integrity and ability, that he was called upon by both parties in the Colony to fill many of the important posts of the day. In 1764 he was one of the committee to draw up memorials to the King, Lords, and Commons. In 1773 he was a member of the Committee of Correspondence between the Colonies. The Virginia Convention of 1774 appointed him a delegate to Congress. To this position he was re-elected in 1775, but declined serving on account of sickness. A member of all the Virginia conventions, he was president of that of 1775, and of the still more memorable one of 1776. But the greatest mark of the universal trust which he inspired in his fellows was his unanimous election by the Convention of 1775 as the head of the Committee of Safety. This body of eleven members constituted the Executive of the Colony, and was in perpetual session. Its duties were responsible, multiform, and perplexing. No rule or precedent directed its acts. Its powers were discretionary and almost absolute. Great, therefore, were the wisdom, energy, and prudence requisite to guide its deliberations. For such a position Pendleton’s calm temper, clear judgment, and resolute character eminently fitted him. Thoroughly acquainted with the finances, needs, and resources of the Colony; well versed in all branches
of English law and in the laws of nations; knowing intimately all the great men of the period, with their widely-differing views and feelings, no one was better prepared to be head of such a body; nor would any one have accepted such a position, unless ready to give up life itself at his country’s call.

Mr. Grigsby, in his account of the Virginia Convention of 1776,—in which were assembled such men as Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Paul Carrington, James Madison, Thomas Nelson, and many of their illustrious compères,—writes of Pendleton as being, “in an intellectual point of view, one of the accomplished speakers in the House. Nor,” continues Grigsby, “were his physical powers at all inferior to his intellectual. He was fully six feet in height, and was in the vigor of life, having reached his fifty-fifth year; his face still so comely as to have won for its possessor the reputation of being the handsomest man in the Colony; his noble form still unbent by that fearful accident which in less than twelve months was to confine him to the crutch for life; * lithe and graceful in all his movements; his manners polished by an intercourse of a quarter of a century with the most refined circles of the metropolis and of the Colony; his voice clear and ringing, so that its lowest note was distinctly heard throughout the hall; and a self-possession so supreme as to sustain him in the fiercest collisions of debate as if in a state of repose.”†

But, with all this distinction and honor, Edmund Pendleton—although he had been a member of the House of Burgesses for twenty-five years—was now, in his fifty-fifth year, only partially advanced in his noble career.

For twenty-seven years longer he continued in the active and diligent service of his country. Speaker of the House of Delegates, where his ability in debate was unsurpassed; member of the committee to revise the laws of Virginia, where his contemporaries traced his work by its clearness and precision; president of the Convention of 1788, which discussed and ratified the Federal Constitution, where Thomas Jefferson said of him,

* In 1777 a fall from his horse injured his hip and lamed him permanently.
"Taken all in all, he was the ablest man in debate I have ever met with;" presiding judge of the Virginia Court of Appeals from its organization in 1779 to his death in 1803; the arduous duties and responsibilities of these various offices were discharged with ability and fidelity, with ease and dignity, and, above all, with a purity which the breath of censure never soiled. Disabled by excessive lameness for twenty-five years, he shrank from no labor, endured every fatigue, and died in the full possession of his faculties, and discharge of his duties as judge, at the age of eighty-two.

His important and incessant political labors did not lessen his interest and activity in other questions connected with the welfare of his country and people. "The Vestries were the depositories of power in Virginia. . . . In their history we may fairly trace the origin, not only of that religious liberty which afterwards developed itself in Virginia, but also of the early and determined stand taken by the Episcopalians of Virginia in behalf of civil liberty."* We have seen the boy Edmund clerk of the Vestry in Caroline County. As a man, he was prevented by his onerous duties as statesman and judge from taking such active part in church affairs as many of his associates. But his interest in them continued throughout his life. Writing to Richard Henry Lee, June 13, 1785, he expresses the interest he felt in the proceedings of the Convention of the Episcopal Church in the previous month, and touches on the question of a bishop for the young Commonwealth.†

A petition to the Legislature for the suppression of intemperance, drawn up with his own hand, is still in existence. His personal piety is evinced by the devout aspirations with which he concludes his record of his unparalleled success in life: "Not unto me, not unto me, O Lord, but unto thy name be the praise."

Beginning life in poverty, Judge Pendleton acquired a large fortune, and built a handsome house,—Edmundsbury, in Caroline,—where he lived during his short intervals of leisure, and where his widow resided for many years. Having no children, he attached himself specially to his nephew and namesake, Edmund, the first son of his next older brother, John. This affection

was strengthened by the younger Edmund marrying Millé Pollard, the youngest sister of his uncle's second wife. The young couple settled at White Plains, near Edmundsberry. In course of time two sons and several daughters were born to them. The second boy was called Edmund, after his father and grand-uncle. After his birth the old judge arranged with his nephew that this third Edmund, the one mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, should become his adopted son and heir. With the estates he received valuable heirlooms, among them the family Bible,* with its genealogical record, written with rare beauty and distinctness by the judge, down to 1802, and the old gentleman's portrait, taken in extreme old age.†

Judge Pendleton died in 1803, several years before the birth of William Nelson Pendleton. But the influence of his character and example was strong in the family, and constant intercourse with his aged widow kept the traditions and anecdotes of his illustrious grand-uncle fresh in the boy's mind. The resemblance between the two in many points of character and opinion was marked. And it is difficult to tell how much of such similarity was due to inheritance, how much the result of early impressions made by such an example of a noble, useful life upon an ardent, lofty spirit.

Family influences not less valuable are to be traced on the maternal side. For more than a century the Nelsons had been among the most respected and influential families in the Colony. Thomas Nelson, the founder of the family, from Penrith, in the north of England, settled at Yorktown in 1705. He soon became a successful merchant and ship-owner. By energy and skill in business he amassed a large property, and changed the little village of York into a flourishing seaport. His sons inherited his industry and integrity along with his wealth, and became leading men in the Colony. Thomas, the eldest, was secretary of the King's Council. William, the second son, was, like his father, a ship-owner, and imported goods to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and York. He was for many years president of the King's Council in Virginia, and at one time—in an interval between two govern-

* In possession of Robert N. Pendleton, Wytheville, Virginia.
† Purchased from D. D. Pendleton by Charlotte Pendleton, of Cincinnati.
ors—head of the Colony. The Nelsons were even more remarkable for their piety and virtue than for their success in business. So active and earnest was President Nelson in promoting the interests of the Church and of religion that he had a large dinner prepared at his mansion in York on every church Sunday, and invited all, rich and poor, to it, so that those who lived at a distance from the church might find it less difficult to attend service.* An extract from his funeral sermon ascribes to him "a rational and firm piety, an active and constant affection for the well-being and best interests of mankind;" and speaks of him as "constant in his attendance at the ordinary service of God, and the celebration of the Lord's Supper." †

His eldest son, Thomas, was sent to England and educated under the care of Dr. Porteus, afterwards Bishop of London. The letters written by the father to Dr. Porteus exhibit his earnest wish that his son should be kept from evil company and bad example, and trained in virtue and godliness, as well as in the learning and accomplishments required in a young gentleman of that day. On his return to Virginia, Thomas Nelson was soon enrolled among the active public men and patriots of the Colony. Member of the House of Burgesses before he was twenty-one, he became, in turn, member of the important conventions, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, general of the Virginia forces, governor of the State. He raised money to supply her necessities by pledging his private fortune, and when he died, in 1789, left his widow and children thereby impoverished.

An account given by the Marquis de Chastellux of his visit to General Nelson's home—Offley, in Hanover County—presents a most interesting picture of a virtuous and well-ordered Virginia household just after the Revolution:

"In the absence of the general (who had gone to Williamsburg), his mother and wife received us with all the politeness, ease, and cordiality natural to the family. But as in America the ladies are never thought sufficient to do the honors of the house, five or six Nelsons were assembled to receive us,—among others, Secretary Nelson, uncle to the general, his two sons, and two of the

* Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families," vol. i. p. 208. † Ibid.
general's brothers. These young men were married, and several of them were accompanied by their wives and children, all called Nelson, and distinguished only by their Christian names; so that during the two days that I spent in this truly patriarchal house it was impossible for me to find out their degrees of relationship. The company assembled either in the parlor or saloon, especially the men, from the hour of breakfast to that of bedtime; but the conversation was always agreeable and well supported. If you were desirous of diversifying the scene, there were some good French and English authors at hand. An excellent breakfast at nine o'clock, a sumptuous dinner at two, tea and punch in the afternoon, and an elegant little supper divided the day most happily for those whose stomachs were never unprepared. It is worth observing that on this occasion, where fifteen or twenty people (four of whom were strangers to the family and country) were assembled together, not a syllable was said about play. How many parties of tric-trac, whist, and lotto would with us have been the consequence of such obstinate bad weather!" *

General Nelson's second brother, Hugh, one of those mentioned above, seems to have taken no active part in politics. But he was, like his father, diligent in piety and good works. The church in York being often without a minister, Mr. Nelson acted as lay preacher, reading the service and a sermon on Sunday. He also prepared the first class for confirmation in York, shortly after Bishop Madison returned from England with episcopal consecration. His daughter Lucy, mother of the subject of this memoir, used to tell how her father assembled all the candidates for confirmation—she being the youngest among them—in the parlor of the old house in York, on the morning of the bishop's visit, and addressed them on the nature of the solemn vows they were about to ratify. This private gathering and the scene soon after following in the church were described as most interesting and touching.

Ancestors thus conspicuous for intellectual vigor, unswerving patriotism, honorable discharge of duty in important positions,

devoted piety, and worldly prosperity could not fail to excite their generous and magnanimous descendants to imitate and emulate their virtues and excellencies.

CHAPTER II.

FAMILY LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

Edmund Pendleton, Jr., had—like his great-uncle and adopted father—much beauty of form and feature, energy of character, cheerfulness of disposition, and clear intellect to have made him successful in professional life. But affluence instead of poverty sat beside his cradle and tended his boyhood, and when, after the example of his elders, he married at the age of twenty, he was not forced to exert himself for the support of his family, but settled down with his young wife to enjoy the comfort and ease provided for him by his uncle's labors. His first wife, Jane Byrd Page, died in less than two years, leaving a little daughter, Elizabeth.

Early and repeated marriage was a Pendleton habit, and the young widower, before he was twenty-four, took to himself his second wife, Lucy Nelson. She was a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, who to beauty and sweetness added a sprightly mind and firm though gentle character, which fitted her well for the part she was to play as mother of a large family and mistress of an extensive plantation. After a wedded life of nearly fifty years, Mr. Pendleton used to tell with pride how himself and bride had been pronounced the handomest couple in Richmond. Her beauty and her wealth of hair did not protect Mrs. Pendleton from the barbarous fashion of the day, which decreed that every married woman, no matter how young and good-looking, should cover her head with an ugly mob-cap. Her luxuriant tresses were cropped short and the beautiful hair hidden under a cap until the day of her death.

The young couple lived on their estate in Caroline during the greater part of the year, but spent the winters with Mrs. Pendleton's mother in Richmond, Mr. Pendleton holding an office con-
nected with the Legislature, as his father had done before him. Here, on December 26, 1809, in a house on Grace Street, not far from the site of St. Paul's Church, William Nelson Pendleton was born. Several children had died in infancy, but two brothers and two sisters were living. All of these, as well as three brothers younger than he, grew to mature age, and five of them reached the term of threescore years. Hugh Nelson, the eldest son, was nearly ten years older than William. Two sisters, Mildred and Judith, followed Hugh in close succession. The next surviving child was Francis Walker, only one year older than William. Robert, James Lawrence, and Gurdon Huntingdon were the three who followed him. The affection between the brothers and sisters was warm and lasting, but the tie between Walker and William was particularly strong, notwithstanding a marked dissimilarity between them. Walker was small of stature, indolent in habit, quiet and peaceable in disposition, though fond of a joke, and somewhat of a tease. William, tall and well formed, was full of animal spirits and activity, always busy at work or at play, noisy, mischievous, and so pugnacious that he was expected by brothers, cousins, and school-mates to restrain any show of uprightness in the younger boys, and to keep them in their place, by the chastisement he was never slow to administer. Notwithstanding this belligerent tendency, his bright good humor and universal kindliness made him a great favorite; and, the fight ended, the combatants were speedily the best of friends, eagerly planning some joint piece of mischief or amusement. Walker filled the part of peace-maker, and not infrequently came in for an undue share of blows from both sides. On one of the rare occasions when the brothers had engaged in a battle on their own account, their father came unexpectedly on the scene, booted and spurred for his daily ride round the plantation. He held his riding-whip, and laid it so impartially over the shoulders of both boys that they not only ceased fighting at once, but ever after refrained from coming to blows.

Country life in Virginia in those days had many distinctive characteristics. Stores were few and far apart. Everything had to be raised and manufactured on the plantations, or purchased at great cost and transported with much trouble. The numbers of slaves relieved the masters and mistresses from any necessity for manual labor, but the obligation to provide food, clothing, and
quarters in healthful and sufficient quantity for so many dependants taxed the thoughtfulness and developed the administrative faculties of the owners in a wonderful degree. To see that there was meat, meal, molasses, and fish, cotton, wool, and leather in needful supply; that the cabins were in good repair, with fuel at convenient distance for winter use; that the stock and farming implements were well cared for; the barns and stables in good order; that the crops were planted and worked diligently and intelligently, occupied the master's attention and time, even when he employed an "overseer" to look after the thousand minutiae of plantation work. Upon the mistress devolved the duty of seeing that the food was prepared by competent cooks. She was responsible not only for the cutting and making of the cotton clothing for summer and the linsey for winter, but, not infrequently, also for the spinning the yarn and weaving the cloth for the required garments. Not an unusual task was it for her to "set up the web," by filling the weaver's sley and counting the threads for the cloth. Day after day the softest white hands plied the heavy scissors and aided the negro seamstresses with skilful fingers. Every case of sickness was brought to the mistress's notice. Each one was duly visited, and medicine and nourishment ordered, and often administered by herself.

No one can deny that there were evils connected with, and objections inherent to, the conditions of slavery on the one side and ownership on the other; but no age nor nation has witnessed greater comfort of body, contentedness of mind, and attachment to employers in any laboring class, nor more careful attention to the wants and regard for the feelings of their dependants than were exhibited mutually by Virginia ladies and gentlemen and their slaves. This was peculiarly the case with the house-servants. Nowhere could be found more devoted nurses, and never was love more fondly returned than that of the black "mammy" by her white nursling. Insubordination in the nursery was promptly repressed, and mammy's authority upheld by father and mother. Little William's love of mischief tempted him on one occasion to pull the chair from under his old nurse as she was in the act of seating herself by the fire with one of his baby brothers in her arms. But his shouts of laughter at the unexpected collapse of mammy's dignity were speedily hushed. She
gathered herself up with all haste, placed the uninjured infant in the lap of a younger maid, and swooping down upon the offender, bore him, spite of kicks and struggles, to his mother's chamber. Mrs. Pendleton was too feeble to inflict the deserved punishment, but turned it over to her husband. He listened to the tale, reached for a peach switch lying on the tall mantel, and by a few sharp cuts cured the fun-loving urchin of his propensity to upset unwary folk so rudely.

Schools were few in the country in those days. The age of tutors and governesses had scarcely begun. Children of every degree were taught by their parents in their brief intervals of leisure. The young Pendletons thus learned to read, write, and cipher at their mother's knee. More important still were the principles of truth and honor instilled by their father, and the religious teaching of their mother's precept and example. Sunday-schools were little held in the city, not at all in the country. In the part of Caroline where Mr. Pendleton lived there was no Episcopal church, and the only religious services were by untaught Methodist and Baptist preachers. Mrs. Pendleton had no mind to have her children grow up without regular religious training, or to let them stray off from the church of their fathers. The large prayer-book with its clear print was the book oftenest used to teach the little ones to read. And as soon as a child could do so with any ease, it was accustomed to read the Psalter for the day responsively with its mother, while psalms, hymns, and Bible verses were day by day memorized. In this way the mind was stored with truths and the tongue habituated to a purity of language and richness of phraseology unattainable under the use of "readers" in the schools of a later day.

Mr. Pendleton made no religious profession, but he seconded the efforts of his wife for the proper instruction of their children. Family prayers were read by one of the parents, and on every Sunday morning, in the country, the whole household was assembled at eleven o'clock, and—as Mrs. Pendleton had been wont to hear it at her father's house in York—the morning service and a sermon were read by Mr. Pendleton. Sunday afternoon was observed by the repeating the church catechism by all the young people in turn. When a second generation came on, and grandchildren gathered for the summer at their grandfather's home,
great was the amusement of the girls and boys to hear their
fathers and mothers called on to “say the catechism” by their
venerable grandmother.

The boys might chafe and grow restive under these wholesome
restraints when they wished to join their young neighbors in
pleasure-seeking on Sunday, but a few years added better judg-
ment, and they saw the wisdom of the parental course. Hugh,
the oldest son, used to tell in later years of his amusement and
amazement, on one of the rare occasions when he managed to
elude his mother's Sunday vigilance, at hearing a neighboring
preacher pray that the Lord would “enlighten those dark cor-
ners of the earth where the foot of man hath never trod and
which thine eye, O Lord, hath never seen.”

The burning of the theatre in Richmond, where seventy-two
persons, among them the governor of the State, perished in the
flames, has been often described. Its sad circumstances were
singularly connected with Mr. Pendleton's family, and are, there-
fore, given at some length. As usual, they were spending the
winter with Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Pendleton's mother. A number
of relations had gathered there for the Christmas holidays. On
the evening of the 26th of December, 1811, a party to the theatre
was proposed. Mrs. Pendleton was wearing mourning, and had
begun to entertain religious scruples about theatre-going. She,
therefore, excused herself on the plea of her black dress. Her
husband insisted, and at last persuaded her to go in order to cel-
brate their little William's second birthday, and she consented
to chaperon her stepdaughter, sister, and cousin.

A crowded audience had gathered to see Placide, a favorite
actor, in a new play. This was over, and the second act of the
after-piece had begun. One of the players was performing near
the foot-lights, when sparks of fire were seen falling around him,
and a voice cried out, “The house is on fire!” A panic ensued
not surpassed by any of the horrors of later years. There was
only one way of exit for the occupants of the pit and boxes. The
latter had to reach it by a narrow passage and down a steep stair-
way, which soon became blocked by the hurrying throng.

Mr. Pendleton, with his wife and daughter clinging to his arms,
and the other two ladies holding on behind, was making his way
towards the stairs, when the crowd surged between and separated
them. Mrs. Pendleton was borne onward to the top of the stairs, and then actually forced upward by the surrounding mass and carried some distance forward upon the heads of those in front. Mr. Pendleton finding it impossible to regain his hold of his wife, ceased trying to reach the steps, and, after many efforts, climbed with his daughter to a window, from which they jumped and saved their lives, though the young girl's leg was badly broken. Great was the mourning at Mrs. Nelson's over the two daughters and the niece, who were believed to have perished in the fire. But a merciful Providence spared the young wife and mother to her family. Mrs. Pendleton lost consciousness in a few moments when separated from her party, and recollected nothing after finding herself above the heads of the crowd.

When she came to herself she was sensible of a cool breeze blowing in her face. She opened her eyes in intense darkness, and at first supposed herself dead. As memory brought back the horrors of the fire, she conjectured that she had been buried alive. This agonizing thought was confirmed by perceiving that she was lying against a solid wooden surface. Writhing with terror, she raised her hand to feel the coffin-lid. Reason seemed to return with motion. The uplifted hand met with no obstruction; the wind in her face proved she could not be in her grave. Feeling cautiously, she ascertained that a heavy beam had fallen so close to her as to be in contact with the whole length of her back, and, lying upon her skirts, pinned her to the ground. Repeated and violent efforts enabled her to tear her clothing and extricate herself from her prostrate position. She then crept over the charred and smouldering ruins to the point from which the wind blew. The faint light of the breaking day was seen, and she found herself in the street, barefooted and half naked. In the gray dawn she sought her mother's house, and bruised and half clad as she was, went round a square to avoid a cow in the direct road. The servant who opened the door to her knocked screamed with fright at seeing, as she thought, her young mistress's ghost, while husband, mother, and children greeted her return from death with joy and thanksgiving.

The charred remains of her sister and cousin were identified by the diamonds lying among them. They rest, with their fellow-victims, on the spot where they died, and their names are inscribed
on the monument under the portico of the Monumental Church in Richmond.

A cessation of theatre-going in Virginia followed for many years, and none of the elder members of the Nelson connection ever entered one again. This restriction was not rigidly enforced upon the young ones. When a good comedian appeared in Richmond eight or nine years later, Walker and William Pendleton were sent with their brother Hugh to see him. William was soon in ecstasies of merriment, and his prolonged paroxysms of laughter not only drew the attention of the audience from the stage, but excited the risibilities of the actors themselves.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-DAYS AND BOYHOOD.

In 1820 or 1821, Mr. Pendleton received an appointment which took him to reside in Richmond. The boys, Walker and William, were then sent to school to Mr. John L. Nelson, a teacher of considerable reputation. Under him they passed two uneventful years, increasing in knowledge and entering with boyish zest into the various school sports. William especially enjoyed the exciting and dangerous game of "bandy," delighting in the vigorous exercise and the rivalry of the contest.

Two circumstances of their school-life in Richmond were puzzling to the brothers. No matter what care William gave to his lessons, he never rose in the class to a place higher than the less studious and often unprepared Walker. Nor did either of them ever receive any of the caning freely bestowed upon their schoolmates for smaller offences than William's mischief or Walker's idleness. Partiality on the part of the teacher was the supposed reason for the double injustice. Meeting his old master in after-years, William learned with surprise that he had been kept down in his classes and screened from punishment by his father's direction. Mr. Pendleton had instructed Mr. Nelson that neither of his sons should, for any cause, be subjected to the "indignity" of a whipping, and that the younger should never be allowed to
outstrip the elder. The right of primogeniture could scarcely have been pushed further.

The school-life in Richmond came to an end in two years, and Mr. Pendleton returned to Caroline. Hugh, his oldest son, had graduated at William and Mary College, and had come home to read law. He was an excellent classical scholar and a tolerable mathematician. To him his father now intrusted the education of his brothers, without any restrictions as to discipline or progress among them. Under this new system of punishment and advancement William's love of study and desire for knowledge were stimulated, and his activity of mind and clearness of apprehension carried him well on in Latin, Greek, and elementary mathematics. But the young lawyer was obliged to seek some locality more favorable for the practice of his profession, and his brothers were left for a time without regular instruction.

They were not, however, suffered to fall into idleness. They were required to cultivate "truck-patches" assigned to them, and became ambitious to raise earlier corn and sweet potatoes, and larger watermelons, than their father's old gardener. To them were also intrusted the various and responsible duties usually performed by "overseers." Summoned from their slumbers before sunrise, they took the keys of corn-crib and barn, and superintended the feeding of the horses, mules, and oxen; saw that the provisions given out the previous day were distributed to the hands while the animals were feeding, and that teams and laborers were ready for work at the proper time. This morning duty accomplished, they were expected to appear at prayers and breakfast neatly dressed. After breakfast they went to the field to see that the work laid off for the forenoon was properly executed. At twelve o'clock the stock was again fed and dinner ready for the hands. The regular work of the day did not end for them until the tired animals were again fed and rubbed down, the evening rations given out to be prepared and enjoyed in leisure at the cabins, provisions for the next day furnished to the cooks, the keys returned to their father with a full account of the occurrences of the day, and orders received from him as to the routine for the morrow. They were expected to have oversight over all farm implements, as well as men and animals, and to report on all needed repairs. In addition to this regular work they took active
part at all busy seasons. They ploughed, planted, and hoed corn in the spring; worked in the harvest-field and at wheat-threshing in summer; pulled fodder and cut corn in the fall of the year. Such training gave them habits of diligence and of patient, faithful attention to details. Under it obedience to orders, with a rational exercise of limited authority—watchfulness over the welfare of others—and a practical knowledge of many of the operations of nature, were learned in a degree unusual for boys between fourteen and seventeen.

Nor were the graces and amenities of cultivated society neglected. The young Pendletons did not become rude and uncouth by reason of out-door work and rough occupations. Caroline was thickly settled. The gentlemen farmers—the Pendletons, Taylors, Turners, Corbins, Hoomeses, Magruders, Dickersons, and many others—resided on large estates, and were noted for their profuse living and lavish hospitality. The men occupied themselves principally in hunting, card-playing, and convivial drinking, while a continual round of dinners, parties, and balls amused both sexes. "Bowling Green," the county seat, was the centre of the merry-making and dissipation, and the rendezvous of many wild young men, whose reckless pursuit of pleasure often carried them into lamentable excesses.

Mr. Pendleton was an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and took special pride in his pack of hounds. But he neither drank nor gambled, kept himself out of the vortex of the county revelries, and seconded his wife's efforts to keep their children from being drawn into it.

This restraint was not pushed too far. The family lived on social terms with their neighbors, gave and received entertainments, and thought a ride of five miles for a morning visit, or ten for a dinner, a small matter. In his youth a graceful dancer, and throughout his life a fine performer on the violin, Mr. Pendleton delighted to set the young people dancing, and was much pleased to find his sons and daughters excel in that accomplishment. William inherited some of the musical talent of his race, and learned to play the violin on his own account, handling the bow with such skill that he could play any tune he could whistle.

More serious occupation for leisure hours was found in the library of English classics, partly inherited from the old judge,
and added to from time to time as a new book attracted the attention of the reading public. Those were not the days of cheap literature, when "Sea-Side Libraries" and "Leisure-Hour Series" offer the works of all sorts of authors to rich and poor alike. Sensational stories of the "Jack Harkaway" type, telling of impossible adventures among Indians, blackguards, and cut-throats, had not filled boys' minds with false views of pleasure and rendered them impatient of all the restraints of home and duty. A book was held to represent so much brain-work on the part of the writer, and so much manual labor of the printer and binder; and the buyer expected to get for his money not only an hour's amusement, but something worth keeping and handing down.

Mrs. Pendleton was a woman of excellent mind and a great reader. From her her children derived a love of books, and she took pains to encourage and direct them so as to form tastes for sound and wholesome instruction. Stimulated by the example of his brother Hugh and his sisters, and by their discussion of the books read by them under their mother's guidance, William passed many hours in reading. Rollin's "Ancient History," Goldsmith's "Greece and Rome," Plutarch's "Lives," and Hume's "History of England" were thus read, and their contents fixed in his mind by talking them over with the elders of the household. For lighter reading, Shakespeare, Fielding, and Richardson offered their graphic pictures of character and manners during their respective periods. The Waverley novels, new and different from their predecessors, roused enthusiasm and excited imagination. In them the ardent mind of the boy found inexhaustible stores of delight, and learned lessons of chivalrous devotion to duty, of patriotism, valor, and self-forgetfulness, not to be derived from the matter-of-fact stories or overwrought fictions of the present day. Scott's "Metrical Romances" and Byron's impassioned poems stood side by side with Milton, Dryden, and Pope, and taught the youthful reader that poetry had other themes than lofty religious speculation or didactic truth.

Roaming at will among these stores of history, fiction, and verse,—in the associations of his home, with his intelligent and vivacious father, his pious and cultivated mother, his sprightly sisters and brothers, and listening to the varied conversation of the
succession of guests gathered under the roof,—the years thus passed were not the least important in their influence upon the character and intellect of the high-spirited, loving, fearless, truthful, generous boy.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

Although the home-training was valuable in its place, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton would not leave their sons too long without more systematic and advanced education. In 1826, Mr. Pendleton applied to his friend, Governor James Barbour, of Virginia, then Secretary of War, for a warrant for one of his sons to the Military Academy at West Point.

As he had overestimated the privilege of seniority during their school-days, so now he requested that the Christian name in the promised warrant might be left blank, so that if Walker should prove indisposed for a military education, William might have the opportunity.

As his father had surmised, the elder boy’s quieter temperament and disinclination to go so far from home caused him promptly to decline the offered warrant. He would be a physician, not a soldier, and cure men, instead of killing them. With anxious heart William hung upon his brother’s decision, and when that accorded with his hopes, gladly agreed to have his name written in the blank form. Here was a promise of the high and full education he was beginning to long for, an opening to an honorable career, and to a life of adventure tempting to his bold and lively spirit. His personal appearance at that time is described as very attractive. He was six feet tall, with an erect carriage and well-developed figure. His finely-shaped head, well set on broad shoulders, was covered with curly, brown hair. His clear, blue eyes were frank and fearless. His cleanly-cut mouth, expressing both strength and gentleness, was filled with regular, spotless teeth. His nose was well-proportioned. His brow broad and intellectual. A bright, sympathetic countenance and easy grace of manner combined with face and figure to make him at the age
of sixteen years and six months a youth most pleasant to look upon. "He was as handsome in his young days as in middle life and age. A figure you would have remarked in any group of boys; and so merry and bright, so high-spirited and generous, that he was popular with young and old," says one who was associated with him from boyhood.

In June, 1826, this comely, manly, ingenuous boy left his home in Virginia to begin life as a cadet at West Point. The change from the parental roof and family influence, from the thousand restraints of home and habit to the military barracks, with its heterogeneous society of youths from all parts of the country and all ranks of life, may not have been greater then than now. But external circumstances were far different. Not a foot of railway was laid in the United States, and, except upon the large water-courses, all travel was by stage or private conveyance. Young Pendleton went by stage to the Potomac, up that river by steamboat to Washington, on to Baltimore by stage, and across the Chesapeake by boat to Frenchtown. From there to New Castle, Delaware, he again took the stage. A steamboat carried him up the Delaware to Trenton. Jersey was crossed by stage and canal to Amboy, from which point steamboats ran daily to New York, a city of less than two hundred thousand inhabitants.

The youth who had never travelled forty miles from home found everything delightful. Novelty mitigated the pain of a first separation from family and friends. Even the long, slow staging was only disagreeable on account of the cramping of his limbs, accustomed to freedom of motion. A week was passed on the journey, now made in thirty-six hours, and the young cadet reported for duty at West Point, was assigned to quarters, examined, and put to work. The new cadets are graded alphabetically, and Pendleton was placed in the third section of his class. His application to his studies transferred him in the course of a month to the first section, and from that time until his graduation his name was never absent from the "merit roll." He showed great aptitude for mathematics, and was, in the language of one of his classmates, "brilliant in that branch of study, and especially where it was applied to engineering; had he determined to devote himself to the profession of civil engineering, few, if any, in the United States could have surpassed him." Not only faithful as a
student, he evinced an ambition to become a ready speaker; was an active member of a debating society among the cadets, and always ready to argue on either side of any question.

During the four years of his cadet-life there were at West Point not a few noble young men destined to make a name among their fellows, and to exert influences scarcely to be measured by the lapse of time. Leonidas Polk,* admirable in character and elegant in appearance, was in the graduating class when Pendleton became a “plebe.” Jefferson Davis was of the class of 1828, one year after Polk. Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston were a year ahead of Pendleton, while among his classmates were Francis Vinton,† John B. Magruder,‡ and Albert Taylor Bledsoe.§ With these and other leading spirits in the corps he formed friendships which continued throughout life. His room-mates were John B. Magruder (also from Caroline County, Virginia), Lloyd J. Beall, of Maryland, and William C. Heywood, of South Carolina. Magruder, like Pendleton, was something of a musician, playing on the flute, and the two enjoyed their own music so much that their room was not infrequently reported for “music in study-hours.” Cadet Beall, finding he must share the demerits, determined to take part in the fun, and took to playing the fiddle on his own account. These musical proclivities were turned to practical value. The most efficacious mode of scrubbing the floor was found to be to sprinkle it with sand and strike up a lively tune at recreation-time. The gay strains attracted an audience, “put life and mettle in their heels,” and a spirited dance polished the boards in short order.

One of Cadet Pendleton’s classmates, Colonel Thomas J. Lee, writes of him, “The impression made by your father is lasting. My recollections are of a youth who was more than liked,—he was loved by all for his amiability, kindness of heart, disinterestedness, sprightliness, being always full of fun, with a bright, laughing face,—and of intelligence, for he was decidedly the most talented of

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* Bishop of Louisiana and major-general C.S.A.
† For many years a prominent Episcopal clergyman.
‡ Distinguished in the Mexican War and major-general C.S.A.
§ A profound thinker and vigorous writer; author of “The Theodicy,” “Is Davis a Traitor?” etc.; Assistant Secretary of War C.S.A., and for years professor of mathematics at the University of Virginia.
the class, always ready to assist the dull or indolent ones with their lessons." His surviving room-mate, Colonel Lloyd J. Beall, says of him, "Your father, as a cadet, was noted for his manliness, his strict observance of regulations, and his studious habits. He was the soul of honor, and bore himself with such an air of dignity as to command the respect and esteem of all his fellow-students. His high sense of honor would have prompted him to resent an affront on the instant. Still, there was nothing haughty or overbearing in his disposition; on the contrary, he was genial and affable, and an agreeable companion at all times. Among the large number of cadets at West Point during my term, few, to my knowledge, were freer from the follies of youth, few pursued the path of moral rectitude more strictly, than your father. And in this connection I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of one then among us,—one whom we all loved, one preeminent for the purity of his character and his devotion to duty, and one to whose memory your father devoted the labor of his declining years,—need I say that the name I refer to is Robert E. Lee? When my mind goes back to my West Point days, the roll-call of memory brings up at once, foremost among the 'good cadets,' the names of Robert E. Lee and William N. Pendleton,—names distinguished on the merit rolls of their respective classes, names linked together on the records of the battle-field, and names closely associated in the closing scenes of their lives. Such names must go down to posterity honored and revered."

In 1828, Cadet Pendleton chose to go home on furlough rather than remain in camp and receive promotion. His return was celebrated by a ball, and his beloved and godly mother gratified him by dancing the first set with him. During this visit he met the young lady who afterwards became his wife. In after-years he loved to tell how, meeting a gay party out walking, he dismounted from his horse and fell in love, on the spot, with a lovely blonde among them. This, the one only attachment of his loyal heart, proved the source of his greatest earthly blessing.

Diligent study and faithful attention to duty characterized the last two, as they had done the first, years of his West Point life. His proficiency as a soldier caused his steady promotion until he became one of the four cadet captains. This position he forfeited by getting into a dispute with Colonel Thayer, the super-
intendent, and being reduced to the ranks for "insubordination." Notwithstanding the demerits thus incurred, he graduated fifth in a class of forty-two.

During his last year an incident occurred which is thus told by Colonel Beall:

"I well remember the 'affair of honor' to which you refer. The principals on that occasion were Cadet John B. Magruder and Cadet Allen, better known in the corps as Baron Allen. Magruder was a captain and Allen a private in the corps. The offence was simply an order from Magruder, when in command of the Cadet Battalion, calling upon Allen by name to 'close up.' This was considered by Allen as a personal affront, for which he demanded redress; but failing to obtain an apology or a satisfactory response, a challenge was sent, which was accepted, and your father acted as Magruder's second. The meeting took place, the preliminaries were all settled, and the word was about to be given, when your father stepped in between the hostile parties, insisting that the matter had gone far enough, and protesting against further proceedings. Allen said that it was too late, and requested him to stand aside. This he declined to do, at the same time asking Allen if he would listen to reason. To which Allen replied, 'If you have anything to say, say it quickly.' A parley ensued, explanations were made, the matter was adjusted, and amicable relations were restored. Allen was killed, years after, by McClung, a celebrated Mississippi duellist."

There are several facts indicating Pendleton's balance of character and moral tone while a cadet. He was accustomed to rise some time before the reveille drum, and give his concentrated attention to the most difficult of his studies before the bustle and din of the day began. Each successive truth presented to his mind was well considered in relation to what had gone before. Every formula was carefully memorized, each demonstration accurately reasoned out; and when examinations approached he went through no process of "cramming," but laid his books aside for several days and reviewed the subjects in his own mind, thus avoiding trepidation and anxiety when his hour of trial came. Not less striking are the statements—taken, like the preceding,
from himself—that he never, even in the heat of passion, uttered an oath; never bet on a game of cards, though a good player; never, save on two occasions, in those days of universal convivial drinking, was under the influence of wine; and never, enthusiastic dancer as he was, waltzed in his life. He disapproved of round dancing for his sisters and sweethearts, and would therefore ask no other man's sisters or sweethearts to engage in it.

These evidences of purity of motive and rectitude of conduct did not, however, proceed from Christian views and feelings. Charles P. McIlvaine, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, was then the chaplain at West Point. Under his ministrations a religious awakening took place, and a number of the cadets became awakened. Pendleton was not only not among those thus interested, but in the course of his reading, especially in mental and moral science, had lost the unquestioning faith of his childhood. He became greatly influenced by infidel philosophy, and full of scepticism and doubt. Destined to be a teacher of men, it was unquestionably of great importance that he should investigate for himself the fundamental grounds of human belief, and thus become established in his own convictions, and better able to enter into the difficulties and appreciate the hinderances which might harass other minds. But the process was to prove a trying and painful one.

CHAPTER V.
FIRST YEAR OF ARMY LIFE.

On the 4th of July, 1830, Cadet Pendleton graduated fifth in his class at West Point, and was recommended to the President for promotion in the artillery. On his return to Virginia, for the customary furlough of several months, he found his family circle much changed. His sister Mildred had married one of her Pendleton cousins, and Judith had become Mrs. Robert T. Harrison. Both of them were living not far from their parents. Walker had graduated as a physician in Baltimore, and settled in Richmond County, where he resided for many years as a successful doctor, beloved and honored by all who knew him. Hugh, the oldest
of the family, had married Lucy Nelson, the cousin and intimate friend of Miss Anzolette E. Page, whose charms had made so deep an impression on Cadet Pendleton in the summer of 1828. This connection afforded increased opportunity for intercourse between the young people, and the attachment begun two years before became strong and lasting. The ardent lover soon made offer of his hand and heart to his lady-love, and was accepted by her, subject to the approval of her parents.

Miss Page was the eldest child of Captain Francis Page, third son of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, distinguished in Revolutionary times. Captain Page was a man of excellent mind and affectionate heart, though of an impatient and somewhat irascible disposition. His education had been good, and he was so accomplished as a classical scholar that he was accustomed to carry in his pocket volumes of Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and read them from time to time with ever-fresh delight. Strikingly handsome, and as courteous as Sir Charles Grandison, his excessive constitutional diffidence prevented his taking the place in life for which his powers of mind and body eminently fitted him. Educated for the bar, he shrank from practice, and gave himself up to the life of a gentleman farmer. Indolent as well as diffident, he gradually relinquished all active pursuits, and for the last twenty-five years of his life spent his time in reading, in the discharge of his duties as magistrate,—more responsible than they now are,—and in making long, annual journeys in his carriage to visit his own and his wife's kinsfolk in different parts of the State.

Mrs. Page was the fourth daughter of General Thomas Nelson,* and was a woman of much beauty, of great force of character, brilliant intellect, and charming vivacity. The fortunes of her father's house had been so impaired by his aid to the impoverished treasury of Virginia that his younger children experienced many privations. Want of education they were not permitted to endure. A tutor cousin taught them English and French. Susan, afterwards Mrs. Francis Page, became very intimate with some of

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* The connection between the families of Governor Page and General Nelson was singularly close. Five marriages took place between their children. The oldest daughter in each family married the oldest son in the other. Three of the Misses Page married Nelsons, and two of General Nelson's daughters became Governor Page's daughters-in-law.
the refugees from St. Domingo, who fled to Yorktown in 1791. Association with them gave her fluent use of French conversa-
tion. Italian she learned from a female friend, and her acquaint-
ance with English literature was cultivated by her brothers in her youth and her husband later on. She kept up her use of French so constantly that her children and the young servants around her became familiar enough with the sound to obey an order given in French as readily as in English. She also frequently read aloud in good English any Italian or French book which struck her fancy.

Loss of wealth never lessened the social distinction of the Nelsons, and Mrs. Page used to relate with great sprightliness some of the shifts to which she and her younger sister had been put in order to dress in a manner suitable to their society and her own prestige as the belle of Yorktown. On one occasion a grand ball was to be given at the "Raleigh Tavern," in Williams-
burg. Neither of the young ladies had a pair of dancing slippers, and the family purse was empty. Long and anxious consultation failed to suggest any means to supply the deficiency. Affection and contrivance at last proved excellent handmaidens to neces-
sity. "Mammy Nurse," the white housekeeper, had a sheep killed. The skin was tanned by "Uncle Cupid," the butler, dyed black by "mammy," and made into the coveted slippers by "Uncle Paul," the plantation shoemaker. Mrs. Commodore Decatur and Miss Dolly Paine—afterwards the wife of President Madison—were among Miss Susan Nelson's intimate friends. At a season of unusual festivity, Mrs. Decatur complimented her on being always so well dressed,—her wardrobe at the time being limited to two white gowns. One of these, freshly washed and ironed, was put on every day, and the toilet completed by either a blue or a pink sash,—said sashes having been provided by "Jim Possum," the negro fisherman, who devoted two whole days to the catching of fish and selling them for the purpose of buying his "young mistis" her ribbons.

A sorrowful romance had attended the early life of Francis Page and Susan Nelson. She was engaged at the age of eighteen to her cousin, Dr. William Nelson. All preparations were made for the marriage, when he fell ill with measles. He made his will in favor of his betrothed, and expressed a wish to see her in her
bridal dress. This request gratified, he sank rapidly and expired on the wedding-day. Francis Page was also engaged to marry Mary Grymes, daughter of John Grymes, of Brandon, Middlesex County, Virginia, who fell a victim to consumption. So much attached were her parents to her lover that Mr. Grymes left him her portion of his estates. Four years after Dr. Nelson’s death the two, thus similarly bereaved, were married, both being twenty-two years old.

In 1812, when York was threatened by the British, Mr. and Mrs. Page went “up the country” to Hanover County with their little ones, and settled on a tract of land known as the “Rugged Swamp,” afterwards contracted into “Rugswamp.” There was no house but a small log building for the overseer. This they moved into, intending at a convenient time to build a better one. The years went on and the family increased, but the new house was never built. A room was added here and a shed there; a basement dining-room fitted up and a good-sized porch put to the front; and in this contracted abode of six rooms they lived for thirty years. Neither the small size of their house nor its remote situation—five miles from the nearest genteel neighbor—prevented them, however, from exercising a boundless and elegant hospitality, for which their proximity to the “mountain road” from Richmond to the Valley of Virginia gave frequent opportunity.

When Lieutenant Pendleton became a suitor to Captain Page for his daughter’s hand, the embarrassed father gave a quick consent, “provided my wife has no objection,” and only seemed anxious to cut the interview short. Mrs. Page was not so complaisant. A lieutenant’s pay was small,—only eight hundred dollars,—and though quarters were provided, their locality was changeable and doubtful. The danger of Indian wars was an ever-pressing one; and the frontier posts, at Council Bluffs, opposite Omaha, at Fort Snelling in Iowa, or Fort Smith in Arkansas, were more exposed and farther off in point of time than the State of Washington or Mexico is now. Orders to Mackinaw were as much a sentence of banishment as they would be to Alaska to-day.

Miss Page was not very robust, and her mother considered her too delicate to encounter the possible hardships of an army officer’s wife. She therefore promptly and decidedly refused to sanction the engagement, and the young people parted with no consolation save the hope that something might occur to miti-
gate her opposition. Her feelings were changed in an improbable and romantic way. Thomas Haynes Bailey's sentimental song, "We met, 'twas in a crowd," had just become fashionable. Mrs. Page heard it sung, and was so touched by the pathetic refrain,

"Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my mother!"

that she was moved to tears. She sent for Mr. Pendleton, withdrew her refusal, and permitted an unconditional engagement between her daughter and himself.

Anzolette. Elizabeth Page inherited good looks from both her parents, as well as a quick understanding, an ardent love of knowledge, and an all-retentive memory, with much of her mother's conversational power and her father's diffidence. Her fairness of complexion, delicacy of features, and slender figure made her appear more fragile than she proved to be, but combined with soft blue eyes, a wealth of golden-brown hair,—just escaping the ugliness of being red,—and a most perfect set of teeth, endowed her with personal attractions well fitted to match those of the handsome lieutenant. Educated entirely by her mother, she was without accomplishments, but was widely acquainted with English literature, was well read in history, and a thorough French scholar.

Shortly after Mr. Page removed to Hanover began the period of spiritual awakening in the Episcopal Church in Virginia, and its renewed activity under Bishop Moore, who had been consecrated in 1813. In 1815 the Rev. Mr. Phillips became the rector of St. Martin's Parish, Hanover, in which "Rugswamp" was situated. He was well fitted to aid in the revival of evangelical Christianity. Bishop Meade says of him, "He was an Englishman of the Wesleyan school, ... a faithful, conscientious man, and urged to repentance and faith and the new spiritual birth in the most earnest and affecting manner, on Sunday, and from house to house. ... The old and young in Hanover felt the power of his ministry. They who embraced religion as presented by him embraced it as the power of God to the salvation of their souls. His converts were genuine, faithful, true-hearted ones." *

Mrs. Page was one of these converts, and after going through

a long period of conviction and sorrow for sin, she experienced, as she believed, a sudden and "sensible conversion;" having the love of Christ and the pardon of her sins revealed to her as by a flash of lightning. From that hour until her death she possessed the most confident, adoring, rejoicing faith, and lived in constant and devout communion with her Lord and Saviour. Not a little devotion and zeal were required to attend Mr. Phillips's services. The three churches at which he preached, Allen's Creek, Hollowing Creek, and Fork Church, were distant from "Rugswamp," the first two ten miles each, and the third—built in colonial times by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—fifteen miles. To these was added, some ten years later, Trinity Church, also ten miles away, and the two old "Creek" churches were gradually disused and dropped into decay.

Like her mother, Miss Page was an earnest Christian, though she had not attained her glad cheerfulness of faith.

CHAPTER VI.

GARRISON LIFE.

In September, 1830, Mr. Pendleton was appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of Artillery, and ordered to report for duty at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, at the mouth of Charleston harbor. Thither he repaired, travelling by stage the four hundred miles of sand and pine barrens which stretch between Richmond and Charleston.

Previous to leaving Virginia he had, under the influence of his pious friends, resumed his early habit of daily Bible reading, and commending himself and those he loved to an Almighty Power. Deism—not atheism—was the form of his scepticism. He had never questioned the existence of a God, but whether the Bible was to be received as the revealed account of the attributes and will of that God was the point upon which his doubts hung. Not from mother, friend, or wife could he receive his faith. It must be established on foundations satisfactory both to his head and heart.
His sister, Mrs. Mildred Pendleton, wrote of this period,—

"I do not think you know that when your father left West Point he was almost a professed infidel; but that stage of his character did not last long, for the religious influences of home soon brought him under their sway, and that, added to a severe attack of illness, caused him to reflect seriously, brought him to repentance, and in a short time, by the grace of God, he professed conversion, and entered on that newness of life from which he never swerved. I must tell you of the blissful happiness my dear mother experienced when she got your father's letter (he was then stationed at the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia) telling her he had made up his mind to become 'a soldier of the Cross' and to study for the ministry. She could not restrain her emotions, but broke out with the glad cry, 'Glory be to Thee, O Lord!'"

His arrival at Charleston, stay at Fort Moultrie, severe illness, and consequent speedy removal to Georgia, are best told in his own words. On October 29 he wrote,—

"... Let me first tell you what I have been doing since my arrival in Charleston. About twelve yesterday I landed safe and sound in body and mind, save a desperate sickness of the heart, the cause of which, if you are as cunning as I take you to be, you may guess right shrewdly. Soon as I had deposited my trunk in safe-keeping, I jumped into a row-boat and hurried down to Sullivan's Island and reported to the commanding officer, Major ——. He was remarkably kind and attentive, and pressed me to take dinner with him, which I did. His may give you a specimen, though too favorable a one, of the life of an officer with a family. The room I was conducted to was a handsome apartment, comfortably arranged. This was the dining- and sitting-room, the only one I saw. But he has one or two others, all comfortable. The table was plentifully yet frugally spread, and I cannot say when I have been more taken with the appearance of comfort and contentment than in this small domestic circle. The gentleman is somewhat advanced in life, his wife is young, and they have one little boy. ... This is one side of the picture, and lest you should be led into error, I must show the
other also. This officer is confined to the command of a small garrison,—he has but little to do, and is liable to be removed, with his family, to some other command. Not being busily employed, he wants excitement and amusement, and consequently must have his wine and his whist-parties. And in such cases his wife is alone, while he prefers company; for she can have in most garrisons, and has in this, scarcely any congenial society. . . .

After sitting till late over the wine, I was asked to walk on the beach; returned and took tea with a brother lieutenant, an old acquaintance, who is keeping bachelor's hall. We then had to meet again at the major's whist-party, where there were, luckily, enough without me, so I begged to be excused; but had to nod by the table while they played,—charming occupation! About twelve they kindly gave me a bed, where in eight hours I made up for the loss of four nights' sleep. The colonel of my regiment has not yet arrived, and the major commanding has given me a room in which my body may reside until the colonel comes. I say body, because I brought little else from Virginia."

"Fort Moultrie, November 16, 1830.

"I should have written to you again before this, but for the last ten days I have experienced a sharp attack of fever, which confined me to bed for that time. Travelling through the swamps of Carolina did prove, as you apprehended, dangerous, and it is another proof of the Divine mercy to me that my sickness has not been more severe. I was taken with a violent ague, succeeded by a burning fever. One of the officers who called to see me, believing my sickness more serious than I imagined, sent for a physician. The doctor, happily for me, understood his business (that is, giving physic), and dosed me at the rate of once every two hours for six days, and this I am persuaded, through the blessing of God, saved me from the most violent bilious fever, or, as the doctor told me, from yellow fever, as when he first saw me he thought I was in for that alarming disease. . . . Being alone for the greater part of the time, you may imagine that it went rather hard with me; but the officers were very kind to me, and the ladies would send some little delicacies now and then,—all which attentions tended to alleviate my sickness; at least, they called forth my gratitude, and aided my poor stock of
patience. My colonel has given me orders for Augusta, Georgia, to repair thither by the last of the month. In the mean time I await some letters from New York to decide my destination."

The debility consequent upon so severe an illness, added to the unsettled state of his mind on the subject of religion, interfered with the natural buoyancy and elasticity of his disposition, and for months after it deep depression and trouble are apparent in his letters.

"December 26, U. S. ARSENAL, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

"... Do what I will, I cannot overcome the oppression of heart and depression of spirits under which I have been laboring; and the circumstances in which I am placed, the company in which I am sometimes thrown, tend rather to increase my melancholy.

"Can you believe it? the wish has more than once occurred to me that I were prepared and might dare to join the Christian Church of which you are a member, and might turn whatever abilities God has given me to the highest use of which they are capable in studying and proclaiming the holy truths of Christianity. The more I reflect upon it the more I am convinced that such a life of useful tendency would contribute more to my own peace of mind than any other could. Indeed, I do at times feel that I ought to devote myself to this life, and that I shall be happy in no other... I have hinted this aspiration of mine to more besides yourself. It is, indeed, an awful subject on which I must decide, and I must get the best advice and use my best judgment in the decision..."

"The situation where I now am is a very comfortable and in some respects a very desirable one. I am pretty much alone, and there is a valuable library at my disposal; it has, however, few religious books, which I wish for particularly at present. There is one thing I ought to mention, that hereafter you may not think me inconsistent. Regular balls are given in Augusta, and the officers at this place have been constantly invited, but owing to circumstances have never attended. At this the citizens seem mortified, and the commanding officer of the post has requested me to attend some of them for the purpose of conciliating them,—the citizens. I disapprove of balls, but under these circumstances I am doubtful whether I ought not to go."
The commanding officer here mentioned was "the gallant and well-read Colonel Fanning," who had lost an arm in the service of his country. The benefits derived from his instructive society, and from that of other friends made in Augusta, were referred to by Mr. Pendleton in later years with much pleasure.

The necessity for experiencing a sudden and decided change of heart as the starting-point of the Christian life was one of the stumbling-blocks in the young lieutenant's progress towards peace and light. He knew that his desires were changed, and that he wished to be a Christian, but he was too honest to pretend, to himself or others, that he had by a miraculous process become other than what he was.

"December 25, 1830.

... I fear I have led you into a great error. You seem to think that I have undergone a great change since you saw me. When I look into myself for the change you speak of, I find there a state far different from that you have imagined. I feel that I have undergone no sudden operation of the Holy Spirit; I feel that I am still liable to the charge of an unstable faith, that I am still under the dominion of sin and worldly thoughts, and that my heart, though sincerely turned towards the great and good God, and endeavoring to yield itself in gratitude and love to Him, is still unchanged. All that I can in strict truth say is that, in obedience to the instructions of the Gospel, I feel bound to change the habits of my life, and this I can only do in a measure; that is, I find evil thoughts will enter my mind and render that act which might appear good frequently wicked, as being a species of hypocrisy. And does not this prove that a change of heart has not been wrought in me? I find it hard to express myself in the precise way in which I would have you understand me; I feel on the subject of religion precisely as I did when I last wrote to you.

"Indeed, I must confess that I am very doubtful about the strict application of the term change of heart, and though it is with great humility that I would venture to state my belief on this subject, I feel that I should do it that you may not mistake me. Briefly, then, it is, that when human beings are convinced by whatever means that our Saviour was from God, and believe in the holy doctrine which He taught, in the holy precepts which
He gave us as the revelation of God and the only means of securing the rewards and avoiding the punishments of the eternity to come, and endeavor, as far as in them lies, to govern their lives by those precepts,—then I conceive that, according to the meaning of our Saviour, they are regenerated, and only in this sense have I any hope. . . . I will gladly follow your suggestion as to the study of the Greek, though it will be long ere I can be a critical master of it. . . . You wish to know the various occupations which engage my time. The first thing in the morning is to rise from my pallet, then to dress, then to make my fire. The time before breakfast is spent with my prayer-book and Bible. After breakfast whatever duties I have to perform are attended to. These are very slight at present. Three hours are then devoted to Latin and Greek, and this generally brings me to dinner. After dinner my time is devoted to reading history, and such other matter as appears interesting and instructive. After supper I generally stay and converse with the little family with whom I board until half-past eight or nine o'clock; I then return to my room again and read as systematically as is agreeable, always concluding the day with my Bible and prayers and indulging my fancy with a picture of some good folks in Hanover. All this looks very well on paper, but I am not excessively regular. Sometimes a fine, glorious morning will allure me some miles into the desert, pine forests, where the solemn silence of nature makes me feel wondrous sad and sentimental, and often gives rise to emotions more rational and beneficial. Sometimes I am required by courtesy to pay a visit in the morning or evening; sometimes to be in society all the evening, and various other interruptions occur. . . ."

Several weeks later he says of his anxiety and doubt,—

". . . Sometimes I am so tossed about on the sea of doubt and error that I am almost compelled to believe that the devil has immediate hold on me. At times I have had a kind of despair lest I should be given over to the dominion of doubt and sin, at others I have looked darkly on the fair face of nature, and turned, not in love, from the contemplation of the Deity. And always when I remember my precarious state I am seized with dread. I feel much more composed to-night, in consequence, I
believe, of reading some of Cowper's admirable strains. I hardly hope for a sudden conversion, but that God will one day give me a fuller and a surer faith."

These extracts from his letter show the agony of distress through which Mr. Pendleton was led to that full, free, joyful, loving, and adoring faith in the divine truth of the Bible, which never wavered nor faltered when once the mists of doubt and apprehension were cleared away by the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness upon his mental vision. Those who knew him as an established Christian, and came within the influence of his cheerful, godly life, his child-like trust in his Almighty Father, and humble yet confident reliance on his Saviour, could scarcely believe, except from his own assurance, that he had so nearly sunk in the Slough of Despond, and been shut up by Giant Despair within the prison walls of Doubting Castle. His recollection of the torments he had endured from mistaken notions and erroneous teaching as to the requirements for becoming a child of God and making a public profession of Christian faith, made him a wise and gentle counsellor for any one experiencing difficulties similar to those by which his own mind had been so much distressed and distracted. God's dealings with him were such as to give him especial fitness for the work to which he was to be called.

CHAPTER VII.

MARRIAGE—PROFESSOR AT WEST POINT.

On the 15th of July, 1831, William Nelson Pendleton and Anzolette Elizabeth Page were married at "Rugswamp," the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Cooke, of the Episcopal Church. The wedding took place at four o'clock in the afternoon, that the many friends and relations, who drove eight, ten, fifteen miles to be present at it, might have time to return home before being overtaken by the darkness of night.

No portraits of the young couple remain to set forth their appearance. But the tradition among friends and servants told how
the beauty of the bride and the gallant bearing of the groom, in the bravery of full uniform, made a sight remembered for many years.

The union thus begun was destined to be of long duration, of singular closeness and devotion, and of great happiness. Mrs. Pendleton identified herself, from the first, with her husband's interests and occupations, and her ready sympathy and clear judgment were always to be relied on. Her love of knowledge* and wonderful memory made her an invaluable companion for a student of science; and when domestic duties prevented her carrying on systematic study, she took unfailing interest in her husband's pursuits, and was rarely at fault with a date, a chemical formula, a scientific discovery, or an apt quotation when needed. Possessing the faculty of true economy, which makes the most of everything, she used their narrow means to the providing the utmost comfort of which they were capable, avoiding wastefulness on the one hand and niggardliness on the other. With an absolute purity of soul to which no defilement of coarseness nor worldliness could cling, and an earnest desire to serve God, she proved a true helpmate to her husband. Writing of their union forty-six years later, he said,—

“In all that I am, and have been enabled to do, my heaven-favored wife has been incalculably instrumental. To her more than to me are due, I think, the inherited traits of our children, and the excellencies acquired by example as a chief part of training. And by her counsel and influence has been determined, in great measure, any good the All-gracious Disposer of lots has enabled me to do.”

An incident illustrating the change in social customs wrought by the lapse of time is not here inappropriate. The “wedding dinner” was an occasion second only in importance to the wedding. “Cook Billy,” who had long presided in Mrs. General Nelson’s kitchen, had come to “Rugswamp” to superintend the cuisine for this important banquet. When Mrs. Page gave him her orders for the dinner she enumerated only thirteen different kinds of meats. Old Billy found the dignity of his office insulted by this meagre de-

* From this love of knowledge we must except mathematics. In after-years she used to compare herself with Gradgrind, saying, “What I likes is facts.” And no fact once brought to her attention ever seemed forgotten.
tail of dishes and remonstrated. "Neber hear tell of weddin' dinner 'thouten fo'teen dishes uv meat. Kyarn't cook no decent dinner 'ceptin' yo' has fo'teen dishes." Nor was his disgust allayed until _carte-blanch_ to provide the wanting viand was given him.

Had the bountiful list of edibles been preserved, we might learn what an old Virginia cook thought worthy of his skill.

In September, 1831, Mr. Pendleton was ordered to West Point as assistant professor of mathematics, and proceeded thither with his young wife. There they found congenial society among the families of the other professors. The beauty surrounding their new home was a constant source of pleasure, and it became their habit to take long rambles among the mountains to feast their eyes upon the beautiful scenery of rock, peak, and river. Mrs. Pendleton was especially fond of flowers, and on one occasion they went on an excursion to Newburgh to procure some blooming plants. Three dollars was all the money in hand until next pay-day. One dollar paid their fare; another went for the tempting flowers. They had not been so provident as to take a lunch with them, and did not dare to spend their last dollar for dinner, and went, fasting, home, carrying their precious plants.

At West Point Mr. Pendleton first exhibited the ability as a teacher which so distinguished him and added so largely to his influence throughout life. Peculiarly clear in his insight into the truths placed before his mind, he seemed to have an intuitive perception of the difficulties another might have in laying hold of those truths, and a marvellous aptitude in throwing light upon obscure points. No degree of dulness, no amount of mental obtuseness, could ruffle the patience with which he would, step by step, explain, again and again, anything—the most trivial—which puzzled or baffled his pupils. Having in large measure that enthusiasm for imparting knowledge which is the most essential attribute for a successful teacher, his first effort was to gain the attention and excite the interest of a scholar in the subject before him. When once this was awakened in even a slight degree, and the learner's mind brought into sympathy with his own, his power of stimulating that interest and quickening that attention appeared to increase with exercise, while his delight in the progress of a young mind towards knowledge and enlightenment rarely failed to evoke a responsive pleasure in acquiring information and making use of
its own newly-awakened powers. This was equally true whether he were guiding the tottering steps of a little child through the intricacies of spelling-book and multiplication-table or demonstrating to diligent students the problems of the higher mathematics. The school-boy, hesitating and disheartened before the ever-accumulating troubles of his Latin grammar, found the same willingness to bear with his ignorance, and the same pains taken to make plain to his bewilderment the differences of genders, cases, declensions, and conjugations, as did the young investigator of the occult processes of nature who sought to follow the planets in their courses or discover the ultimate atoms of material things. His sympathy and forbearance, his ability to help and encourage, were felt by whoever came in contact with him, from his early manhood to the hour of his death.

The year spent at West Point Lieutenant Pendleton devoted to diligent study. Not yet sufficiently settled in his views of religion to make a public acknowledgment of his faith, he manifested in his daily life the controlling influence of that faith, and in his studies seems ever to have kept in view the possibility of ultimately becoming a clergyman. He now began the study of Hebrew, and kept up that of Latin and Greek. Extracts from letters to his wife, absent on a visit to her father, give interesting insight into his life and habits:

"PHILADELPHIA, April 1, 1832.

"... I stayed in Washington till two o'clock Friday, having ascertained that travel with what speed I would Philadelphia must be my limit Saturday; and since no boat leaves Philadelphia for the North on Sunday, I could not in any event get on until Monday. A young Mr. L——, from Richmond, had travelled with me, and finding out who I was, introduced himself to me. We walked about together, and then went to the Capitol, and visited both Houses. Did not stay long enough in the House of Representatives to hear anything said, but in the Senate we were more fortunate. Mr. Dickerson, of New Jersey, as chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, made a report on the tariff, and then arose Mr. Hayne, and for about ten or fifteen minutes proceeded in the most impassioned but happy eloquence I ever heard. General Smith, of Maryland, said something, and so did Governor Miller, of South Carolina. At last rose Mr. Clay;
William Nelson Pendleton, D.D.

... calm, steady, and powerful, he stood ahead of them all. I do not think I ever heard him surpassed, though this was seemingly but a minor occasion. Mr. Hayne had made some tough charges against the committee reporting the bill. Mr. Clay was one of that committee, and it was with fine effect he stepped forward from his seat, and, as he said, repelled them with indignation. With Mr. Hayne I was captivated; with Mr. Clay I was charmed: the one all sincerity and fire, the other all learning and force.

"We arrived in Baltimore about eight, and came on the next morning for this place. I tried to divert myself by reading 'Rob Roy.' ... It is now one o'clock, and I have just returned from Dr. Bedell's church. His sermon was on high doctrinal points, yet completely practical in tendency. ..."

"I will go on with the history of my journey after writing Sunday from Philadelphia. Monday morning at half-past six came up the river in the boat. The tide was so low that we had to take the stages seven miles below Trenton, and on the opposite side of the river. Fifteen stages were crowded to overflowing, averaging eleven or twelve passengers; and then after crossing New Jersey to Brunswick, the Raritan was so low we had to go on in the stages across a bridge, and seven or eight miles down the river. Soon after starting the steamboat ran aground and stuck there for one or two hours; so that it was fully nine o'clock before we reached New York."

Fifteen hours and a half between Philadelphia and New York! In these days of rapid transit we marvel at the patience which could endure such delays.

"... I must tell you of a great gratification I had in New York, and one which I hope you may one day have,—in seeing the steam printing-presses at the house of the Bible Society, and the great number of cheap Bibles produced there. The house of the Tract Society is also very gratifying. It would do your heart good, and your mamma would be delighted to see the air of Christian benevolence about everything, and the extreme neatness of the little girls and the numerous women engaged there. It is curious to see the great rapidity of execution in every department of both institutions,—printing, folding, stitching, pasting,
pressing, and binding the Bibles and tracts. I was diverted to see two mules stabled in the fourth or fifth story of the Tract Society house. They were raised up by ropes and pulleys through trap-doors, for the purpose of working the presses, and, poor animals,—or fat animals, for they were very fat,—they are doomed to feel what many biped asses have felt before them,—the miseries of an elevated station in life. . . . My expenses coming on were more than I expected,—twenty-six dollars."

"WEST POINT, April 8, 1832.

". . . I have arranged with Mr. Ross* to take charge of his scholars† on Monday, and am to have them exclusively. There are now four, and it is probable will be more. I can now tell you the arrangement of my hours. I rise in time to be dressed by sunrise, when I study my Bible and say my prayers. These things I have not more than done before breakfast-time,—seven o'clock. At eight I go to my section, and remain there until eleven. Hereafter the next hour is to be devoted to the scholars Mr. Ross gives up. One is, you know, the dinner-hour. From two to four I intend devoting to Greek; from four to six reading, and the night to mathematics. Day before yesterday I called to ask Mr. Harris to lend me Doddridge, which he did, and offered at the same time Bickerslith, recommending it to me. I brought it to my room, and this morning find in your letter a desire I should get it. I do not feel fit for the sacrament at this time. It shall be my endeavor to cultivate the requisite temper and dispositions. I met with Mr. Warner‡ on Friday as I was walking for exercise. We had a long talk as to the religious principles of many of the young officers here, and as to the tendency to infidelity in all young men, and particularly in the corps of cadets. I suggested the possible advantages to be derived from his trying to introduce 'Gregory's Letters' as a part of the studies of his course. But he seems to think the view the young men would get of Christianity in so short a time would be so superficial as to do more harm than good. It is, indeed, alarming here. R—— came to see us the other evening, and, as he usually does, got on the subject of religion. I, of course, tried to defend Christianity, and

* Assistant professor of mathematics.
† Private pupils.
‡ Professor of history and ethics.
we were arguing—or rather it was no argument, but sneering on one side—till eleven o'clock. He treats the Christian religion with the most supreme contempt, and you may judge of the pain it gives one feeling the greatest reverence towards Christianity to hear it and the Bible laughed at. R—— has read a good deal among the infidel writers, but I have read more on the Evidences of Christianity than he has, and, therefore, his assertions were less dangerous to me than they would be to many others; but how melancholy it is that a man should thus try to ruin his fellow-men! I have felt badly ever since. What would become of our happiness, the confidence we have in the death and resurrection of our Saviour being taken away? Thanks to a merciful God, no earthly power can destroy the ground on which that confidence rests; and how delightful it is to the heart, when distressed, to trust in the sure promises of a religion whose evidences have stood the test of eighteen centuries, and still convince every fair mind!

"Drills and parades are very abundant now, and there is, of course, plenty of music; but I feel so little inclined to anything of the sort that I scarcely hear it. . . . On Friday evening I passed Mr. Courtenay's,* and he called me to walk in and admire his improvements (a miracle almost for him to be gardening). It was soon tea-time, and I took tea with them. Mrs. Courtenay inquired very particularly after you, and desired me to give you her love. All our friends send kind messages whenever I meet them."

Too close application to books, insufficient exercise, the loneliness and anxiety resulting from his wife's absence, and a return of the malaria which had made him so ill in South Carolina combined at this time to produce some derangement of health. Passages in his letters show that the depression and unhappiness on religious subjects experienced a year before in Augusta, Georgia, had returned upon him.

". . . Do not let my saying that my spirits are not very good mar your happiness. What I feel of depression is in a good degree owing to the want of regular exercise, which I am going to

* Professor of mathematics, and afterwards professor of the University of Virginia.
take. It is in a more direct manner due to an agitation of the subject of religion in my mind, arising from arguments with some of the atheists, semi-atheists, and deists here. There seems to be a sort of ferment on the subject now, and I am obnoxious to the secret dislike and open attacks of them, on account of my defending Christianity.

"Maynadier came to the Point yesterday to see about the position offered him. He told me to-day he would not accept it on account of the indifferent quarters. He is adjutant of his regiment at Old Point Comfort, and thinks that situation better than this, quarters and all considered. He told me he left Bob Lee* at Old Point leading a bachelor's life, his wife having gone to her father's, near Washington. Mrs. Courtenay told me to say to you how sweet the Point is looking now, with the grass, flowers, and trees. Everything is beautiful at this season. The clouds about sunset are the most splendid you ever saw. Last evening, while the battalion was at parade, I was standing near the corner of the south barrack gazing at the glory spread around the sun as he sank behind the mountain, when Mr. Harris came up and joined me. I pointed out the object of my attention, and he characteristically alluded therefrom to the glory of the scene continually beheld in heaven by those who have been faithful to the end."

"June 2, 1832.

"... After no little bustle and show I sit down to write again. It is getting late on Monday evening. The examinations did not begin to-day, as I had hoped, on account of the necessity for a review by General Macomb, and because the Board of Visitors had to be organized.

"Saturday we had to collect at the colonel's† quarters to pay our respects to General Santander, President of Colombia, and follow him around the battalion. To-day we have been honored by an introduction to the members of the Board, and I have just returned from waiting on a daughter of General Preston, of Virginia, this falling to my lot as a Virginian. Do not be jealous. She is a married lady,—a minister's wife,—Mrs. Breck-

* Afterwards General Robert E. Lee.
† Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, superintendent at West Point.
enridge, of Kentucky. The examinations begin to-morrow, and
to-morrow week I leave for Virginia, if it be the will of heaven."

Before leaving West Point, Mr. Pendleton received tidings of
the birth of a little daughter in Hanover County, Virginia. After
giving free expression to his gratitude for the preservation of
his wife, and expressing much love for the little stranger, he
further wrote:

"... As you may suppose, I have received congratulations
from everybody. All the ladies send you love and joy. Mrs.
Courtenay hopes you will give our daughter a pretty name. An
occurrence which I imagine will hardly be over before I have the
happiness to see the little stranger. But do not understand me as
having the slightest wish to participate in the responsibility of
such nomination, provided the solemn appellations of Hope,
Patience, Charity, etc., be avoided."

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT FORT HAMILTON.

During the summer of 1832, Lieutenant Pendleton was trans-
ferred from the Fourth to the Second Artillery, exchanging places
with his classmate, Lieutenant James Allen, and was ordered to
report for duty, in September, at Fort Hamilton, defending the
entrance to New York harbor. Before returning to West Point,
to make the necessary arrangements for removing from there, Mr.
Pendleton was confirmed, in Trinity Episcopal Church, Hanover
County, Virginia, by Bishop Meade, and entered quietly and hum-
bly upon the life of a consistent, professing Christian, in which
he walked faithfully to the end.

Cholera was then raging in the United States, and every one
going any distance was provided with some antidote or specific
for the dreaded disease. Crossing New Jersey in the stage, Mr.
Pendleton was attacked by some of the most alarming symptoms
of cholera, and but for the kindness of his fellow-travellers might
have died on the road-side. Writing some days after, from the
hospital at West Point, he tells his experience:
“On Thursday morning, after leaving Philadelphia, I began to feel the languor and aching of a fever, but was not unwell enough to be retarded from going on. After travelling about half-way across New Jersey in the stage, I ate a little of the common ginger-cake met with at the stopping-places. No sooner had I swallowed it than I felt a deadly sickness at my stomach, and in a short time ejected it. As soon as this was done my limbs were entirely paralyzed, and my hands and feet contracted in a singular way. I naturally enough imagined it might be a sudden attack of cholera. A gentleman in the stage took from my pocket a lump of sugar, and, dropping thereon some spirits of camphor, gave it to me. Scarcely had I swallowed it when I experienced relief,—almost miraculous. But the fever remained; and when I got to the steamboat, at Brunswick, everybody crowded round the man who had the cholera. I experienced marked attention from Cadet Bretton and Major Pierce,* he being at the time on the boat. Thursday night I stayed in New York, under the kind care of Mr. Bretton, and Friday morning we ventured up to the Point. I was just able to call on Colonel Thayer, and have a short conversation with him; and, returning to the hotel, I had forthwith to take to my bed. Immediately I sent for the doctor, who ordered me down to the hospital, where I have been ever since, taking medicine. I can't tell you when I shall be able to start back to Virginia, but hope sincerely, for your sake as well as my own, it may be in the course of this week. I am well attended to, considering, and am visited daily by Hackley, Mr. Harris, Taylor, and sometimes by other officers. Mr. Courtenay, Mr. Warner, and Mr. Davies have been to see me, and they all make particular inquiries after you. The doctor thinks this attack may make a favorable change in my system. As I wish to finish this before the rise of my fever, I must conclude without saying much more. Remember I am not much sick. I have hurried on so fast as almost to omit what I intended,—love and kisses to our little Sue.”

The nervous, almost illegible handwriting in this letter contradicts the loving assurance that the writer was “not much sick.” The doctor’s conjecture that his health might be improved after

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* Then commanding in New York harbor.
so severe an illness proved to be correct, but for many years he continued subject to sudden and violent attacks of bilious fever.

In October, Mr. Pendleton took his wife and infant daughter to Fort Hamilton. The officers at the post were Major Benjamin Pierce, Captain John L. Gardner, Lieutenant Smede, and Dr. Elwees. With them and their families the new-comers soon established friendly relations. The fort was not yet completed, having little or no armament, and the officers lived in the casemates. Part of Lieutenant Pendleton's duty, while at the post, was to mount the heavy guns on the parapet. These were sixty-pounders, then considered remarkable for size and weight. There was no regular conveyance between the fort and New York, and no post-office nearer than the city. Supplies for the garrison were carried down in six-oared barges manned by the soldiers, and the officers used the same means of visiting the city, or else they drove up through Flatbush to Brooklyn, then an inconsiderable suburb of New York, and crossed the ferry. The garrison mail was brought down every day by one of the non-commissioned officers, who went for it on horseback or in the boat.

Captain Gardner and his beautiful wife became especially intimate with the Pendletons. They were earnest Episcopalians, and the two families sometimes went as far as Brooklyn or New York to church. Dr. McIlvaine, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, was then rector of St. Anne's Church, Brooklyn, and his ministrations were specially acceptable to Mr. Pendleton. When there was no opportunity for attending public worship, service was held in one of the large rooms of the fort, Captain Gardner and Mr. Pendleton acting as lay-readers. From this small beginning arose St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton.

In the early spring of 1833, Mrs. Pendleton's health failed, and the raw, damp winds of the fort seemed unfavorable for her. Captain Gardner's company had been ordered to Fort Monroe, and were to go thither on a small "packet schooner;" and Mr. Pendleton sent his little family South on the same vessel, as they would have the company of their friends at Norfolk. The discomfort of a coast-voyage on a small sailing-vessel crowded with soldiers can scarcely be exaggerated, but the delay, exposure, and fatigue were less than the inconveniences consequent upon the frequent changes and long stage-rides of the land route.
On May 1, Mr. Pendleton writes his wife from Fort Hamilton,—

"I have taken a berth in the packet steamer 'Portsmouth,' which clears for Norfolk on Saturday morning. When I shall see you I can't say, since it depends so entirely on the winds. I was in town yesterday and saw General Scott. Without my saying anything again about leave of absence, the general turned to his aide and desired him to make it out for me for twenty days, the time I asked for. I pray the winds may be favorable, and that my passage may be short, that I may have as much time as possible to spend with my dear friends, and that I may see you and Sue as speedily as I can. It pleases me a great deal to hear that she is such a darling. Hugh Mercer* spent last night with me. He is one of General Scott's aides, and living at present in New York. We took tea at the doctor's, and after returning to our quarters he joined me in prayers, and then we talked nearly all night. He is a fine fellow, and has a devoted wish to be 'fer- vent in spirit, serving the Lord.'

"The young people in the vicinity have been venting their gayety this evening by a May party. Kate W—— was crowned queen by the major's eldest daughter, and then there was dancing in one room for the older people, and playing in another for the little ones. I have done nothing to-day but see after first one little thing and then another. The day has glided away and I can show nothing to my conscience of improvement or benefit derived. Such a feeling of failure to fulfil the great end of life, getting closer to heaven as we get nearer to the grave, is very heavy on the heart."

At the expiration of his furlough the family returned to Fort Hamilton. In the summer they had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Mr. Hugh Pendleton, his wife and child, and Mrs. William Pendleton's sister, Miss Anne Rose Page. During their visit Bishop Moore, of Virginia, came to his old home on Long Island. Lieutenant Pendleton and his wife hastened to call on their venerable bishop. Their meeting is recorded in his Memoir (p. 22), but no mention is made of the old gentleman's pleasure on finding himself recognized and welcomed by Mrs. Pendleton's

* A West Point friend, afterwards General Mercer, of Georgia.
negro nurse, who opened the door of the lieutenant’s quarters when he knocked. “Only to think, the girl knew me, and was glad to see me!” he exclaimed, after shaking hands with his hostess.

The winter of 1832–33 is memorable for the nullification troubles, which threatened to plunge the country into civil war. General Andrew Jackson, elected President in 1828 by the Democratic party, had taken so decided a stand as to the power vested in the Executive and the general government, that he had alienated many of his adherents. These held that the States had certain inherent rights and privileges not to be affected by the Constitution, and deprecated the tendency exhibited by General Jackson to deny any such rights, and to thwart them by an arbitrary use of power. The protective tariffs of 1828 and 1832, framed so as to favor the growing manufacturing interests of the New England States, and the productions of the Middle and Northwestern States, were especially hostile to the prosperity of the Southern cotton-, sugar-, and rice-raising sections. These found themselves forced by the existing tariff to purchase at a high price indifferent American manufactured goods absolutely necessary for their use, and to sell their own produce at home for much less than it would have brought in a foreign market. Several of the most able among Southern statesmen, John C. Calhoun and Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, at their head, took the ground that Congress had no right to enact any tariff save what was necessary to raise sufficient revenue to carry on the government.

The South Carolinians went further, and avowed that if Congress should persist in making laws which were contrary to the Constitution, each State possessed within herself the right to prevent the operation of such laws within her territory. This most advanced view of “State rights” was honestly and earnestly held in South Carolina, and when the protective tariff of 1832 was passed by Congress, the Legislature of that State called a convention, which, on November 24, proceeded to pass the famous “Ordinance of Nullification,” declaring their intention to “nullify” the tariff and to resist the collection of duties imposed by it within the limits of South Carolina.

President Jackson, on December 10, issued a proclamation calling upon the South Carolinians to recede from their claims and to submit without resistance to whatever Congress should
see fit to impose upon them. This proclamation being met by defiance on the part of Governor Hayne, the President sent a message to Congress, urging that the Executive should be empowered to use not only all the legal machinery, but also the military and naval force of the United States to put down any resistance to the laws on the part of any one of the States. This message was promptly followed by the "Force Bill," conferring upon the President the powers for which he asked. But the President had not waited for this. Several months previous, before the South Carolina convention had taken any action, "the President sent secret orders to the collector of the port of Charleston."* "A few days after the despatch of these orders, General Scott was quietly ordered to Charleston, for the purpose, as the President confidentially informed the collector, of superintending the safety of the ports of the United States in that vicinity. Other changes were made in the disposition of naval and military forces, designed to enable the President to act with swift efficiency if there should be occasion to act."†

In this state of things, officers in the army and navy, though on principle abstaining from politics, looked with anxious eyes to see what the course of events might call them to do should the President resort to force of arms.

Lieutenant Pendleton had been trained in the strictest Democratic opinions. His father was an ardent and enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, and upheld him in his most arbitrary exercise of power. The lieutenant, in accordance with what he believed the principles of American liberty, sympathized with that wing of the Democracy known as the "National Republican" party, which held aloof from the President and opposed his imperious course. He could by no means agree to the right of the general government to use armed force to coerce any one of the States, and resolved never to draw his sword in such a cause. Rumors were rife as to what troops were to be sent to put down nullification in South Carolina, and when the report, in apparently authentic form, reached Fort Hamilton that all the troops in New York harbor were to be ordered to Charleston, the young Virginian did not hesitate, but immediately wrote his resignation.

* Parton's "Life of Andrew Jackson," vol. iii. p. 460. † Ibid., p. 461.
from the army. The tears and entreaties of his wife and the advice of his friends induced him to delay handing it in for a few days, at least, until the truth could be ascertained. In the mean time milder counsels prevailed in Washington and South Carolina; the "Compromise Tariff" was passed, and the nullification danger over.

But the narrow sphere and contracted interests of garrison life were becoming more and more irksome to Mr. Pendleton. His active temperament desired more extensive opportunity for work, and his wish to benefit his fellow-men demanded a wider field for exercise. He therefore determined to avail himself of the first good opening to exchange military life for some suitable civil employment. This opening occurred in October, 1833, when he was invited to the mathematical professorship in a newly-organized Episcopal college, near Bristol, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE AT BRISTOL COLLEGE.

Bristol College was opened in the autumn of 1833. Under the auspices of the Rev. Drs. Milnor, May, Bedell, and Tyng, and having the approval of a number of bishops, the new institution had a fair promise of success.

A large establishment, nearly opposite Burlington, on the banks of the Delaware, was purchased; the spacious ball-room converted into a chapel; other rooms appropriated to professors, or set apart for dormitories, recitation-rooms, etc.; a grammar-school was attached, and the college inaugurated. The faculty was composed of the president, Rev. Chauncey Colton, D.D.; Revs. Caleb Goode, C. S. Henry, and Joseph Packard, and Mr. Pendleton, who was elected professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. Tutors and other professors were afterwards added. As many students gathered to the college the first session as the house could hold, and additional buildings were filled as fast as they could be completed.

A number of boys came from Virginia, attracted as much by
Mr. Pendleton's connection with the college as by its church character.* Among these were his youngest brother, Gurdon, his cousin, Robert Nelson, afterwards the faithful and efficient missionary to China, and Mrs. Pendleton's brother, John Page.

The venerable Dr. Packard, who has for over fifty years been professor of Hebrew in the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Virginia, writes of Mr. Pendleton at this time,—

"August 10, 1883.

"You ask me to give my recollections of your father as I knew him when associated with him as professor in Bristol College. . . . It was in the fall of 1833 that I first became acquainted with your father. He had not been long out of West Point, where, I believe, he had been an assistant professor. He bore then the same character he always sustained. I was struck with his military bearing, his firmness and decision of purpose combined with gentleness. He always showed great ability in the discussion of any debatable point, and a willingness to be set right if in error. I have never met with any one so far removed from anything like guile; so generous was he that his generosity was taken advantage of by those who were so disposed. As a professor I need say nothing as to his competency and ability as a teacher. He brought with him from West Point a reputation which was of great service to a young college. He introduced something of a military discipline, which was much needed.

"His Christian character was then very decided, and his influence over young men—who are disposed to regard religion as not a manly thing—was very beneficial. In his social relations he was loved and esteemed by us all. He was gentle and courteous to all men.

"I feel how inadequate is this tribute to the memory of one I loved and esteemed so much. It is scattering a withered flower upon his grave.

"Very truly yours,

"J. Packard."

During the first year Mr. Pendleton and his family lived in the college. Here they found agreeable companionship, and formed close intimacy with Mrs. Colton and her sisters, Miss Margaret Cox and Miss Harriet, who became the wife of Mr. Pendleton's intimate friend and former classmate, Albert Taylor Bledsoe.

Extracts from Mr. Pendleton's letters to his wife, absent in Virginia, give interesting particulars respecting the young college, the development of his own character, and the confirmation of his purpose to prepare himself for the ministry.

"BRISTOL COLLEGE, January, 1834.

"... The bill chartering us as a college has become a law, and it is pronounced by the honorable Legislature of Pennsylvania illegal to call the said college by any name other than 'Bristol College.' This, of course, raises us in importance, and, it may be, increases our responsibility. But the distressing derangement of money-matters throughout the United States will injure us, we fear, by preventing the friends of the Church from aiding in the means of enlarging our plan of operations as soon as they would otherwise have done. All this is in the hands of God. He will direct that which is best for His own honor. ... In reply to your queries about the appropriation of my time: From five to six, dressing, etc.; from six to seven, attending one of my classes; after breakfast, until nine, I have generally been employed in sweeping, dusting, and fixing the rooms,—Gurdon assisting me; from nine to ten, a class; from ten to twelve, in the Blue Room;* after dinner, till three, reading and writing; from three to four, Greek; from four to five, in the Blue Room; at night, reading. The two hours in the Blue Room in the morning I have devoted to Biot;† that in the afternoon to preparing my lessons for the next day. My reading I wish to make effectual to the great object before me. To this end it will be necessary for me to get speedily some of the books recommended by the last General Convention. Many of them I can borrow. Ecclesiastical history, and profane, too, I must first cultivate diligently, and this shall now be my business. ... I have to-day been much struck with the character of Abraham, sketched by Dr. Clarke in his Commentary,—the undoubting confidence with which he

* The large study-room.  † French treatise on analytical geometry.
believed God, and the ready, cheerful obedience he habitually rendered when called upon; his courage and generosity and faithfulness. Let us study his conduct under the different circumstances of life, and exert ourselves to live like him. . . . I intended to have told you before,—I have made you responsible for a debt of twelve dollars. You recollect the Missionary Society. When the subscription-plan was arranged and presented I subscribed a dollar a month for myself, and then proceeded to write your name pledging the same sum for you likewise. Can you pay by knitting? or in what way? I fear I may have put you into a difficulty."

Something of his former depression and anxiety seems to have returned upon him from time to time, but always accompanied with some derangement of health.

"February, 1834.

"I am much harassed by a sort of sinking of hope, calling upon me for vigorous effort in every way, by prayer and self-examination, and a wielding of the sword of the spirit and active exercise. Let us remember the encouragement given by our Saviour to the prayers of two or three who shall agree as touching what they shall ask, and pray with me for supplies of grace and strength and Divine wisdom in all things, bringing peace and hope and devoted purpose in every duty before me. . . . As to being happy, there is at all times the delightful reflection that I can pray, happy or not, and, provided I am still left to do my duties aright, it matters little in the great account whether I was or was not allowed a tranquil course. Besides religious comfort, I apply the maxim by which Dr. Johnson used to regulate his gloomy moods, 'When solitary be not idle, and when idle be not solitary.'"

Later in the spring Mr. Pendleton went to Virginia to bring his family North. His indisposition and depression culminated in a violent bilious fever, which detained them in Washington for some weeks. Under the skilful treatment of Dr. Sewell and the care of kind friends, he recovered and returned to Bristol. Stopping to rest in Philadelphia, Mrs. Pendleton's negro nurse, Eliza, went out of the room to "get a cradle for the baby," and never came back. She had been in Philadelphia before, and had made
acquaintances who, no doubt, enticed her to leave her best and truest friends. On examination, it was found that she had removed all her clothing, so the plan for going off must have been considered for some time. At that date no open opposition would have been made to her recovery, but Mr. Pendleton, after making sure that she had deliberately chosen to go off among strangers, declined to take any steps to reclaim her as his servant. This circumstance is mentioned to show that the conviction so often expressed by him in after-years, that slavery is repeatedly sanctioned by the Bible, was in no way influenced by self-interest.

In the fall of 1834 he and his family moved out of the college into a small house a few hundred yards away, known as “the Long Cottage.” Good taste and good management gave comfort and adornment to the little habitation; while the cordial hospitality of the young housekeepers and the happiness and harmony of their family life made it the brightest spot in the vicinity, towards which professors and students naturally turned for recreation when tired of work or longing for sympathy. Mrs. Pendleton’s sisters and other lady friends added much to the attractions of the little home.

During the spring and fall the surrounding country was explored by long walks and drives. Mrs. Pendleton had become an enthusiastic student of botany, and found great assistance in the knowledge and advice of Miss Margaret Cox. Her husband was too much occupied with hard work and other studies to become a botanist, but he took great pleasure in his wife’s advancement, and was ever ready to take a tramp into the woods, and lend his aid in gathering flowers and securing specimens for her collection. Sleighing, skating, and walking on the frozen Delaware to Burlington furnished recreation during the short winter days. For the long nights there were gatherings of friends in the cosy parlor, where games of chess, music and song, or brilliant conversation beguiled the hours. Dr. Henry was an unusually good talker, full of anecdote and illustration, and other frequenters of the cottage contributed their quotas to the general enjoyment. Family prayers always closed these friendly meetings. Mr. Pendleton was a fine draughtsman, and had considerable skill as a caricaturist. Not infrequently his colleagues would find their lively descriptions and quaint anecdotes illustrated by his pen- or
pencil-drawings. He also had great facility in writing doggerel verses, and would, with rare ingenuity and absurdity, chronicle any adventure of the assembled party.

A second little daughter, Lucy, was born during this time, and the two little girls became the constant companions of their father's leisure hours. No man ever found more pleasure and happiness in his children, or was more tenderly attached to them, than Mr. Pendleton, and no accurate account of his life can be given in which they should be omitted. His oldest daughter was from infancy seldom absent from his side. She slept in his arms or sat on his knee when he read and studied, played round his feet while he wrote, walked beside him or was carried on his shoulder when he went out of doors. Each succeeding child called forth more paternal affection, and increased the happiness of his loving heart. Requiring implicit obedience to his slightest command, he was incapable of sternness to his children, and was always full of sympathy with them, sharing alike their little joys and sorrows. So tender was his pity for their weaknesses and failings, so appreciative his understanding of their troubles and efforts, so genuine his sorrow for their faults and delight in their well-doing, that they learned when in babyhood to prize his love and desire his approval more than any other reward. Even when his sacred sense of responsibility compelled him on rare occasions to chastise them, they knew that the punishment caused him equal pain with themselves, and that no particle of anger was mingled with its infliction.

In the summer of 1835, Mr. Pendleton and his wife undertook the journey from Bristol to Virginia with their two children, in a little carriage drawn by their old gray horse “Bob.” Economy and a love for adventure prompted this rash essay. For two days they jogged bravely on, beguiling the lengthening miles with pleasant anticipations and the prattle of the little ones. By the time they reached Elkton, Maryland, the mother and babies were well worn out with the heat and fatigue of the road. Mr. Pendleton comforted them with the assurance that a good night's rest would revive them, and enable them to start afresh next morning. Old “Bob,” however, was not to be revived; no prospective meeting with dear friends raised his drooping courage or rested his weary legs. The next morning he was so stiff and lame that the whole party, carriage, horse, and all, had to be transferred to the steamboat.
During this vacation a large new building—Penn Hall—was added to the college, but was not ready for occupation when the session opened. The increased number of students had, therefore, to be crowded in, for a few weeks, wherever they could find accommodation. In the confusion consequent upon such crowding it was difficult to exercise proper discipline. A spirit of mischief and insubordination crept in, and for a time serious trouble threatened the college. By a wise mingling of resolute authority with kind forbearance, however, the difficulties were adjusted, and order and good feeling established.

Domestic affliction as well as college annoyances chastened the happiness of these years. Mr. Pendleton's beloved sister, Mrs. Judith P. Harrison, died in the spring of 1834. His grief at the loss of this dear sister was deep and sincere, and the tender affection evinced by him towards her children, especially to the little niece, who grew up the joy of her grandparents' declining years, proved how fondly he had loved their mother. His father had become blind from cataract during the same period, but the hope was entertained that the operation of couching might restore him to sight. The optic nerve was, however, found to be seriously diseased in both eyes, and the only result of a double operation was the ability to distinguish light from darkness, and thus avoid coming in contact with large objects when moving from place to place.

Robert Pendleton, the brother next younger than William, died of a violent fever, in the spring of 1836, among strangers, in Western Pennsylvania. Taken suddenly ill at a country inn, no one took interest enough in the sick traveller to communicate with his friends, and the announcement of his death was the first intimation to his family that anything was amiss with him. He was greatly beloved for his manly, ingenuous character, his sprightly, affectionate disposition, and the kindly assistance he was ever ready to give to all with whom he was thrown. His elder brothers had entered professional life; the two younger were, one in a counting-room, the other at college. To him had naturally fallen the management of his parents' affairs and the care of their declining years. Business for his father had carried him from the home so sadly bereaved by his death. His brothers, Walker and William, showed their love for his memory by giving his name to the first son born to each of them.
CHAPTER X.

A SUMMER'S ENGINEERING.

Up to this time Bristol College had been—as, indeed, it was to the last—a great success, except in pecuniary matters. The number of students was large, their deportment and scholarship excellent, and a healthy Christian spirit prevailed in the institution. But the financial aspect of affairs was not encouraging. Started without endowment, it would have been almost impossible to avoid embarrassment had there been no outlay for improvements, and had the students been required to pay a sum sufficient for their maintenance. But the terms were unreasonably low. The charges for board, fuel, lights, and tuition were only one hundred and sixteen dollars for the term of forty weeks. Beneficiaries, of whom there was a large proportion, were provided with everything for seventy-five dollars per annum; and when worthy young men, especially those desiring to enter the ministry, could not afford even so moderate a sum, arrangement was made to admit them and furnish support and instruction in return for some small services rendered. The professors' salaries were low in proportion,—eight hundred dollars a year,—and tardily paid. Under these circumstances, Mr. Pendleton gladly accepted an offer from Mr. Walter Gwynn, at that time the leading railroad engineer in Virginia and North Carolina, to take charge, during the summer, of an engineering party to survey and locate a railroad through Southwestern Virginia and down into North Carolina, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month. His classes were pushed on and examined by the last of June, when he took his family—the baby, "Robin," being only five weeks old—to Virginia and set out for his arduous summer work. Extracts from letters to his wife show how vigorous and steady had been his religious growth since leaving the army, and how he had begun to realize the joy and peace in believing which became such marked traits in his Christian character.
"Oxford, Granville County, North Carolina, "
"Sunday, July 24, 1836.

"... I have been to church, and can sincerely say, in the
psalmist's language, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us
go up into the house of the Lord.' How appropriate, how
solemn, how delightful our service! Alone, and thrown more
upon a personal and hearty intercourse with our God and Sav-
ior, I feel it more: the service then seems to me a sort of
bond, connecting the devotions of my own soul with those of the
Church and with the precious aspirations of my own family; and
I do not think I was ever blessed with a more delightful frame
than when joining in it to-day. The same gentleman preached
of whom I spoke in my last, Mr. Motte, and an admirable dis-
course it was. I was surprised to find the congregation so large.
The church is small, it is true, but it was as full as it could be,
and there were a good many young men."

"Tuesday morning.

"... After writing on Sunday, I had to go to church in the
afternoon, and then Mr. Motte invited me to take tea with him.
I breakfasted this morning with a Mr. Lewis, who did himself the
honor of tracing a relationship with me. Afterwards transacted
some business before leaving the village of Oxford, and then,
with two of my subs, mounted on our baggage-wagon and came
out here, six or seven miles, where the rest of our party were at
work, and here I am in a private house by the road-side, where
we have been hospitably entertained by a kind old Scotchman.
We go on rapidly, and soon the party will be as far as Roxbor-
ough, by or before which, however, I shall be on my way towards
the mountains.

"I have some pills by me, and some calomel, magnesia, and
rhubarb, in case of sickness among our party. If we all escape
bilious fevers we ought to thank God humbly for it, for the ex-
posure might very well, without great prudence, bring them on.
We are very careful, but my trust is in the care of an all-direct-
ing Providence, to whom I desire to commit myself and all dear
to me."

A letter to his little daughter is enclosed in the foregoing:
“MY DEAR LITTLE SUE,—I hope you are good and obedient to your mamma. See, darling, how good and sweet you can be, that the good account mamma has to give of you may make my heart glad. I have seen a great many little girls,—some of them very bad and some of them good,—and I always think what a sweet thing a good little girl is. If my dear daughters, Sue and Lucy, will be obedient and good children, how very glad it will make me, and how I shall love them! There are a great many girls going to school in Oxford, the place where I have been staying for three or four days. You must get mamma to show it to you on the map. Some of these girls—yes, all of them—are older than my darling daughter, and yet some of them have not been taught so much. Think, love, what your dear mamma has done for you, in taking so much trouble to teach you. How much you ought to love her, and try to obey and please her for all she has done! Do you pray for me, dear? Ask God to take care of papa, and bring him back safely to you all.”

“DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

“. . . Here I am, quartered by polite invitation, at the house of General C——, whom I met in Norfolk. I must write on Sunday, for if I do not, there will be no opportunity of sending a letter before Wednesday, and by that time I expect to be far away from Danville. There is no Episcopal church here, and our communion is hardly recognized in this large county. Two good-looking dissenting churches are, however, open this morning,—the Presbyterian and the Baptist,—the former of which I wish to attend by and by.”

“TOP OF THE ALLEGHANY, FLOYD COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

“MY BELOVED WIFE,—Early this Monday morning I have risen to write to you. Yesterday I was permitted to enjoy a great privilege in attending a place where prayer is wont to be made, and where the truth, as it is in Jesus, was declared, though in a homely way. Just on the other (east) side of the mountain, in Montgomery County, there was to be a Baptist meeting, and as it was the only place of public worship near, though some seven or eight miles off, Mr. Barberin, at my invitation, and myself determined to ride thither. And I was
amply repaid for the trouble of descending and reascending the mountain.

"The preacher was a man whose countenance, manner, and matter exhibited that he knew what it is to understand 'the secret of the Lord which dwelleth with the righteous.' If ever my soul blessed the Lord for His goodness to the children of men, it was when I heard the simple, blessed truths of the Gospel so plainly and understandingly preached to this poor Western people, cut off, as we are wont to believe, from the privileges of Gospel light.

"And now to tell you what I have been about since my last was posted at Franklin Court-House. That morning we left there, I on horseback, accompanied by an old gentleman interested in the survey, the rest of my party in a hack, and we proceeded some sixteen miles over hills and mountains of all forms and dimensions, intersected continually by streams and mountain torrents, to the foot of the Alleghany. This we crossed at Daniel's Run Gap, where the ascent is more gradual than at most passes in the ridge. That evening we arrived at a public-house three miles west of the ridge, where there is a capital mineral spring, and here we have been staying ever since. If you were with me, how I could enjoy the noble character of the country! While it is strikingly true, as David says, 'Those who go down to the sea in ships, these see the mighty works of the Lord,' it may be as truly said that they who look upon the gigantic hills of this untamed region find like cause to admire the power and majesty of Him who laid their foundations and reared their proud heads. How poor, how feeble, are we among these awe-inspiring scenes! and yet we scale, we surmount them, and in the soarings of our minds we rise to heights from which these hills, the ocean, and their solid bed, the round earth, are lost in insignificance among the grander works of God; while we, with souls immortal, are never lost, are never diminished in comparison with the mightiest worlds of matter, for we are in the image of the Eternal; we are ransomed with the precious blood of the Son of God; we are candidates for a state of being where purity and love, and knowledge and bliss, shall be forever ours. It was Friday evening when we got here. Saturday I rode over much of the country exploring, while all the rest went deer-
hunting. We have plenty of fine venison. . . . To-day our sur-
vey began. I have been riding from seven A.M. to five P.M., almost
without dismounting, and without a mouthful, even, of water,
though the gushing streams are numberless, and going all the
time over hills and precipices you would shudder to see a horse-
man pass. But for being away from you nothing could be finer
or, by way of variety, more to my taste.

"The climate is fine, but it has rained every day since our
arrival. The mineral water which attracts people here has not
been analyzed, but it has a twang of iron, sulphur, and salts, and
has a most beneficial effect on me."

"CHRISTIANSBURG, VIRGINIA.

". . . Mr. Cunningham and myself rode over the mountains
from our work ten miles last night, most of the distance by
moonlight. I wish you and others of my dear friends could
witness the scene through which we passed. I cannot pretend
to give you the slightest idea of its mingled grandeur and beauty.
Imagine us, after nightfall, traversing the mountain defiles. On
either hand the tall hills frowning darkly upon us below, the lit-
tle mountain stream dashing in its wildness, and making an
incessant sound to break away the solemn stillness of the road,
while here and there the prevailing darkness was relieved by the
moonbeams finding their way through openings in the trees, now
illuminating the road and hill-sides, now glittering on the foam-
ing cascades. I never saw anything like it. And then I thought,
'Why is this beautiful to me? Why does it fill me with awe
and delight? 'Tis the goodness of God; 'tis an evidence of His
benevolence in creating things so lovely, and endowing me with
a sensibility for what He has made beautiful and sublime, and
allowing me opportunities for enjoying them.' . . . What dis-
tresses me often is a heavy sense of my unfitness, through a de-
praved and unsanctified heart, for the sacred and responsible
office of the ministry. I have come to the conclusion, years ago,
that God required of me to preach the Gospel, and I think my-
self unfit for it. You cannot conceive how I suffer at times from
this; and were it not that I know the Lord is sufficient for all
things, and that He can, and often does, use the weakest and
most unworthy of His servants to promote the salvation of men,
I could not but shrink from what is before me. As it is, how-
ever, I try to obey Him in casting all my care upon Him, with the earnest prayer that He will either keep me back, should He not fit me for His work, or that He will be pleased to pour upon me His enlightening and sanctifying grace, to prepare me for a useful course of ministerial labor. I often think of the character and history of St. Peter, and find comfort in comparing my own character with his,—so far as I may with reverence. He was impetuous yet ardent, bold yet unsteady, confident of fidelity yet weak to shame in the time of trial. All these failings, you have no need of being told, lie at the bottom of my character, and most of their opposite virtues are there too; then I think how true, how faithful, how honored he afterwards was, and it animates me to hope for such supplies of Divine grace as will enable me to be true and faithful; and if it please Him, I would serve, honored also by usefulness in my future life. Join me often in praying for this. . . . My health has improved greatly since leaving the heat and marshes of Carolina. While in Danville my liver was in a bad state, and there was no little threatening of disease, but it is all gone, and I never was in better condition. It is a great delight to read the anecdotes of the dear children."

Bristol College begun the session of 1836 with a large number of students, but before many weeks had elapsed the money affairs were found to be in a hopeless state of confusion, and every day increased the embarrassment, and as early as January, 1837, it was seen that the institution could not maintain itself any longer. It was therefore determined to push on and graduate the senior class by March 1, when the college was finally closed.

The three and a half years of its existence had been full of usefulness and success, so far as regarded the number, character, and teaching of the students, and the influence they have exerted in the Church in after-years. Among the clergymen who were educated there were Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, Rev. Drs. Gibson, of Virginia, Bull, of North Carolina, Nelson, of the China Mission, Leavell, of West Virginia, and a number of others, some of whom still live and labor in the Lord, while many more have gone to receive the reward of their labors.

Impossible as it was to carry on the college longer, the closing it in the middle of the scholastic year was a serious thing for the
professors. Their small salaries for the current year had not been paid, and there was little prospect that they ever would be. Nor was there much likelihood that they would be invited to other professorships, at least for several months. Mr. Pendleton did not, however, become discouraged at the uncertainty of his future. On February 14 he wrote to his wife's father,—

"My course is a very plain one. To remain here until about May, and then to return to Virginia and be ordained. As to the fear, usually well-grounded, that a minister in Virginia must suffer all the ills of poverty, I am principled against allowing my family to be so illly provided for as to make them uncomfortable. And I am morally certain that I can use the means I have in such a way as to secure a competency with no diminution of usefulness and with comparatively little inconvenience. My plan to this end is simply this: to employ one or, if required, two well-qualified teachers, who shall have the immediate conduct of such a school as I think would be useful and acceptable in Virginia, I myself having the direction and moral influence over the same. This will provide me an income sufficient, and will allow me to perform fully and faithfully all the duties of a parish minister, and will occupy to a good purpose the scientific acquirements which circumstances have secured to me, and which otherwise would be scarcely better than thrown away for any useful purpose. . . . There is one consideration which prevents all apprehension on my part, and which cannot fail, I presume, to influence our friends. I am conscious of sincerity towards God, in renouncing the large offers of fortune in the profession of engineering. And doing this from a conviction of duty, I am so far sure that God will approve and bless us in His own service and in His own way."

Before the time fixed upon for his removal to Virginia, Providence pointed out other work for him to do. The mathematical professorship in Newark College, Delaware, then under Episcopal control, was offered to him, with a salary of one thousand dollars. At first he positively declined to take the chair, resolving to become a parish minister in Virginia. But the faculty and trustees were determined to secure him, and the president, the
learned and eccentric Richard Mason, D.D., made him a special visit to induce him to withdraw his refusal. Arriving at the Long Cottage and finding Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton packing up their furniture, Dr. Mason sat down amidst the boxes, made an eloquent representation of the importance of the position urged upon Mr. Pendleton, and wound up by declaring that he would not move from his seat until it was accepted. As this was in accordance with his wife's advice, Mr. Pendleton agreed to go to Newark and look at the place, and this inspection resulted in his becoming professor there.

CHAPTER XI.

LIFE AT NEWARK COLLEGE.

In the latter part of May, 1837, Mr. Pendleton was ordained deacon, at the Convention in Petersburg, Virginia, by Bishop Meade. He left his family in Virginia, and proceeded at once to Newark, where he became professor of mathematics and chemistry. The vacation of Newark College was in October, and several of the Bristol boys were immediately transferred to it, in connection with their former professor. This was especially the case with a number of his young relatives.

The prospects of the young professor were fair enough. The college paid one thousand dollars and furnished a tolerably good house. Bishop H. M. Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, was then exercising episcopal supervision in Delaware. He engaged the young deacon to minister to two poor churches five or six miles from the village. His predecessor in these churches had, the bishop informed him, "lived on less than a little." It was, therefore, with no thought of compensation that he gladly accepted the opportunity to preach the Gospel of Christ, and became their pastor. His labor soon proved so agreeable that they determined to give him what salary they could raise,—between one and two hundred dollars.

It not infrequently happens in the lives of those chosen by God to accomplish important work in His Church that discipline and affliction are sent to chasten and develop their characters at
the opening of any career of special responsibility and usefulness, and thus it was now. One of the first letters from Virginia brought Mr. Pendleton the announcement of the death of his little son Robin, from measles, and of the alarming illness of little Lucy. Alone, among strangers, the blow was a heavy one to his loving heart. But, as ever in the hour of desolation, the Saviour drew nearer to him, and the lessons of submission to trial and consolations granted to the solitary mourner were never forgotten. Sorely afflicted himself, he could enter with sympathizing tenderness into the sorrows of others, and speak to them with confident assurance of the comfort and support promised to all the sorrowful among the children of men.

Although begun so sadly, the life at Newark proved a useful and happy one. In order to facilitate the education of the youths of his immediate connection, Mr. Pendleton had them to live with him. His own brother Gurdon and his wife's brother John, with a number of cousins, were in this way members of his household for several years. For this privilege they paid less than two dollars a week, which sum, he estimated, would provide their food and fire, but which could certainly never furnish remuneration for wear and tear, for the trouble of housekeeping for such a number, nor for the great pains he took in overlooking their various studies.

Other young men came to him for private lessons in mathematics and engineering. The terms for these were also conscientiously low,—five dollars a week paid the expenses of living and thorough instruction. The young men who thus became inmates of his house during his residence at Newark were all greatly influenced for good, and in after-years never omitted an opportunity to express their appreciation of the noble character and the kindness of their former instructor.

The social relations sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton with the families of the president, Dr. Mason, and the other professors, Rev. Mr. Allen and Mr. Greaves, were cordial and pleasant. They also became much attached to some of the residents of the village, especially to their physician, Dr. Handy, to Mr. and Mrs. Blandy, and to Mr. and Miss Holzbecker, from all of whom they received much kindness.

In 1838, Mr. Pendleton received priest's orders from Bishop Onderdonk, with whom, as with all the neighboring clergymen,
he maintained friendly relations. Bishop Alfred Lee was at that
time rector of a large church in Wilmington, and his fraternal
kindness to the young Virginia clergyman was gratefully appre-
ciated and his friendship valued throughout life.

Few letters written at this period remain. One tells of his first
sermon, preached in the college chapel,—there was no Episcopal
church in the village,—and another of Christmas service and
communion at one of his churches in 1838.

A large, old-fashioned garden was attached to the house in
Newark. This Mr. Pendleton cultivated to much advantage, and
formed a taste for practical gardening which furnished much of
his most healthful exercise and recreation during many years of
his life. Botanizing with his wife was also carried on along the
picturesque banks of White Clay Creek, not far from the village.
Busy as his life was, with public and private classes, systematic
parochial work, diligent study, and the many cares devolving
upon the head of a growing family, no duty was too small, no
interest too trivial, to engage his attention. A copy was as care-
fully set and a writing-lesson as regularly given to a little orphan
girl, who had been taken as a help in the nursery, as a mathe-
matical lecture to one of his classes.

In the spring of 1838, Mrs. Pendleton's sister Fanny was
married to Philip N. Meade, oldest son of Bishop Meade, of
Virginia. Their engagement had taken place at Mr. Pendleton's,
and the marriage was a source of great pleasure in his family.
The intimacy and connection with Bishop Meade was already
very close. Both his wives were first cousins of Mrs. Pendleton,
and, by a singular coincidence, had both been her godmothers.
They were also related to Mr. Pendleton, though more distantly.
By the marriage of Mr. Meade and Miss Page the ties between
the families were drawn still closer, and constant intercourse
followed it for many years.

During his second year at Newark ill health again attacked
Mr. Pendleton. Serious derangement of the liver and digestive
organs occasioned much bodily suffering, attended by depression
of spirits. Under the advice of a new physician, violent remedies,
external and internal, were applied. Mr. Pendleton was accus-
tomed for months to use cupping-glasses and leeches for his own
relief. One night a jar containing Spanish leeches was upset in
the dark, and the little blood-suckers crawled out and made their way into various unsuitable places. A small panic ensued until a light was procured, the room thoroughly searched, and every leech found and returned to the bottle.

CHAPTER XII.

OPENING OF THE EPISCOPAL HIGH SCHOOL OF VIRGINIA.

In 1839, Bishop Meade determined to take a step he had been considering for some years and open a Church school for boys in Virginia. The idea was to establish an institution which should combine instruction equal to that of a first-rate college with strict school discipline and the salutary influences and amenities of family life, and should offer all these advantages for a price sufficiently low to come within the reach of the large body of church-people with moderate means. So admirable a scheme it was thought could not fail to recommend itself to the judgment and support of the Church in Virginia and elsewhere. To inaugurate such a school successfully, two things were deemed necessary,—suitable buildings, and a principal who should combine high moral character, energy, an aptitude for teaching and managing boys, and much enthusiasm. But the equally important requisite of some moderate endowment or reserve fund to meet expenses was entirely ignored.

With money furnished by himself and friends Bishop Meade purchased a large, old-fashioned residence, "Howard," with a hundred acres of land adjoining the Theological Seminary, three miles from Alexandria, Virginia. The house, with its brick offices, could, by crowding, be made to accommodate thirty boys for a beginning, and in the mean time additional buildings could be put up. After wide inquiry and consultation with Dr. Muhlenberg and other experienced Church teachers, Bishop Meade decided that Mr. Pendleton was the man of all others likely to make such a head-master as his new school required. He therefore went to Newark to offer the position to Mr. Pendleton, and pressed his acceptance of it as an important Christian duty.
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D.D. 73

The question for the young clergyman's decision was a serious one. His professorship in Delaware afforded a comfortable support for his family, and permitted him to exercise his office as parish minister usefully and acceptably in the surrounding country. To give this up and enter upon an untried field; to endeavor to build up a large public school, where great outlay was necessary, without any endowment or fund to begin with, and where the personal views and opinions of the principal were to be entirely subordinate to the vague and often visionary ideas of a miscellaneous and inexperienced board of trustees; and, above all, to relinquish for years the preaching of the Gospel as the main work of his life, was what Bishop Meade and his other Virginia friends urged upon him. The importance of the issue, and the difficulty of deciding where he could best use his talents to the glory of God and the good of men, threw him into a violent fever, and for some days he was very ill. By the time he regained his health he had determined to remove to Virginia and take charge of the Episcopal High School.

Only the most disinterested devotion to duty and hopefulness of disposition could have influenced him to this decision. The terms on which the school was placed in his hands were difficult and unreasonable almost beyond belief. It is hard to understand how any body of trustees could have exacted them, or any competent man, unless his eyes were blinded by religious zeal, no matter how sanguine and trustful was his nature, have been found willing to comply with them. No provision was made for any endowment, present or future. All the expenses of the institution—furniture, scientific apparatus, salaries of teachers, food, fuel, repairs, and the thousand things for which money is required in a large establishment—were to come out of the tuition fees. These were also put at the lowest possible rate. Full-pay scholars paid only two hundred dollars per annum; sons of clergymen were to be taken for one hundred dollars, and poor but deserving youths were in some instances to be admitted without charge. Nor was this all. Not only was there no salary attached to the position of rector, but he was required to pay to the trustees a yearly tax of thirty dollars upon each pupil over the minimum of thirty, whether that thirty were all full-pay scholars or not.

Mr. Pendleton saw and appreciated some of the difficulties of
the plan from the first, but was to learn by bitter experience the impossibility of carrying it out. The prospect of usefulness overcame his misgivings, and he threw himself into his new and attractive work with all the ardor of his nature. Mr. Milo Mahan, afterwards the distinguished theologian and divine, just graduated from Dr. Muhlenberg's school at Flushing, Long Island, was engaged as first assistant, to teach the ancient languages. Robert Nelson and John Page, both of them trained by Mr. Pendleton, and familiar with his modes of teaching, became the other instructors. The school opened in October, 1839, with thirty-five students. Its first year was one of much personal discomfort, especially to Mr. Pendleton and his family, who were crowded into two small rooms, but, with this drawback, passed satisfactorily and encouragingly.

The large building, which has ever since furnished the main accommodation for the boys, was erected during this year. The plan chosen for it was in almost all respects contrary to the taste and judgment of the principal, being ugly without and inconvenient within. Upon him, however, devolved the worry and responsibility of superintending the building, while becoming day by day more conscious of its defects. The second year found the addition in a habitable condition, and the session opened with one hundred and one scholars. For this increase of pupils a large increase of teachers was, of course, necessary. Had all the students paid the full amount, the twenty thousand dollars might possibly have met the expense of fitting up and maintaining so extensive an institution. But of the number, fourteen were half-pay scholars, and five paid nothing. Out of the income thus diminished, thirty dollars per head were paid to the trustees for seventy-one boys, and an additional subsidy of three hundred dollars towards the salary of one of the seminary professors was exacted. The principal made every exertion to utilize all the resources at his command and make the school self-supporting. A fine garden provided an abundant supply of vegetables and fruit for the household. The farm was brought into a high state of cultivation, and large quantities of hay cut and sold. Cattle were bought and fattened for the use of the school. But all efforts were unavailing to make the income adequate to the expense.
In all other respects the happiest results were experienced. Harmony and kindliness prevailed among scholars and teachers. A high grade of scholarship was established and maintained. A wholesome religious influence was constantly exerted; and while the sound judgment of the principal discouraged any unhealthy excitement among the boys, his own deep religious experience, his genuine sympathy with each of them, and the virtue and beauty of Christianity as exhibited in his daily life so illustrated and recommended the truths of the Gospel that an unusually large proportion of the High-School boys became earnest and consistent Christians, and many of them clergymen.

In 1840, Mr. Pendleton’s second son was born, and, in fulfilment of a boyish promise, was named Alexander Swift, after a beloved West Point classmate of his father.

Bishop Meade’s home, “Mountain View,” over which Mrs. Philip Meade, Mrs. Pendleton’s sister, presided, was only a day’s ride from the High School, and there was frequent intercourse between the households. An extract from a letter to his wife, who had gone to nurse her sister in illness, will tell of the many and varied claims upon Mr. Pendleton’s time and attention.

“Howard, February 10, 1840.

... As you may suppose, I was very anxious about you in your long stage-ride on Saturday, and but for the tranquillizing effect of trust in God as your guardian and guide, should have suffered from corroding anxiety. You must have had a most uncomfortable day of it, and yesterday was worse. We could not venture to the Seminary in the morning on account of the rain, but by the time for night service it had cleared up, and we ploughed through the mud. We are all well, but how we get along without you is another question. I shall try to carry on everything as usual, but that is easier undertaken than done. Saturday I heard Sue her Greek, made her read in Rollin to me, heard Lucy read in the prayer-book, and then made them both spell all the difficult words in the Psalm. Yesterday I read the Lessons with Sue and made Lucy again read the Psalms. To-day, Monday, having gone to Alexandria soon after breakfast, and having to take an algebra class immediately upon getting back, and that followed by geography and the little boys’ Latin
grammar, I have not yet been able to attend to the little girls' lessons, but shall do so. They seem quite happy. The household concerns get on pretty well. I gave directions this morning to have some of the bedding attended to, and when the butcher came, directed him to bring out what is wanted until next Sunday. I ordered out meal and herrings this morning. I am thus particular because you will like to hear everything, and because I shall want your advice from time to time. R. remarked just now, 'What a difference it makes to be in a house without any lady!' and all have this feeling."

The survivors of those days can testify to the wisdom and prudence with which the High School was conducted by Mr. Pendleton. Gentleness and firmness were combined in his government; and in the few instances in which authority was defied and stringent discipline became necessary, it was administered with even justice and a pity for the offender which rarely failed to produce a beneficial effect. Some of his modes of punishment had a touch of the comical connected with them. A stolen fishing expedition brought a long day's angling from an upper window to the boys who had engaged in it. A mock duel, gotten up to terrify the challenged party, was deprived of all dignity and amusement by the principals and seconds having to stand up in presence of the assembled school and drench each other with water discharged from huge tin squirts.

Mr. Pendleton thus governed the school, conducting its religious services in the week and sometimes on Sunday, and taught the advanced classes in mathematics, chemistry, astronomy, and engineering. In addition to these duties, if there was any class in any department which seemed to make no progress, or any boy specially hard to teach, he took them in hand, and, by patience, sympathy, kindness, and his peculiar skill in awakening the dormant mind and imparting knowledge, usually succeeded in bringing forward those whom others had pronounced hopelessly stupid.

Respected by every pupil, and beloved by all save the few who found his care and uprightness irksome, he was the chosen companion of their hours of recreation. Base-ball was not known in those days, and "bandy" was the favorite game. After the early
breakfast, in the good weather, it was the school custom to warm up for the day's work by a vigorous game of bandy. If the rector remained chatting longer than usual with his family or guests, a dozen eager boys, crooked sticks in hand, would peer in at the open door, until some one more venturous than the rest announced, "The boys are waiting for you, sir," and the overtaxed, overworked principal would soon be at the head of the throng, racing up- and down-hill and over the fences after the ball.

The strain of the first two years proved too much for Mr. Pendleton's health. In the vacation of 1841 he took the first pleasure-trip of his life, going with his wife to the Greenbrier, White Sulphur, and other Virginia springs. For six weeks they travelled by stage from place to place, enjoying the wild mountain scenery, collecting flowers new and strange to them, and taking special interest in the records of the rocks as geological science was beginning to decipher them. A sudden rise in Cedar Creek caught them under the Natural Bridge, where they narrowly escaped drowning. A stay at Hot Springs, followed by a longer sojourn at the White Sulphur, effected so great a change in Mr. Pendleton's constitution, that for many years he remained free from the bilious disorders that had so greatly harassed him.

In October, 1843, just after the opening of the session, the front building of the High School took fire from a defective flue, and nothing but the brick walls escaped the flames. As the fire broke out in the morning, there was no danger of loss of life; but a strong wind was blowing, and for a time the whole establishment was threatened with destruction. Telling his wife to collect their children and send them to a place of safety, Mr. Pendleton devoted all his energies to saving the large, newly-erected schoolhouse.

With the aid of the boys, the Seminary students, and other neighbors, the roof and side next the flames were covered with blankets kept constantly wet. Here, where the heat was almost insupportable, the principal took his place, which he never left until danger from the fire was over. Little inconvenience and no loss was experienced by any of the large household except himself and family. They had almost all of their personal effects destroyed, and had again to be crowded into two rooms.
in an out-house. The insurance on the burnt dwelling was sufficient to rebuild it in a more commodious manner, and the fire proved an ultimate advantage to the property.

The Oxford movement, begun in 1837, had created comotions and dissensions among clergymen in America as in England. The "Tracts for the Times" were read and discussed by thinking men everywhere. Their teachings, especially that of "Tract No. 90," were opposed to the views of the Bishop of Virginia and the great majority of her clergy. Some of the students at the Theological Seminary were, however, much attracted by the earnest tone of the Tracts, and the fascinating idea presented of the Catholic Church as the infallible spiritual director and guide, and the dispenser of salvation to all her children. Mr. Mahan and other devout, earnest seekers after truth among the teachers and visitors at the High School were, for a time, not a little inclined towards Dr. Newman and his associates. Mr. Pendleton, on the other hand, considered the whole movement and its teachings as contrary to the standards of the English and American Episcopal Church, and was active in pointing out and refuting what he thought erroneous to the younger men by whom he was surrounded. Since he first turned his thoughts towards the ministry he had been a diligent student of theology. And now, more than ever, he searched deeply into the works of the English fathers, that he might bring the soundest and most able authorities to bear in the long and impassioned discussions concerning the Church, tradition, sacramentarianism, etc., which often lasted far into the night.

After listening one evening to one of these earnest discussions, Mr. Pendleton's little daughter inquired, with puzzled curiosity,—

"Mamma, what is the Church?"

"My dear, that is what your papa and these other gentlemen have not yet decided," was the sprightily reply.

Pushing her inquiry further, the child was told by her father that she was "too young to understand;" but hearing an older questioner referred "to the Thirteenth Article," she betook herself to the prayer-book, and there found her ideas so sadly confused by its stately and conservative definition that it required the lapse of a number of years to give her any clear comprehension of the apparently simple term.
CHAPTER XIII.

PECUNIARY TROUBLE—WITHDRAWAL FROM THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Five years had passed in faithful, energetic labor,—five years of much happiness in the congenial occupation of teaching and influencing youthful minds, and in intimate association with the pious, intelligent, and refined society of the "Seminary Hill." Among the results of this work, in after-years, were thirty clergymen of the Episcopal Church and a number of laymen leading useful, Christian lives in their various spheres. Most of these received their first serious religious impressions and made public profession of their faith under Mr. Pendleton's influence and example. Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, and Rev. Drs. Walker, of the Alexandria Seminary, and Sprigg, of the Southern Churchman, were among the alumni of these years.

But the difficulties arising from the inadequacy of the heavily-taxed income had increased year by year until, at the close of the fifth session, there was a debt on the school expenses of more than five thousand dollars. This rested wholly on the principal, who, in addition to this public debt, had, under a pressing call of duty, incurred private obligations amounting to three thousand dollars. He was thus, at the age of thirty-five, encumbered by a burden of eight thousand dollars of debt, with a wife and six children to support, and no resources but his education and orders, a good library, and some scientific apparatus.

That this pecuniary failure was in no way the result of mismanagement is shown in the following résumé of the financial statement which accompanied the last report made by Mr. Pendleton to the trustees:

There had been an attendance of three hundred and eighteen pupils,—sixty-eight of them at reduced charges and twenty-two who paid nothing. On this number the loss of income was seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars; seventeen hundred and fifty dollars had been paid towards the salaries of Seminary professors, and five thousand three hundred and twenty-five dollars per capita tax to the trustees,—making a total deficit of
fourteen thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars. Of this amount, seven thousand and seventy-five dollars had actually been paid out to other parties, while the daily necessary expenses for food, fuel, etc., were left to rest upon the unsalaried principal. To go on in this way was clearly impossible. Mr. Pendleton therefore resigned his position in the summer of 1844.

In the report mentioned above he writes,—

"... Of the remarkable success of the institution, during the five years of its operation, towards the object for which it was designed. To the close, its literary and religious character are believed to have been deservedly high. Much and extensive good was done. Especially was the Divine favor bestowed upon the work in a remarkable spiritual blessing. And it is a cheering reflection that, in the youthful hearts turned heavenward in the institution during these five years, many a stream of mercy took its rise, to flow on in varying and widening channels, spreading without end the blessings of the Gospel. Touching the condition in which the constituent elements of the institution were left on the resignation of the late Principal,—

"The Trustees, with the property, buildings, etc., remained unencumbered, towards a reorganization and recommencement of the school; and it is to be hoped that this may be accomplished, with such modifications as to avoid the evils before experienced, while attaining in some degree, at least, the good formerly attempted. ... The Principal, as the party on whom under the former arrangement rested all the responsibility, had incurred all the risk and experienced all the loss. Though his judgment had from the first disapproved of this arrangement as hazardous, and likely to prove injurious to himself, yet, with some enthusiasm in a noble cause, with full confidence in the magnanimity of those with whom he negotiated (a confidence still unabated), and in reliance upon the call of a guardian Providence, he had made such arrangement. All the pecuniary loss, therefore, incident to the issue before described fell upon him. From this result, severe as it is, he does not shrink; indeed, there is in it some ground for congratulation; for though it must, for a season at least, interfere with his usefulness in the ministry and with the comforts of his family, till, by the blessing of God, he can work through the
debt; still, opportunity is thus left for the institution to be re-opened free of debt or hinderance."

The magnanimity and generous self-devotion of these words are above praise. And a clear statement of the impossibility of carrying on the school on the original plan once made, no censure of others or self-justification is again heard from the sufferer in the cause. With manly courage and resolute will he braced himself to meet the emergency, and without complaint to endure toil and privation until he should discharge the duty of paying his heavy debt.

The news of Mr. Pendleton's resignation caused deep regret in the school. The estimation in which he was held may be illustrated by the words of good Mrs. Monroe, the laundress: "The Scripture is against you, Mr. Pendleton, for it says, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'" The boys and teachers published resolutions of the most commendatory and admiring character, and the Seminary professors expressed their feelings in the following letter:

"Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, July 12, 1844.

"To Rev. W. N. Pendleton, Episcopal High School of Virginia:

"Rev. and Dear Sir,—We have just been informed that you have resigned the charge of the High School of Virginia; and considering the relations in which it has stood to the Theological Seminary, with which we are connected (both being under the control of the same board of trustees), we cannot allow the measure to be consummated without giving expression to our feelings on the occasion. Not that we deem it important to speak of our personal feelings towards you as a Christian and a gentleman: on that subject it is enough to say that our intercourse, and that of our families, has been such during your residence here that the thought of its discontinuance is truly painful to us all. But we deem it our duty, having been neighbors for so long a time, and eye-witnesses of your course as Principal of the High School, and two of us your assistants in teaching a portion of your pupils, explicitly to testify our conviction of the faithfulness and efficiency and self-forgetting devotion with which you discharged your most
arduous duties. The respect and affection with which the students of the High School have always regarded you; the many fine young men whose characters have been developed under your eye, and fitted for usefulness in the various stations of civil life; and the very large proportion of your scholars who have become pious through the blessings of God's spirit upon your instruction, fully attest your efficiency as a guide and governor of youth and a minister of Christ in the important station you have occupied. Of your success merely as an instructor we do not speak. That was proved and known, especially in mathematical and physical science, in two collegiate institutions before you took charge of the Virginia High School.

"In conclusion, we have only to hope and pray, in this hour of separation, that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon you and yours, and that, wherever your lot may be cast, your faithfulness in all trusts and your efficiency in the execution of them, and your most unselfish devotion to the interests of Christ's Church and the cause of Christian education, may be as highly appreciated as they most assuredly are by, reverend and dear sir, your affectionate friends and brothers,

"WM. SPARROW, D.D.,
"JAMES MAY, D.D.,
"JOSEPH PACKARD, D.D.,

"Professors Episcopal Theological Seminary of Virginia."

The session over and the school broken up, Mr. Pendleton took his family to Hanover County, where his own parents had come to reside not far from his wife's father, and set himself to find the most promising opening for a private school of high grade. Many of his former pupils were from Maryland. His reputation as a teacher was well known in that State, and, great as was his regret to leave Virginia, Baltimore offered stronger inducements than any other city. To it he therefore decided to remove, and do what he could in teaching and preaching.*

* The High School was closed for a year, and then reopened on an entirely different basis. Rev. Drs. Dalrymple and McGuire successively conducted it until it was again broken up by the advance of the Federal army in 1861. Since the war it has been one of the most successful schools in the South, under the direction of Mr. L. M. Blackford. But it gave as many men to the Christian ministry during its first five years as it has furnished in its after-existence.
CHAPTER XIV.

LIFE IN MARYLAND.

The summer of 1844 was saddened by the death of Mrs. Pendleton's youngest sister, Hughella Page, a bright, attractive girl, greatly beloved in her family. In August Mr. Pendleton went to Baltimore, and was most kindly received by the clergy of the city. They showed their friendliness not only by courtesy and advice, but more substantially by recommending and endorsing his proposed school. Dr. Wyatt, rector of St. Paul's Church, Dr. Atkinson, of St. Peter's, afterwards Bishop of North Carolina, and Dr. H. V. D. Johns, of Christ Church, each placed a son under his tuition, and their example did much to secure him patronage and insure his success.

Baltimore was so much smaller forty years ago than it is now, that the location most desirable for a classical school was within a few squares north of Baltimore Street and west of Calvert. No house capable of affording convenient school-rooms, and at the same time accommodating a family, could be found in that part of the city, and it seemed impossible to incur the expense of renting two houses.

Mr. Pendleton had therefore nearly determined to send his wife back to Virginia, where his children had been left, and fight the battle with debt and hard work alone. A final decision was put off until the prayerful consideration of another night. That evening Dr. Johns called for the purpose of informing Mr. Pendleton that Sherwood Chapel, near Cockeysville, and St. John's in the Valley, in Baltimore County, were in need of a pastor. The parishes were unable to pay salaries sufficient for the support of a rector, and would therefore be very glad to secure the services of a non-resident clergyman, who could minister to them on Sundays and occasionally in the week, and Dr. Johns brought an invitation to Mr. Pendleton to communicate with them.

It was his earnest purpose to connect ministerial duty with his school-work, but he had supposed that the only field open to him would be that of a missionary in Baltimore. With devout
thankfulness he listened to Dr. Johns's suggestions. An arrange-
ment satisfactory to all parties was soon made with the two
vestries, and Mr. Pendleton became their rector. The salaries
promised, though small, were certain, and he at once rented a
house on Fayette Street, near Charles, for his school, and
another on Lexington Street, a few doors west of Liberty, as a
residence. The children were brought on from Virginia and the
family established on Lexington Street.

"St. Luke's Hall, a classical school for boys," was opened
October 1, 1844, with a good number of scholars. Mr. Pendle-
ton had not proposed to take any boarding pupils; but at the
urgent solicitation of their parents he consented to receive three
boys into his family. Mr. Mahan was his assistant for a few
months, when he entered the General Theological Seminary in
New York, and was succeeded by Mr. Robert Nelson in the
school and the family.

Labor as constant and anxiety as pressing as filled up this and
the two following years might well have broken down a vigor-
ous constitution and courageous soul. Not only was the daily
routine of school-work performed, but private pupils—classes
of young ladies in belles-lettres and literature, boys who required
"coaching," and special students in engineering—were engaged
and taught at high prices. Sermons were prepared every week
for his churches, to which he went by rail Friday evening or
Saturday morning. The morning service was held alternately
in the parishes, and after a ride of eight miles across the country,
the evening service and sermon in the other. When the morn-
ing was given to Sherwood, the rector spent Saturday in visiting
his parishioners in that neighborhood, doing the same thing the
next week at St. John's. No matter in which he officiated in the
afternoon, he was obliged to spend Sunday night at Sherwood,
so as to take an early train Monday morning and return to
Baltimore in time for the opening of the school. Weekly ser-
vices in the afternoon or at night were frequently held for the
Baltimore rectors, and on two occasions it happened that under
an urgent appeal for help he rode down from Cockeysville, four-
ten miles, after his two services in the country, and officiated at
night in Baltimore, once in St. Peter's and once in Christ Church,
thus riding forty miles on horseback, reading the service, and
preaching three times in one day. The second of these efforts came near having serious consequences, a violent headache and high fever following the over-exertion.

Rigid economy and diligent care on Mrs. Pendleton's part seconded her husband's labors. Skilful housewifery kept the family comfortable with the smallest possible outlay. The children were mainly clothed by their grandparents, and systematically taught by their mother, the elder ones also receiving instruction from their father or his assistant in Latin, Greek, and French. Mrs. Pendleton, in addition to her other occupations, did almost all the sewing for her household,—no slight task when as yet there were no sewing-machines. Creditors pressed, however, notes were falling due, and in the effort to meet such claims promptly there was a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Twice the emergency became so great that Mr. Pendleton was obliged to pawn valuable scientific instruments to procure food for the family. A third morning came when there was neither money in the purse nor provisions in the pantry. Leaving his wife, with the promise to return at ten o'clock and again pawn his theodolite, he went to his school. Scarcely had he finished the opening prayer when an envelope was handed him containing six dollars. It was for rent owed by a widow whom he permitted to occupy the upper story of the school-house, and from whose scanty means he neither sought nor expected payment, but whose timely relief of his necessities was received with a thankful heart.

Neither the plainness of their home nor the restricted mode of life cut Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton off from social privileges and agreeable association. Not only the families of the clergy, but others who appreciated worth, talent, and good breeding offered them kind attentions, and friendships were formed which lasted through life. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Wyman were especially cordial to the struggling family. Long drives in Mr. Wyman's capacious carriage and charming Saturdays passed in his hospitable house were bright spots in the quiet lives of the little folk, while his thoughtful kindness afforded their parents opportunities for meeting literary men, seeing fine paintings, and hearing good music.

The winter of 1844 was a painful era in the American Church, and when Bishop Meade, fresh from the trial and conviction of
the Bishop of New York, stopped for a brief visit to Mr. Pendleton, the little parlor was the scene of long and earnest talk, lasting far into the night, while different clergymen of the city listened and argued and lamented as the excitement of the times pressed upon their hearts.

The friendly relations in which he had once stood to the Bishop of Pennsylvania made his fault and punishment very distressing to his former presbyter.

At the close of the first session of his school a change for the better was made. A house was found on Courtland Street, in a quiet but central position, capable of accommodating comfortably both his family and school. This lessened the expense of living considerably, and avoided the necessity for his absence from home for so many hours. The second year was as successful as the first. Mr. Nelson, as Mr. Mahan had done, went to the Theological Seminary, and Mr. Sterling, of New York, on the recommendation of Dr. Muhlenberg, became the assistant.

The people of Sherwood and St. John's became much attached to their rector, and evinced their regard not only by sending supplies of provisions, very helpful to his household, but also by insisting on having his family to sojourn among them for weeks at a time. These visits to the country, spring and fall, at Colonel Bosley's stately home, "Hayfields," Mr. Jessop's, Mr. Anderson's, and other hospitable houses, were cheering and serviceable to parents and children, both on account of health, recreation, freedom from household cares and anxieties, and the cordial good will which subsisted between pastor and people. Finding the two parishes too heavy a burden, Mr. Pendleton gave up St. John's in the spring of 1846. The congregation requested him to assist them to procure another pastor, and he communicated with different parties on the subject. One gentleman presenting himself with a letter of introduction, was requested to accompany him the next day to St. John's to see the place and people and, if he chose, preach to the congregation. He delivered a sermon on "Jonah's gourd," so striking and admirable that Mr. Pendleton returned to Baltimore much pleased and somewhat astonished at the unexpected ability of his clerical brother. Describing the discourse to another clergymen, the listener interrupted him in a few minutes, and taking up the theme,
proceeded to give an accurate outline of the sermon. "You have, then, heard Mr. —— preach it?" "Not at all; I never saw him; but I have read that sermon recently in a volume of Bradley's Sermons." The book was sent for, and on examination was found to contain, word for word, the sermon preached at St. John's the preceding Sunday. It is needless to say that the gentleman delivering it was not called to the church.

Various efforts were made by his friends to transfer Mr. Pendleton to other fields of labor during his residence in Baltimore. Some of the most influential among them sought his appointment to the chaplaincy at West Point, then vacant, but the President thought it best to give it to a Presbyterian minister.

Replied to an invitation from the trustees of a large school in Alabama to become the head of their academy, he wrote in 1847,—

"... Regarding my ministerial duties as those to which I am first pledged, and as those for which I resigned my commission in the army, I have no expectation or intention of engaging in any situation where full prominence is not at once allowed to clerical duties, with a desirable field for discharging them, and if such is not the case here, my negative response may be anticipated. The impression has been made, much to my hinderance as a minister of the Gospel, that in my case clerical duty is a secondary matter only."

His arduous and incessant labors in Baltimore were so prospered by Divine goodness that at the close of the third year of his school he found himself so far relieved of the burden of debt as to be able to give up teaching and devote himself wholly to parochial work. Of this period he wrote years afterwards,—

"By diligence and a reasonable exercise of self-denial I had the satisfaction of so paying off my debts in a few years as virtually to fulfil the sacred injunction, 'Owe no man anything.'"

After the lapse of forty years it is difficult to understand, and almost ungracious to recall, the strenuous controversy and strict party lines which then divided the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Nowhere were argument and action more
violent, or division on almost every question of doctrine and practice more absolute, than between the "High" and "Low" Churchmen in Maryland. The learned and laborious Bishop Whittingham believed in and claimed rights of Episcopal prerogative almost without limitations; holding and teaching also the advanced views of sacramentarianism as promulged in the Oxford school and advocated in the Oxford Tracts. Against these teachings and practices some of the most godly, earnest, and useful clergy and laity of the diocese felt it their duty to protest whenever occasion was taken to enforce them. Reference to the journals of the Maryland Conventions and the Life of Bishop Whittingham will show how, once and again, when it was claimed by him as an inherent right of his office to regulate all the services, whenever he held a visitation,—himself to celebrate the holy communion, to the setting aside of the parish minister, and always to pronounce the absolution when in the chancel, a conscientious rector declining to admit that even his bishop could lawfully supersede him in his official duties and privileges, was either brought to trial for violation of duty, or found his parishioners deprived of Episcopal visitation and confirmation.

These differences and dissensions are referred to because Mr. Pendleton was, from the time of his coming into the diocese, in sympathy with those known as "Low Churchmen." His conservative disposition, knowledge of Church standards and laws, his diligent study of the Oxford Tracts, as mentioned in a former chapter, together with his readiness and fluency in argument, made him a valuable and welcome addition to the church party, which, against large odds, contended for the purity and simplicity of their Church, and resisted all innovations in her doctrines, ritual, and ecclesiastical freedom as contrary to the teachings of the Apostolic and Anglican fathers, and Romanizing in tendency. No lay-member of the Convention among the Low Churchmen was equal in debate to Mr. Hugh Davey Evans and Judge Chambers. Mr. Pendleton was therefore especially welcome to the ranks of his party, as being a forcible debater and well-informed speaker against arbitrary Episcopal rule and dangerously erroneous teachings. With pen as well as tongue he contributed to the maintenance of what he believed true, writing, in the midst of his other labors in Baltimore, several tracts, called
forth by the trial of the Rev. Joseph Trapnell and other difficulties between the bishop and clergy. The refusal of Dr. H. V. D. Johns to recognize the bishop's right to arrange and perform all the services at the time of a visitation to Christ Church had been met by the withdrawal of the appointment.

Years afterwards, during a visitation to All Saints’, Frederick, a similar question arose between the bishop and Mr. Pendleton, which was settled in a rather unusual way. As the service was appointed for night, there was no difficulty on the score of the communion. The bishop arrived in the afternoon, and was received and entertained at the parsonage. When the hour for service came, the gentlemen proceeded to the vestry-room, which was up-stairs in one arm of the transept of the church. Persons in the pews below could hear voices above them in earnest and prolonged conversation, and the congregation became restless at an unusual delay. At length the door opened and the rector appeared alone, entered the chancel, and proceeded with the service. His calm voice and reverent manner quieted the flutter of excitement which had rustled through the congregation at his entrance. The service over, he passed out, as was his custom before the sermon, into the vestry-room, and soon returned ushering in the bishop, who preached an excellent sermon and confirmed a large class. When the rector was alone with his family he told how, after the bishop and himself were ready to go into the chancel, the bishop had said that he intended to pronounce the absolution. Mr. Pendleton demurred. An argument ensued, and at last the bishop took off his robes, saying he could not go into the chancel at all unless he were allowed to regulate the service. After a moment of prayer for direction, Mr. Pendleton decided not to keep the congregation waiting longer, and telling the bishop he hoped reflection would induce him to alter his determination, went down and read the service. On returning to the vestry-room he found the bishop again dressed in his robes. No word was spoken, but when the hymn was nearly finished, the bishop rose and silently accompanied the rector into the church. Solitude and prayer had decided him to waive the point at issue, and his sermon and confirmation address were unusually fervent and instructive.
CHAPTER XV.

BECOMES RECTOR OF ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

FREED at last from the drudgery of teaching, Mr. Pendleton accepted, in the autumn of 1847, the rectorship of All Saints' Church in Frederick, Maryland, just vacated by Rev. Dr. Peterkin. Outside of Baltimore and Washington, there was no more desirable or influential parish in the diocese. Dr. Stone, Bishop Henshaw, Bishop Johns and his brother, Dr. H. V. D. Johns, and Dr. Peterkin were some of its previous rectors. The people were thus accustomed to learning, eloquence, personal piety, and sound doctrine, and not disposed to choose a pastor unworthy in these respects to succeed such predecessors.

The removal to Frederick was a salutary change. The parsonage was comfortable and partially furnished, and the salary of one thousand dollars was supplemented by considerable fees. The society of the town was intelligent and cultivated, and received the new-comers with cordiality. Leisure from the routine of school-work gave increased opportunity for study and sermon-writing, which was diligently availed of. It was Mr. Pendleton's custom at this time, and for many years of his life, to rise at five o'clock, and in winter to make the fire in his chamber. After dressing, he repaired to his study, made the fire, and occupied himself with his devotions and devotional reading. A short time before family prayers his children went to him for a brief religious instruction, after which his little boy's lessons in Latin and Greek were prepared at his father's knee. The girls were still taught solely by their parents, but this only son—just seven years old—was sent to the excellent school of Mr. Bonsal, because his father believed association with other boys the best thing to develop independence and manliness of character in him. Not from books alone were the lessons to be learned necessary to fit him for a useful, honorable life. Intercourse with his fellows must teach him to estimate himself and them aright: to know that, while the perfect lessons required by his father would gain the approbation of the teacher, no excellence of recitation would atone in the
eyes of his playmates for cowardice, falsehood, or meanness. One boy in a houseful of sisters is apt to become a rough tyrant or a spoiled darling. Little Sandie was not robust and aggressive enough for the former, but a delicate constitution and timid dread of pain threatened to make him too effeminate to satisfy the expectations of his fond parents. Shortly after going to school, he came home several days in succession and tearfully related to his sympathizing sisters how Jim Thompson, a boy several years his senior, had beaten him. For three days his mother heard the pathetic recital without comment. Then she decided that through no weakness of hers should her son grow up a milksop. The next morning, when he was ready for school, she told him that if he came home crying that day she would give him a whipping. "But Jim Thompson beats me so hard." "Very well. If Jim Thompson strikes you, strike him again, and he'll let you alone." "He is so big, mamma, and he hits so hard." "No matter. If he strikes you again, and you don't strike him back, I will give you a good whipping." Nothing further was said, but there were no more tears or complaints. At the end of a week Mrs. Pendleton asked, "How do you and Jim Thompson get on now?" "I hit him back, as you told me, and he don't fight me any more, and the boys don't call me 'cry-baby' either," was the reply.

In the spring of 1848, after the close of the Mexican War, Frederick was chosen as the place for the court-martial summoned to settle the difficulties between General Scott and General Pillow. To it came many of the officers most distinguished in the brilliant campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Several of these were classmates of Mr. Pendleton, and others former army acquaintances. The excitement and enthusiasm over men who had so recently crowned the arms of the country with victory was eager, and the spectacle of such a military gathering rare. General Scott, General Pillow, General Twiggs, General Cushing, General Towson, with their respective staffs, besides other field-officers, presented an interesting sight in the court-room, and, when the daily proceedings were over, occasioned a stir on the street and a season of festivity unusual to the town. This renewal of former friendships was a great source of pleasure to Mr. Pendleton, and his house was the fre-
quent resort of the officers, who found there relaxation and recreation after the tiresome routine of the day.

Clerical friends also came from time to time to share his hospitalities. Dr. Sparrow, from the Alexandria Seminary, was accustomed to make him a visit every summer, bringing one or two of his daughters with him.

When his regular course of life was not interrupted by guests, it was Mr. Pendleton's custom to spend the forenoon in his study, reading and writing, except on Monday morning, which he gave to recreation and rest from the fatigue of the Sunday labors. In the summer an hour after breakfast was devoted to out-door work, and by his exertions the small lot back of the parsonage was transformed into a flourishing garden. Peach-trees were trained against the walls, grape-vines shaded the porches, strawberries ripened in the sunniest spots, roses hid and adorned the cow-house, and every nook and corner blossomed into beauty with flowers. When the season forbade gardening, a half-hour of vigorous wood-chopping furnished exercise. Visiting from house to house, going among the sick and suffering, looking after the poor, and taking a long walk with his wife filled up the afternoons. After tea he again returned to work in his study. Evening prayers at ten o'clock sent the family to bed, while he continued to read and write far into the night. But going into his study did not imply shutting himself in or his family out. Unless some visitor desired to see him in private, his wife and children were always welcome there; and the little ones played on the floor or learned their lessons in the corner while their father worked on, undisturbed by any noise they made unless an accent of pain or a tone of anger was heard. Then he was quick to sympathize with their trouble or quiet their dissension. Every day he gave lessons not only to his boy, but to his daughters also, in Greek and Latin, mathematics, and the higher English branches; but the time for these could never be a fixed one. His children knew that whenever he had a spare half-hour he would call for them, and it was their pride to be ready when summoned. Sometimes it would be just before or after dinner, sometimes in the quiet hour before tea, or, again, not until nine o'clock at night. But somewhere in the twenty-four hours, except on rare occasions, the lessons were always crowded in. His wonderful aptitude in understanding
the difficulties of young minds, and imparting information, made
ten minutes with him more efficacious than an hour with another
instructor. He loved to teach, and, as a natural result, his pupils
loved to be taught. As in former years he had facilitated the
education of his young relatives, so now he took charge of the
orphan son of a brother clergyman, teaching and training him
as carefully as his own boy.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAMILY AFFLICTION.

In August, 1849, his second daughter, Lucy, was taken violently
ill at her uncle Hugh Pendleton's, in Jefferson County, Virginia,
and her parents were summoned to her. Medical skill and loving
care proved unavailing, and she died September 5, in her six-
teenth year. Bright, ardent, and impetuous in disposition, fear-
less and truthful in character, with a frank, sunny temper and
a most loving heart; tall and well formed for her age, with
regular features, a rosy complexion, clear gray eyes through
which you could look into her very soul, a profusion of auburn
hair, and a voice like a singing-bird, this young girl was a favor-
ite with all who knew her and a darling in her home. A few
months before her death she had been admitted by her father to
the holy communion, and thirty-four years afterwards there was
found among his most private papers a note addressed, "My
Father," and inscribed by him, "My dear Lucy's appeal for the
communion." Delirium set in on the second day of her fever,
and the innocence of her character and the completeness of her
surrender to her Saviour were fully exhibited when her thoughts
and words were entirely uncontrolled by reason. Never a
murmur nor complaint escaped her, but her constant talk was
of heaven and the angels who were around her bed. Sometimes
in her unquiet sleep she would begin to sing, until the house
resounded with the hymns and chants she loved so well. In
her lucid moments she was full of gentleness and gratitude to
those around her. A few hours before her death she asked if she was going to die, and when her mother said, "Are you afraid?" she answered, "No, for my Saviour is with me." She then sent messages to her sisters and brother, begged that the household might come to take leave of her, and exhorted each by name to meet her in heaven. Suddenly she stopped, and, looking upward, exclaimed, "The room is full of angels; do you not hear them singing? And there is my Saviour waiting to receive me." A lovely smile came over her face, a light, as of a beam from heaven, shone upon her brow and irradiated the room. Her consciousness ceased, and in a little while she breathed out her soul. Her mortal remains were laid beside those of her grandmother Pendleton at "the Old Chapel" in Clarke County, Virginia.

A few days after this beloved child was laid to rest, Mrs. Pendleton was called to Hanover County by the illness of her father. Mr. Pendleton returned to his work alone. But his wife, knowing that sorrow for their daughter's death would make the empty house unendurable, sent the other children to cheer and comfort him while she remained with her parents. Excerpts from his letters tell of his grief and resignation, his faithful discharge of duty, and growth in personal holiness in these hours of bereavement.

"FREDERICK, MARYLAND, Sunday night, September 30.

"... I am enabled to spend a half-hour to-night writing to you because Joseph Trapnell preached for me, and I am consequently less fatigued than usual. You will like to know that the children are all well and that we are comfortably settled. They arrived yesterday at three o'clock, dusty and tired, and you can't tell how disappointed I was, what a shock it was to my whole being, when, on getting to the stage, I discovered you were not with them. But not a moment did I regret that you stayed, save that my selfishness shrinks from a protracted separation. I felt that for you to remain with your papa and the watchers by him was right, and by all means would I have you discharge what on such occasions is both a duty and a privilege, in sharing the cares of the family and soothing the sufferer's pains.

"When the children got here all things were ready. Aunt
Nelly had put the house in order throughout. I had provided eatables at market in the morning, which Mrs. Norris desired me to send to her house to be cooked, and thus there was a good dinner ready, to which the hungry travellers at once paid their respects. Several kind friends contributed to the meal sundry niceties.

"You may not have heard of the trouble and expense to which the party were subjected in consequence of an accident which disabled the steamboat descending the Potomac on Thursday. They had to remain at Acquia Creek looking for the boat until sunset, and then return to Fredericksburg, where they spent the night.

"And now, my love, about your father. He is very commonly before my mind in the weariness and distress of his body and the patient endurance of his spirit, and then prayer is my resort. God be to him indeed 'a very present help' in all time of trouble; and when he has endured to the end, may he be borne to enjoy 'good things' forever with the redeemed in heaven! . . . We find some interesting things in the yard. A beautiful rose on the Souvenir de Malmaison, and some others very pretty.

"Poor Mrs. G—— has lost her servant Phil, from a wound wantonly inflicted with a knife by another boy at the cars on Monday night. He was never in a state to be conversed with by me, though I often called for the purpose. I buried him on Friday. A large and very orderly procession of colored people. I am going round with a paper to relieve Mrs. G—— of part of the pecuniary loss.

"A letter from Bishop Meade sympathizing with our affliction; warm from a great and godly heart.

"I shall proceed at once with the children's lessons. It will help both them and me in the lonely time while you are away. About the length of your stay. As I wrote in my last, duty in such a case is very serious and precious. We have but one father and mother, and it is a great privilege to render them special honor, more particularly at a season of such trial. Be governed, then, in your decision by the condition of your father. If it seem that the Lord is permitting the close of his life to draw nigh, stay until it is over and your dear papa has entered
upon the bright day of his eternal joy. Give him always my love, and tell him that the burden of my prayers for him is that God will cause his sufferings to work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"... You desire to know how we employ our time. We rise at six and proceed with the primary duties, as you can imagine. After breakfast all hands spend an hour or so in the yard, then S— has the little girls in the house with lessons and work, and I take Sandie in the study. In the afternoon I have them reading to me for a season, though that is my main time for being out. After tea I read to them until their bedtime. We have prayers and they retire, leaving S— and myself to read and work. I have thought much to-day of darling Lucy. This day month she passed into the unseen world. How long it seems! Lord help us to live near Thee, that when we thus depart our home may be with Thee in Paradise! We got about two hundred dollars for Mrs. G—. I married a runaway couple from Virginia in our parlor day before yesterday, and gave the fee—five dollars—to her. . . .

"Our precious child whom God has taken, how she comes before my thoughts! None of us have ventured to hint at opening the piano; it seems to me its sounds will be very painful. How did she use to sit and play and sing at such time as this, when, sitting in my chair in the study and employed about my work, I could enjoy her music! The music fit for heaven, the Song of the Lamb, is her delight now; Lord, let no murmuring mingle with our mourning. Give my tenderest love to your papa and mamma. Tell him I would gladly give up the chief part of my sleep to be with him through the weary nights; but he must find his support in an infinitely more faithful attendant than I could be. As far as I can see it is still your duty to remain with your parents and to cheer them all in your power, leaving husband and children to God, and waiting on Him to show when you can come home.

"... I was called yesterday to a funeral sixteen or seventeen miles in the country, to bury a maiden lady sixty-seven years of age. No service at the house, but the body taken into 'Linganore Chapel,'—built for an Episcopal church, but now held by the Methodists,—and there I had the burial service, and preached to
a large and very attentive congregation from St. John xii. 26. It is truly a great work and an unspeakable privilege to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel to miserable and perishing men. I returned about one to-day, and found all well. No one with them last night. S—— has no distressing nerves, and has even proposed to stay, with only the children and servants, and let me go to Philadelphia the 31st,* as Bishop Meade urges, should you still be detained at 'Rugswamp.' I have not yet determined whether I shall go if you are still absent. The new church opposite us† begins to look more like the idea of its projectors,—incongruous enough to my eyes, with round towers and a Dutch body attached to an Ionic portico. Still, it is a large and striking building. . . . I am called this morning to marry a couple at Mechanicstown, some miles beyond Catoctin Furnace. Yours telling of your papa's improvement and of your expected return next week has just delighted us. I trust Dr. Tyler's suggestion may be the true one, and that asthma and not dropsy may be the difficulty. I trust you may be in the way of duty in returning. Should any change occur to delay you, do not hesitate to stay longer. Better disappoint us than violate duty to your parents. The Lord bless and guide you."

Captain Page died in November. His wife only survived him until January, when she, too, died,—in Frederick, whither she had gone to visit her daughter,—so that in four months Mrs. Pendleton was called to mourn for her daughter and both her parents.

The General Convention of 1850 met in Cincinnati. To it a "Memorial"‡ was presented by the rectors and vestries of the leading "Low Church" parishes in Maryland, setting forth the "nature and extent of the claims of episcopal authority asserted and maintained in the Diocese of Maryland; the reasons for believing them unfounded; and the necessity of legislation on the subject."§ All Saints' Parish, Frederick, was second among the memorialists, and its rector one of the clergymen deputed to see that their views were properly presented to the Convention. From Cincinnati he wrote,—

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* To a meeting of the E. K. Society. † German Reform. ‡ Journal of General Convention of 1850, p. 218, Appendix H. § Ibid.
"... Dr. McGuire and myself are most comfortably fixed in the hospitable home of Mr. John Worthington, a cousin of Mrs. Ross. On Friday morning at five we left Cumberland, with a clear sky and a fresh breeze, after a storm the night before, and in a delightful coach under our own control. About ten at night we got to Uniontown. Approaching that place brought up before me the closing scenes of my dear brother's life there. I thought perhaps the room I occupied might have been the one in which went up his last prayer and his departing spirit. At five the next morning we were off, and took breakfast at Brownsville, twelve miles farther on. Travelled all day, and soon after dark reached Wheeling, tired and hungry, having taken no dinner, to avoid delay. Sunday night, you know, we left Wheeling in the steamboat; and it was a novel thing to us all to be on board a Western boat. It is altogether unlike anything on the Eastern waters. About two hundred passengers were on board. The late rains had given a good depth of water, and we had a fine, large boat, the 'Buckeye State.' Monday morning brought us to Marietta, Tuesday to Maysville, and soon after, the flood, which had been so considerable above, was found not to have gotten down to this part of the river, and we several times struck the bottom. At last, about twelve miles above Cincinnati, we grounded immovably, and had to wait for hours until enough of the flood arrived to float us off.

"The opening services began at half-past ten. Nearly all the bishops—a most imposing sight—and a fair attendance of deputies. Bishop Smith preached a good sermon,—pretty strong against the novelties that disturb our peace, and, among other things, the extravagant 'prerogative' notions of the day. Things thus far look encouraging. But I count little on man. It is God's cause, and He will vindicate the right as to Him seems good, and I desire to be no otherwise concerned about the issue than to discharge the duty that may be laid on me with the rest.

. . . We have a well-laid plan for combined action on the part of efficient men for bringing in our memorial on Tuesday. It will be presented by Judge Bullock, of Kentucky, and seconded by Dr. Stevens, of Philadelphia, and will be sustained all through the house by such men as Mr. Williams, Judge Conyngham, of Pennsylvania, Dr. Vinton, of Boston, Colonel Pendleton, of this
place, etc. But it will be a questionable matter in both houses. Still, I have a good hope that principles may be set right on the main questions. I desire that truth and righteousness alone may be sought and secured by us, and these God can educe from the effort as to Him may seem good. I shall try to pass a quiet day to-morrow, and trust grace and peace may rest on us all on the Lord's day."

The Convention passed a canon authorizing a bishop to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at his visitations. The other points made in the memorial were passed over, and, so far as known, were never afterwards insisted upon.

CHAPTER XVII.

LIFE IN FREDERICK—RESIGNATION OF THE PARISH.

Several years followed the season of affliction spoken of in the last chapter, unmarked by any special events. In addition to his two Sunday and two weekly services, Mr. Pendleton was accustomed to minister at the almshouse and jail, and to hold occasional services in Liberty and at Catoctin, and also to marry and bury for miles around Frederick. Nor were his useful efforts confined to his clerical duties. Frederick was subject to destructive floods from the sudden rise of the Monocacy River, running through the town. In one of these a large bridge on Patrick Street was carried away. To avoid the destruction to property and hinderance to business consequent upon such a disaster, Mr. Pendleton was applied to, as a capable engineer, to survey the banks of the river and furnish a plan for a new bridge which could resist the force of the swollen current and offer the least point of lodgement for the débris brought down by a freshet. This he did without compensation, and so effectually that the bridge remained uninjured by many successive floods.

In 1852 urgent representations of the importance and needs of the Church in the Northwest almost induced him to accept a call to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He was, however, dissuaded from
it by a former West Point friend,—Judge Mason, of Iowa,—who told him that life in the Northwest at that time was too rough for a delicate Southern woman, and that his wife would probably become a speedy victim to the severe climate and the hard work of Iowa, where it was impossible to get servants.

In the spring of 1853 the same disagreement arose between Mr. Pendleton and his vestry which had occasioned the resignation of several of his predecessors. All Saints' Church stood on a side street, with large stables opposite its front. The building was ill proportioned, inconvenient in its arrangements, much out of repair, and every way inappropriate to the wealth of the congregation and their style of living. A few of the people were sensible of this incongruity, and two gentlemen offered to give a desirable lot or four thousand dollars towards building a new church. But, even with this encouragement, the rector found his private and individual efforts to convince the vestry that it was their duty to have a better place of worship as unavailing as those of their former pastors had been. He therefore, late in January, 1853, preached a sermon on David's address to the prophet Nathan,—II. Sam. vii. 2,—"I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of God dwelleth within curtains." The discourse was divided into two parts,—the general subject, "The leading principles which should regulate the character of a Christian sanctuary," and the particular application, "The state of facts connected with this present edifice." After being preached it was printed and circulated among the congregation. Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Shepherdstown, Virginia, wrote to Mr. Pendleton concerning it:

"Shepherdstown, February 12, 1853.

"... To-day, in looking over the letters which have accumulated in my absence, I find yours of the 5th, which I have read, and also the sermon,—and the most extraordinary sermon it is, in some respects, that I have ever read. But for the implication of a particular congregation,—which would not be right, and with which the public should not interfere,—I should like to see it stereotyped, so that it could be had in any quantity, everywhere, for the edification of the many who need. Certainly it would tend to 'Edification;' for I perceive the temple in Frederick is to be built, though, like David, you will not build it; but, like him,
you will be remembered for having laid up abundantly for some future Solomon.

"On the score of principle, or doctrine, I would have qualified your position, apparently taken, that the expensiveness of our private dwellings should be the measure of the expensiveness of the house of God. Both may be inordinate, and often are, and unsuited to the simplicity of the Christian dispensation.

"On the score of expediency (a dangerous department of morals, I confess), I would have mingled more of the dulce. But it is much easier for a looker-on, at the distance of seven leagues, to tell how he might mend a matter than to find a man within seventy leagues who would have the moral courage to make such a declaration. Only be humble, and possess nothing but a calm and charitable spirit, and good will grow out of it.

"The contingencies in this case (touching yourself), which may be counted upon with certainty from a state of mind which rendered such a declaration necessary, I shall bear in mind. If I can further your views in any way, do not fail to let me know.

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"C. W. Andrews."

As had occurred before at important crises in his life, the conflict in his mind between expediency and the pressing sense of duty—the conviction that following the dictates of conscience would subject him to censure and ill will—gave Mr. Pendleton a severe illness, and for four weeks he was confined to his room. Soon after his recovery the "contingencies" referred to by Dr. Andrews arose. Mr. Pendleton therefore resigned the rectorship of the parish, and left Frederick in July. The mass of the congregation exhibited genuine affection for himself and his family, and parted from them with many evidences of regret. The two gentlemen who had offered four thousand dollars for the new church sent him five hundred dollars, and the whole community was kind and sympathizing in his trouble and perplexity. Indeed, the Christian friendliness which existed between him and the other ministers in Frederick was remarkable. It was not an infrequent occurrence for Dr. Zacharias, the pastor of the German Reformed Church, to ask his Episcopal brother to officiate for him at a weekly service,—an assistance which was never refused.
As Dr. Andrews predicted, the temple in Frederick was to be built. In a few years a handsome and costly church was erected on the very lot which had been offered to Mr. Pendleton.

CHAPTER XVIII.
REMOVAL TO LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

When Rockbridge County, Virginia, was cut off from Augusta, in 1778, its county-seat was established on the hills along the North Fork of James River, fourteen miles above the junction of the two streams, and the same distance north of the Natural Bridge.

The Scotch-Irish colonists of that part of the Old Dominion had been permitted by the colonial government to take possession of the fertile valley immediately west of the Blue Ridge on condition, implied or expressed, that they should serve as a barrier against the Indians, and prevent their hostile incursions into the Piedmont country. Brave, hardy, intelligent, enterprising, and industrious, strong in the faith of their Presbyterian forefathers and in the courage of their own right arms, they entered upon their heritage in the untried wilderness undaunted by the difficulties and dangers which threatened their security and prosperity. The resemblances between the new country and their ancestral Scotland are everywhere apparent, and they planted their settlements in localities which might best preserve around them the marked features of that similarity. But this is the only evidence remaining of any poetic memories or lingering love of native land among them. In failing to retain the Indian appellations for the mountains and streams which adorned the goodly territory, they scarcely ever substituted for them names borrowed from or suggestive of the country of their birth. Their rude but substantial stone churches received not their titles in remembrance of the historic kirks of their Covenanter ancestors, nor were the burns and crags of the land of Wallace and Bruce commemorated in the peaks and rivers around them. "Mossy
Creek," "Tinkling Spring," "Timber Ridge" churches tell how the salient point of each locality impressed itself upon the sturdy, unimaginative men, who, like Nehemiah, builded the houses of God with one hand, while holding with the other weapons of defence for wives and children against the dreaded attacks of the Indians. "Hog's Back," "House Mountain," "Thunder Peak," "Buffalo" and "Otter" creeks, evidence the same matter-of-fact attention to prominent natural characteristics.

Quickly striking deep roots into the soil of their new home, these resolute and successful settlers became at once genuinely patriotic in their attachment to their adopted country. In proof of their sympathy with their fellow-colonists who had struck the first blow for American liberty in Massachusetts, they called the county-seat of the new county Lexington.

When General Washington, in 1796, bestowed the donation made him by the State of Virginia upon Liberty Hall Academy, a few miles from Lexington, the school was removed to the town and renamed Washington Academy, which, in 1812, was elevated into Washington College. In 1839 the Legislature of Virginia was induced, by the extreme beauty of the scenery and the absolute healthfulness and fertility of the surrounding country, to select the little town as the most desirable place for the State Military Institute. This was accordingly established there, within a half-mile of the older college.

Previously to this date the Methodists and Baptists had obtained a slight footing among the Presbyterians in Rockbridge, and had built small churches in Lexington and elsewhere. But immigration from the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, where the traditions and episcopacy of the English settlers prevailed, had been small, and no Episcopal church had ever been established. The opening of an important and popular State school attracted young men and their friends from all parts of the State. A large number of these was from the tide-water section, and with them came the desire and need for the church of their homes and their affections. A feeble flock it was at first. Only by combining with the Episcopalians in Buchanan, twenty-five miles off, could a vestry be organized for the two congregations and Woodville Parish formed. The old inhabitants looked with hostile, jealous eyes upon this invasion of what they considered their spiritual territory. The
Episcopal Church and its mode of worship were still associated in their minds, through the traditions of their ancestors, with the persecutions of Claverhouse and the cruelties of Dundee. Little by little, and more speedily than might have been expected amid such uncongenial surroundings, the pure doctrine, devout worship, and apostolic rites of the Prayer-Book took hold upon the community, gaining the love and adherence of some, and winning the respect of even those most unwilling to see any good in "prelatic forms" and "printed prayers." In 1843, Grace Episcopal Church was built in Lexington, and three years later, Latimer Parish, in the county of Rockbridge, was cut off from the original Woodville Parish.

In October, 1853, Mr. Pendleton accepted a call to Grace Church, Lexington, and removed thither with his family. The village was at that time only to be reached by stage. The nearest railroad communication was at Staunton, thirty-six miles away, and the journey from Winchester was a three days' stage-ride. The Episcopal congregation was small and poor, and could only offer a salary of six hundred dollars, to which the Diocesan Missionary Society added one hundred dollars. Notwithstanding the inadequacy of such an income, the opportunity for approaching and influencing the large number of young men in the two colleges, and the advantages for educating his only son, decided Mr. Pendleton to take charge of the parish. A large, old-fashioned house, much out of repair, had been purchased for a parsonage. Possession of it, however, could not be had until January, 1854, and the new rector and his family spent the intervening time in narrow and uncomfortable quarters at the village hotel.

The day after reaching Lexington Mr. Pendleton entered his son, Sandie, as a student at Washington College, and in the afternoon sent the little fellow—just thirteen years old—by himself to be examined by his future professors. The boy stood the formidable ordeal with so much self-possession, and exhibited such accuracy and advancement in Greek, Latin, and mathematics, as to elicit high praise from his examiners.

"How could you send that delicate-looking child to face us alone? Why did you not come with him?" asked one of the professors of Mr. Pendleton.
"I knew that he was well prepared, and my son must learn to depend on himself and not on me. I wish him to be a good scholar, but still more a strong, self-reliant man," was the reply.

The superintendent of the Military Institute, Colonel F. H. Smith, and Major Thomas Williamson, one of the professors there, had been West Point acquaintances of their new rector, though several years behind him. From them and the whole congregation he received a warm welcome, and threw himself with his accustomed prompt energy into the work of his new field. Soon after entering the ministry he had expressed his determination not to permit his family to suffer while he had health and ability to provide for them. To this end he now took charge of a day-school for boys, but, finding the drudgery great and the compensation small, gave it up, at the end of a year, as hindering more important work and study. Several boys among his connections had been sent from a distance to be taught and trained by him, and when he gave up the school continued with him, to be taught as he thought best, their parents believing that his influence and such partial instruction as he would give would prove more to their sons' advantage than removing them to other schools.

The chair of mathematics in the University of Virginia became vacant in 1854 by the death of Professor Courtenay. Mr. Pendleton's friends, and especially his oldest brother, Hugh, urged him to offer for the professorship. Yielding to their solicitations, he allowed his name to be sent in to the Board of Visitors, accompanied by testimonials and recommendations from a number of distinguished teachers and scientific men. Before the time for the meeting of the board to appoint a new professor he learned that his West Point classmate and beloved friend, Albert Taylor Bledsoe, was also a candidate for the place. Immediately he wrote to the board, withdrawing from the contest, as he would not place himself in competition with one so dear to him and so eminently fitted for the vacant chair. He further requested that all that had been written and said in his own favor might be considered as additional recommendation to Mr. Bledsoe.*

Secluded as Lexington was from the stir and bustle of busi-

* Communicated to the author by Dr. Bledsoe's widow.
ness, its intellectual life was vigorous and energetic. From colonial days the influence of Liberty Hall Academy had maintained and encouraged education, and its successor, Washington College, had raised the standard and increased the desire for mental cultivation among the youth in that part of Virginia. The specially scientific course of study at the Military Institute had widened the field of knowledge, and added the department of Natural Science to the humanities of the older college. In addition to these strictly educational institutions was another peculiar to Lexington, and not less active in forming and developing the mental tastes and abilities of the citizens. The "Franklin Society," incorporated in 1816 as a debating society, numbered among its members all the men of the town who took any interest in meeting and discussing with their fellows the questions of the day. It had a good hall and excellent library. Regular debates were held every Saturday night, and public lectures delivered from time to time on popular subjects. During its fifty years of existence every conceivable question—social, political, scientific, secular, and religious—had been discussed by it, and it wielded a potent influence upon the opinions and character of the community around it. Ready in debate, fluent in speech, forcible in argument, and good-tempered in the heat of discussion, Mr. Pendleton at once became an active member of this society and a regular attendant at its meetings. Sometimes, however, an unfinished sermon or other pressing work would detain him in his study on Saturday evening. Not infrequently, when this was the case, one messenger after another would be sent to urge him to come down and let the society hear what he had to say on the subject under debate.

Lamarck, in 1802, had sounded the key-note for the fierce contest to be waged by infidelity between natural science and revealed truth. The anonymous author of "The Vestiges of Creation" had, some forty years later, published to the world his bold disavowal of the credibility of the Mosaic genesis, afterwards so strenuously controverted on the same grounds by Darwin, Huxley, and their host of followers. To the alleged discrepancies between the Bible and geology Mr. Pendleton's attention had been given for a number of years. Unshaken in his faith in the absolute truth of revelation, he had followed all the discoveries of the growing
science as Buckland, Lyell, Murchison, Chalmers, Mantell, Silliman, Agassiz, and others had unfolded them. To the various theories propounded by one and another of these teachers he gave watchful scrutiny, but committed himself to none, feeling sure that, sooner or later, as Hugh Miller at last set forth, the "Footprints of the Creator" would be traced through the successive "creative periods," and the "Testimony of the Rocks" found to confirm and not contradict the "evenings and mornings" of the "days" of Moses.

On this special question concerning the "chronology of creation" the men of Lexington were greatly interested at the time when Mr. Pendleton came among them. His thorough and accurate acquaintance with the facts and arguments brought to bear upon both sides of it at once gave him influence and position as an intellectual power introduced into the community. About this time also appeared Nott and Gliddon's voluminous treatise on the "Types of Mankind," animated by the same spirit of hostility to the Scriptures, and written with the avowed purpose of disproving a unity of origin for the human race. Specious and attractive in arguments and the mode of presenting them, Mr. Pendleton considered this a still more dangerous attack upon revelation than that from the geological side. He therefore applied himself diligently to study the subject, and search into all the facts alleged to support the infidel view of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

AGENT FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

Meantime the necessities for family support became imperative, and in 1855, Mr. Pendleton, with the consent of his vestry, accepted an agency for presenting the cause of the American Sunday-School Union before the Episcopal Church in the United States. Extracts from his letters during the two years and a half in which he was engaged in this work show how he was growing in grace and wisdom, and how every energy was given to the doing his Master's work in the various duties devolving upon him.
PHILADELPHIA, January 27, 1855.

"... Yesterday afternoon and to-day I have been very busy attending at the Sunday-School Union and calling on the leading clergy in regard to my work. They are very kind and favorable thus far, though it is not the season for presenting the subject, as most of them are just on the eve of having confirmations. I may possibly preach two or three times to-morrow, though I am only positively engaged to Mr. Suddards.

"Last evening I went round to deliver Dr. Dunbar's note to Dr. Bell. He is evidently a man of intellect and science, and, I should think, as represented by Dr. D., judicious and skilful. He suffers himself with something of the same gastric soreness I experience. He enjoined upon me to be much more regular in my hours of rest, generally retiring by ten; to take a tepid bath when convenient; to apply friction freely to the surface of the body; to take systematic but not excessive exercise; and to use all care to coax into activity the torpid functions of the liver.

"... Dear love, lean more confidingly on the tender mercy of a covenant Saviour and unfailing friend. Just think of the promises. How exceedingly great and precious they are! And though you and I are both partakers of infirmity, and can with reason from our hearts address the Lord in the publican's prayer, yet do I feel assured, on the simple grounds of God's covenant in Christ, and the evidence of a living, though incomplete, faith on the part of us both, that, if summoned before the Lord this night, the issue would be grace triumphant to salvation. And in this joyful hope will I more humbly and steadily serve God, His Spirit helping me. So will you, my beloved wife.

"A word for all the children. In their endeavors conscientiously to carry out the plan laid down for them, I hope they will be considerate of the proportion of duties. It is not mere fidelity in lessons and in order that I desire from them, but consideration, circumspection, and energy, as under God's eye. And I would have them all bear in mind the great injunction, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.' What, my dear children, are all other things worth without this? What account need be taken of any other deficiency if this be really had? In addition to your own letters, my dear, I should like to get them
from each of the children in order,—Sandie, Mary, Rose, Will P., and Will W., if he will write to me; and I will reply to each in turn. It will be good exercise for them, and two of them might write a week. So that, your letters coming between theirs, I may hear almost daily."

During his absence from home he found time also to work at some of the mathematics which came in his son's college course, thinking that plane and spherical trigonometry and descriptive geometry were somewhat of a tax for a boy of fifteen.

"February 23, 1855.

"My dear Son,—On the other page I have put the problems, simplified as well as I could manage in the little time I have had. I hope you can understand them without much trouble. And I do not care about your giving any considerable time to them, or to any of these lessons at present. As the weather may permit, busy yourself out-of-doors, with the hot-bed and other work in the garden. Nor do I mean that either to interfere with your play.

"We had a common Irish boy in the stage who afforded a good deal of amusement by his characteristic humor. A Catholic. He told us about the 'Dippers,' as a strange sect he had seen in Buchanan, and in whom he did not believe at all. The notion of baptizing in old James River was horrible to him, and especially in February amid the ice. Though poor, and under age, he has been in Ireland, Scotland, England, France, and the United States. I was a good deal struck by his ready quotations from the Bible, and his apparent reverence for its high authority. I earnestly wish you all, my child, may reverently appropriate the divine wisdom of the holy Scriptures."

Severe illness in his family called him home, but in April he was again off on Sunday-School Union work. From Boston he wrote:

"Tremont House, April 20.

". . . You will be anxious to hear from me as soon as possible. But before I say anything about myself or things around me I must speak of you all. I cannot hear how you are for some days, and am unavoidably anxious, though I intrust you all to God in the hope that grace, mercy, and peace may keep you. My
main fear is about Martha" (a servant); "her headache may prove incipient typhoid; still, as Lucy did not have it she may escape. . . . To go on about myself, etc. The cars travelled very fast between New York and New Haven, gradually emptying themselves in the towns and villages along the route. It is almost a continuous village street the whole way. Country in the main rugged, and perhaps less productively cultivated than I expected, yet pervaded by a pleasant air of enterprise and thrift, as we have always thought of New England. As long as light lasted I lived by my eyes; afterwards a pleasant-looking gentleman took the seat by me and we entered into conversation, soon getting on the Northern and Southern question. He was very earnest anti-slavery, though quite as earnest against the radical abolitionists. I, however, set the case before him according to my own convictions, and apparently succeeded in modifying his ideas; and when we reached Boston he thanked me for the pleasant chat, begged to know my name, and gave his own as Mr. Edmund Dwight, son of the Rev. Dr. Dwight, of one of the American Missionary Boards.

"When I awoke this morning it was raining hard, and has been pouring all day. After breakfast I went to the American Sunday-School Union Depository, with a letter of introduction from Mr. Porter; was very politely treated. Met a member of the State Senate, who also introduced slavery. He is a conservative. But he told me one-third of the Massachusetts Legislature is composed of the most lawless radicals,—ignorant and undisciplined, but self-reliant, bold, and active,—ready to push abolitionism to the very death. Next I went to call on the bishop; very kind; asked me to dine with him to-morrow. Next visited Dr. Vinton; also very kind. Am to preach for him Sunday morning, for the bishop in the afternoon or the following Sunday morning. Vinton took me to the State-House. The Lower House rather a rabble. The Senate more dignified, but with marks of a condition of things I should grieve over in Virginia. Boston is unlike all our other cities; utter irregularity in the whole chaos of streets; not half the ambition in building so striking in New York.

"I am now preparing a sermon for Dr. Vinton's church Sunday morning. In conversation with him the best plan was discussed, and my quoting the text, 'This people have I formed for
myself,' etc., so took his fancy that he requested me to put my thoughts for his congregation to that heading. It will push me, but no matter if it be well done, and I think I can so do it,—and the fuller occupation the better, here by myself this rainy day. My Unity article has occupied my thoughts in part, and to work it up will be an amusement to me in the loneliness of my home separation.

"You must determine what you want about the Convention, and let me know what I am to get before my return. Let Sandie ask Mr. Campbell to look at the garret- and cellar-windows, and see if they ought not to be properly fixed before that time. The sashes from the hot-bed may do for the cellar, as far as they will go. It may be well also to continue the walk below the garden just as I did the other part. I suppose our neighbors will bear part of the expense and the vestry part. But if not, I would sooner bear the whole myself than have it so untidy when the bishop and the others have to walk over it. . . . My letter of Saturday told you of my preparing for Vinton in the morning a new sermon. In the afternoon I went to preach the other for the bishop, but he and his assistant had heard of the one in the morning, and insisted on my repeating it at Trinity. The people very attentive. I am having some circulars printed and shall send them to different parties. From time to time I take a stroll. The Common is well worth walking on. You would enjoy it. I have hardly seen anything finer. As in all other large places, one so entirely a stranger as I am must find it hard to get acquainted with the inhabitants. Mr. M. took me to the Athenæum, containing a fine library, sculptures, paintings, etc. Besides moving about in connection with my work, I am writing away at my article for Dr. Dogget.* I began to write last night, and hope to have some ten or twelve pages by to-night. . . . It is now past six P.M., and since little past five this morning I have been hard at work: first for two hours on my Unity article, and then till one seeing about my circulars, and riding out to Brookline to see Dr. Stone, for whom I am to preach Sunday morning. Since getting back I have been engaged in folding and directing the circulars, which will keep me busy all day to-morrow. I rejoice to hear of Lella being so far

* Editor Southern Methodist Review.
convalescent. Don't let her indulge any humor that may bring on a relapse. Tell her if she is a good girl I will find something pretty for her. I shall not be able to reach home before the 12th of May, and have so little leisure day or night that I cannot give my thoughts to what may be needful in the way of preparation for the Convention, so you must among you think and plan, and let me know what you need. . . . You see I have changed my lodgings. This hotel is not near so pleasant, but much less costly than the Tremont. I have not had time yet to see much of the city. Indeed, except the harbor and the country around, after the Common and the streets facing it, Boston has not much to be seen. The residence part is quiet and many of the houses handsome, but the streets are too narrow. The pride of Boston takes a different direction from that of New York. There it is full of display. Here it is of a deeper, loftier tone; a good deal of simplicity with not a little coldness.

"The common people do not please me in their appearance. The very sharpening of the wits by continual effort to make their way so cultivates selfishness that you can see it in every lineament and motion. This is not prejudice but fact. May the day never come when all the land is pervaded by the eager race for benefit to number one thus exhibited! I went yesterday afternoon to call on Mr. ——. The servant took my name, and, after keeping me a minute or so in the hall, returned to say that Mr. —— was engaged with company and could not see me. Of course I shall trespass on him no more. These are the things I shrink from in such work. To be treated as if I were some beggar,—and, indeed, not so well as I would treat the poorest creature that bears the stamp of humanity. But you need not suppose I care particularly. Not at all. I have learned that if my comfort is to be a foot-ball for other people's whims,—if I am to depend on their good opinions of me for peace of mind, —I am likely to be, as St. Paul says, 'Of all men most miserable.' No, no. I remember that inward support which is not so easily taken away, and look to my own mind and my own home for the satisfaction which, under heaven's goodness, I may be permitted to enjoy. And if on the whole it be best,—if Providence so indicate,—I can, with considerable indifference as to its annoyances, go on with this work. I am longing for the day when I can start
homeward. Absence can be borne as a duty, but it is a hard trial. . . . Yesterday on the street I met the Rev. Mr. Mason, with whom I have formed a pleasant acquaintance, and he told me he was on his way to an ordination in Trinity Church,—the bishop’s. I accompanied him as the best thing I could do at the time. The bishop at once asked me to read the service and join in the laying on of hands, as it was to the Presbyterate. By the time it was over it was late enough for me to get to my room and dress for dining at Mr. Reynolds’s, and I barely got there in time,—half-past two. The bishop and myself the only guests. After dinner Mr. Reynolds took me a long and beautiful drive to Cambridge, where we visited, under the escort of two students, the hall containing their old paintings, library, etc. It is a beautiful place, admirably suited to its purpose, but for the withering influence of Unitarianism; a blight, by the way, upon all that is hopeful in the social future of Boston. More than half the upper circle here is proudly heretical in that way, looking with open scorn upon the forms of orthodoxy which their fathers cherished,—Congregationalism, etc., though the Episcopal Church, but for the inroads of Puseyism, would have won over not a few. Indeed, as it is, through intermarriages, etc., a good many of the younger Unitarians are brought over to the Episcopal Church; and they hardly rest contented under our service, and the preaching they hear from the bishop and Vinton and Mason, if any of the Unitarian leaven remains. After seeing the college we drove round through beautiful Brookline, one of the gems of the earth; through Roxbury, and back into Boston,—twenty miles in two hours and a half.

"I had engaged to lecture to Mr. Mason’s candidates for confirmation and communicants at half-past seven, so Mr. R. drove me to the church, where I addressed fifty or sixty persons on Ephesians vi., dwelling especially on the Christian armor. Had a good deal of ease in utterance, and the people seemed seriously attentive. Mason thanked me warmly for my 'excellent address.' . . . To-day Mr. Adams’s 'South Side View of Slavery' was handed me by a gentleman, and I have read it rapidly. Infinitely more just than Mrs. Stowe’s romance. Not hiding the manifold evils of slavery, but very truly contending, I think, that in itself it is not sinful, and is even a mighty agency of Providence in
mysteriously working out a hopeful destiny for the African race. With some modifications—such as establishing some tribunal of appeal in cases of maltreatment (rather impracticable), legalizing marriages, prohibiting the sale of children under a given age, say twelve or fourteen, away from their mothers, etc.—he thinks their condition would be the best of all the lower operatives on earth. I could but think of them to-day at Lowell. Those girls—with their three dollars a week—steaming the livelong day amid the din of machinery that deadens every sense, standing forever over the clattering looms or spindles, and inhaling an atmosphere charged with the mingled fragrance of fish oil and fetid exhalations, and with common dust interspersed with cotton or woollen fibre, seemed to me doomed to a harder lot than thousands of slave girls.

"About Sue's question as to what the children had better read, now they have done Virgil, I hardly know. Livy and Tacitus are both too difficult, and I rather think the question is between Sallust and Cicero. Suppose she takes either of these as they may be convenient. But I am suggesting on paper what I hope soon to be able to settle in person,—very soon after this reaches you."

The first Diocesan Convention after Mr. Pendleton's return to reside in Virginia was held in Lynchburg in May, 1854. To the surprise and amusement of the body, a request was made by the rector and delegate from Grace Church, Lexington, that the next Convention should be held there. The proposition was at first treated as a joke, something too preposterous to be seriously entertained; but the earnest appeals and good-natured arguments of Mr. Pendleton and Colonel Smith carried the day, and in 1855 the Convention met for the first and only time in Lexington. It was impossible for the Episcopalians to entertain so large a body of their brethren. In the emergency the Christian people of other denominations opened their houses and dispensed gracious hospitality to clergy and laity. Many of the Presbyterian residents were then, for the first time, brought into personal association with Episcopalians. Long-standing barriers of prejudice were broken down, and from that time a more cordial spirit of charity and good will was manifest.
In July Mr. Pendleton was off again, making a long and labo-
rrious tour in behalf of his agency. Going first to Philadelphia,
he spent a week at Cape May with his brother- and sister-in-law,
Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Meade. The rare occasions on which he gave
a few days to relaxation were always enjoyed with the zest of a
child. From Cape May he wrote to his children, giving a dia-
gram of the village and a graphic description of the scene on the
beach:

"... The village of Cape Island, where the hotels are, is on a
sandy, grassy plain. The yards or lawns reach to the border of
the beach, where there is a sudden break or descent of ten or
twelve feet. There the dressing-sheds are constructed; and, at
eleven o'clock each day, all sizes and ages don their grotesque
attire and go—sometimes barefooted—across the soft sand to the
water's edge. This shelves off so gradually that you may walk
out with ease a great distance to or even beyond the breakers.
Hundreds and thousands of people are here, and a more exciting,
laughable scene you never looked upon. There they are, waist-
deep, men, women, boys, and girls, mingled undistinguishably, for
the dress makes them all alike, and all like ditchers or fishermen.
See that fat, clumsy old lady, squat on the beach, awaiting the
next breaker. It comes up. Over she rolls, with two feet of briny
foam over her. She, half drowned, plunges, tumbles about, gets
her head up at last with a gurgling struggle, and, almost spent,
crawls back where she can get her breath before another wave
strikes her. Next to her is a laughing girl trying to swim, while a
stronger hand holds her belt; and so on throughout the con-
gregated multitude. It is very delightful, and I did wish for some
of you to enjoy it with me. S. would delight in it. The out-
landish costumes are very amusing, and the pell-mell in which
you partake, without losing a particle of your own propriety. ... You
will be glad to learn that the Sunday-School Union Board
willingly accept my proposition. They give eight hundred
dollars for the service I propose, and make it one thousand if
it turn out well. I start on Monday for a Western tour,—
Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland,
Rochester, and several other places, and then home, if the good
Lord prospers."
To one of his little daughters he describes his emotions on visiting Niagara:

"NIAGARA FALLS, August 29, 1856.

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,—As I have not written to you yet, a half-hour shall be spent this morning in writing what you may claim as your own letter, though it will have to be read to you by your mamma. You see by the heading of the page where I am. A letter to your mamma from Cleveland, Ohio, will have let you know that I was to come on here Monday. I did so, and got to my room about eight o'clock in the evening. At night the moon was shining very brightly, and I walked out with a party whom I accidentally met, and we got a tolerable moonlight view of the wonderful Falls. But it was two hours after, when everybody else was asleep, that I got a view by myself that was altogether the most wonderful thing that I ever expect to see. My rough sketch will help you to understand something of it. I stood on the American side, when all living things were as still as death. Before me was the great, dashing cataract, gleaming in the beams of the moon; below, the gulf into which the waters are poured, sending up its ever-ascending cloud of spray; under and around me the trembling earth, whose very rocks are made to vibrate by the mighty power of the fall; in my ear the thunder of its roar; and above me the vast arch of heaven, clear, quiet, and solemn, with three objects of surpassing beauty conspicuous,—the silvery moon, the planet Jupiter, and, I think, Saturn. Your mamma will tell you about these, and all the hard words I use. And you can form some notion, young as you are, how all that I saw and heard made me feel at such a time. It was, I suppose, something as the Jews felt when they saw and heard the wonderful things in God's presence at Mount Sinai. Something as the disciples felt when our Saviour said to the winds and waves, 'Peace, be still; and there was a great calm.' Something as we shall feel when, as I trust we shall, we enter heaven, and look upon the glorious throne, and listen to the songs of praise."
CHAPTER XX.
WORK IN LEXINGTON.

From time to time until the autumn of 1857 Mr. Pendleton was absent from home on the business of the Sunday-School Union. To be so much away from his parish was very trying. But that the blessing of God rested upon the work there, faithfully done whenever he was in Lexington, is evident from the result of that work. In his report to the Convention of 1856 he says,—

"The rector of this parish would thankfully, but humbly, mention the work of grace which, in common with other servants of the Lord in the locality of his labors, he has been permitted to witness within the last few weeks. An afflictive Providence eliciting the power of faith, in the case of a young Presbyterian student of Washington College, seems to have been the occasion of this spiritual blessing. A very unusual sensibility of mind on the part of many was soon indicated, and services were held with more than usual frequency in several churches. My own were not increased much in number, but in interest. Every word seemed to be precious. The great inquiry came from many souls; and on Whitsunday our hearts were gladdened by the spectacle of more than twenty young men together at the chancel, bending the knee for the first time to receive the memorials of our blessed Lord’s dying love. One of these, from a Baptist family, I had, in the morning, baptized by immersion in the adjacent river, he preferring that mode as most agreeable to his parents. Three others were that same day baptized, by sprinkling, in the church. The solemn impression is on several minds among these educated youths that the work of the gospel ministry is their calling, and must be their happiness; and it is trusted that they may indeed become faithful ambassadors of Christ."

"The Convention Sermon," that same year, "was preached by the Rev. W. N. Pendleton, of Grace Church, Lexington, from
a portion of the 21st verse of the 17th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke: 'The kingdom of God is within you.' A touching allusion was made to the lamented Chisholm and Jackson (both of whom fell noble martyrs at the post of duty in the plague-stricken cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), the latter of whom had been appointed to preach the Convention sermon.*

Mr. Pendleton was also a delegate to the General Convention which met in Philadelphia in October, 1856.

In 1857, Kenyon College, Ohio, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In a letter informing him of the fact Dr. Andrews wrote, "Seldom in these latter days has the title been so justly merited."

Notwithstanding the healthy condition of his parish, where the number of resident communicants had nearly doubled, while many young men there first confessing Christ had gone out year by year to other places, the habit of protracted absence from his people and his home was felt to be unfavorable for them and too wearing upon himself. He therefore gladly embraced an opportunity which now presented itself to withdraw from the Sunday-School agency and give all his time to parochial and home duties.

In June, 1857, three months before the close of his seventeenth year, young Sandie Pendleton graduated with the highest honors at Washington College. So well had he acquitted himself, and so unusual was his proficiency in his studies, that in his junior year, at the age of fifteen, he was appointed by the faculty assistant instructor in mathematics, and to this responsibility was added in his senior year an instructor's position in Latin also. The "Cincinnati oration" was the highest distinction in the gift of his Alma Mater, never before or since bestowed upon one so young. The boy chose as his subject "Our State Character," and dashed off in boy fashion a flowery rhapsody on that inspiring theme. Proud of his work, he took it to his father for criticism and commendation. The manuscript was read and returned, with the comment, "My son, you can do better than this. It is neither worthy of your theme nor yourself. My advice to you is not to attempt to patch up so inadequate an effort.

* Journal of Convention of Virginia, 1856, p. 17.
Destroy all you have written, read the history of Virginia and the men who have adorned it, consider and reflect on what you read, and at the end of three weeks see if you cannot do better.” It was unwelcome but wholesome counsel, and following it, young Pendleton did as much credit to his name and training on the rostrum commencement-day as he had done in the classroom.

His father considered him too young for the University of Virginia, where his course was to be completed. The mental strain would be too great, and the launching him into the crowd of six or seven hundred young men too much of a tax upon his character. Besides, like most young Virginians, he must teach to provide means for the prosecution of his studies. This gave the opportunity for opening a boarding-school for boys, which would furnish sufficient support for the family, relieve Mr. Pendleton from the necessity of even partially neglecting his parochial work, carry on his son’s training under his own eye, and restore himself to the congenial employment of teaching and influencing youthful minds.

The quaint old parsonage had ere this become, under the combined efforts of parents and children, a lovely abode, surrounded with flowers and embowered in trees. Peaceful and attractive within and without, it realized the idea of a Christian pastor’s home, where love and charity and cheerful happiness prevailed, and from whence kindliness and good will, benevolence and wise counsellings, diffused themselves among friends, neighbors, and parishioners. These beneficent influences were now to radiate through a wider sphere. The large attic story was finished and turned into dormitories, and in September the premises became bustling and merry with the presence of as many boys as they could accommodate, and before the second year a wing had to be added to the house to receive the number of applicants. Among these boys several were sons of fathers who had formerly been Dr. Pendleton’s pupils. His intimate relations with Bishop Meade had been resumed on his return to Virginia. Some days in each year were spent at “Mountain View.” * A correspondence was kept up on all subjects of interest to the Church and the

* Bishop Meade’s home in Clarke County.
diocese. To his care and training several of the bishop's grandsons were now sent, who passed as they grew older into Washington College.

When the Sunday-School Union agency no longer required his frequent absence from home, it was Dr. Pendleton's habit, when the weather and roads permitted, to preach from time to time in different parts of Rockbridge County, wherever two or three Episcopalians were to be found. To do this he not infrequently rode ten, twelve, and fourteen miles to his appointed service, after officiating in the morning at his own church. The summer vacations were, in like manner, devoted to missionary work in the counties of Bath and Monroe, west of him. There was no Episcopal minister within two hundred miles of him in that direction. He therefore regarded the whole region as partly under his parochial care. Of these ministrations he says (Journal of Convention, 1857, p. 77),—

"Besides constant labors at home, the rector has sought occasion in the summer vacations to render services at points of great interest farther west. He has done this especially at the Warm Springs in Bath County, where there is a congregation numbering not less than twenty-five communicants, and at Union, Monroe County, where there are about twelve communicants. At the former five candidates were presented by him to Bishop Meade and confirmed on his visitation last summer."

Sandie Pendleton entered the University of Virginia in 1859, his place in his father's school being filled by Mr. Hugh Pendleton's son, Dudley. That same autumn the eldest daughter of the family was married to Edwin G. Lee, of Shepherdstown, and the happy home circle broken in upon. Her father's first letter to Mrs. Lee is given at length, so full is it of parental tenderness and of wise counsel for a newly-married girl.

"Lexington, Friday night, November 18, 1859.

"My dear daughter,—You are to be in Baltimore on Monday, I think, and it will be pleasant to you to find there a letter from us. That this may be it should go to-morrow morning, and I therefore indulge myself by beginning to-night. You will be a
little surprised to see that I am at home, whereas my purpose was to have gone to-day, on my way to Orange Court-House. A threatening change in the weather this morning, superadded to the fact that I was not quite as well as usual, owing, perhaps, to the regret, dissipation, etc., all combined, connected with giving you up, satisfied me that my duty lay here rather than away, under the circumstances. I therefore wrote to Mr. Davis excusing myself, and sending apologies to the kind friends who had solicited the visit.

"We were glad to learn through the stage-driver from Staunton last night that your party had speeded so well on their way. It was likely, from his report, that you were comfortably housed by a little after seven. Of course we all travelled with you mentally, and entertained each other from time to time with sagacious remarks about the distance of the company from Staunton. Whether it was that this sort of imaginary journeying wearied us, or that reaction was coming on after the bustle of some days, or that the house had a painful sense of loss about it, or however it was, we all with one consent sought relief from 'tired nature's sweet restorer' at a marvellously early hour. I hardly think there was a light down-stairs at nine o'clock.

"To-day, however, misty as has been the outer world, we have been as bright as a May morning in our faces and feelings. Not, my dear, that we cease to feel most deeply your separation from us, but that committing you to the gracious care of our Almighty Father, and fully confiding in the honorable affection of the young Christian friend whom, with a double blessing, I have authorized to call you 'wife,' we rejoice for you even in the sorrow. You, too, have felt, and will feel, more or less of sadness at this permanent parting with home and its loved ones. A home, the Lord be praised for it, privileged in several ways beyond the common experience of even the godly and the cultivated, and a household closely united and most tenderly attached, though without morbid sentiment. But though you will feel this separation, as it is right and salutary you should, you will not, I hope and believe, suffer from it unduly.

"The Almighty, among wise ordinances for human creatures, has so constituted our hearts, that these special affections which spring up and rightly mature between suitable individuals,
receiving the sacred sanction of parental approbation, and
religious life next to sacramental, take precedence of all others;
and, in fact, so occupy and satisfy the mind as to compensate
for much else that may be yielded.

"There are, indeed, few more surprising things in the economy
of human life, and few more unsparingly censured by the un-
wisely censorious, than this very satisfaction of married persons
with each other. But to me it seems one of the beautiful pro-
visions of an endlessly kind providential plan. It does not, I
know, diminish one iota of filial or other attachment, while it
gives to energy of every kind a new and practical direction.
You will both, I trust, find it so. And while happy in each other,
love us all and cherish every friend with a sound and practical
affection, only the more earnest because of your satisfaction in
the way of God's appointment.

"I have hardly a word of suggestion for you, my love, under
your new responsibilities. Be as happy as you can and make
everybody else so, is about the best I can think of. And to this
end live as simply as you can by the lessons of the Bible in their
aim and spirit. Be as confidingly affectionate to your other
father and mother, and sisters and brothers, as you have always
been to us, and they will love you almost as well.

"Tell Mr. Lee I have hardly made up my mind how I shall
address him, whether familiarly to use his Christian name or to
adhere to the more dignified 'Mr.;' the first the most affectionate,
the last the most respectful. Your mamma insists the latter is
best. I am not so sure. But we will see. The rest I leave for
your mamma. God bless you all.

"Your fond father,
"W. N. Pendleton."

CHAPTER XXI.

WORK IN LEXINGTON—Continued.

A FEW weeks previous to the time of Miss Pendleton's mar-
riage, John Brown had put the finishing stroke to his prolonged,
secret efforts to stir up insurrection among the negroes in Vir-
Virginia by his armed invasion of her territory at Harper's Ferry. The commotion then excited and the facts of his capture, trial, and execution are too well known to need further allusion. Although his daughter was going into the very heart of the disturbed region, no reference to public affairs was made by Dr. Pendleton in his letter to her. That he felt deeply on the subject, however, may be learned from himself.

Writing to a brother clergyman in New York, he says,—

"December 7, 1859.

"My dear Doctor,—I write a line to yourself, as I am doing to other friends in the Northern States, to beg that you will say and do what you can towards such expression and action in your section of the country as may restore to our people the friendly spirit which mad abolitionism has so sorely revolutionized.

"I have never known the fountains of popular sentiment so thoroughly stirred as they are now in Virginia, and we may depend it is not otherwise farther South. Disunion, with its dread train of strife, animosity, blood, sorrow, retardation to piety and all happy influences, is absolutely inevitable if the 'irrepressible conflict,' in every form, is not thoroughly disavowed by the larger part of the Northern people. And, indeed, without a great change in feeling and conviction there, I fear the issue must come at any rate. For instance, the Observer, with the best intentions, published an article last week going to show how conservative the New York pulpit is, and, among other things, gave an extract from Dr. ——'s Thanksgiving sermon. But that very sermon was in itself a most ominous sign of coming evil. For the doctor allowed himself to hurl anathemas against slavery in the very breath with which he was disavowing sympathy with the destructives. It really seems to me amazing that a good man, with the Bible in his hand, can thus outrage the claims of peace in the pulpit itself. And it is as certain as any coming event can well be that these desecrations of churches to work wrong convictions in the minds of half the country against an institution providentially existing in the other half must excite disgust, enmity, and war in the section thus assailed.

"Depend upon it, without something adequate at the North,
we shall have disunion and civil war before another year finishes its course.

"Pray signify this in the spirit of a man of God, as you can wisely make occasion. Sad! sad! sad! if the mad passions now so fearfully aroused work out to a fearful death-struggle! God help us in the part of peace-makers, and keep His own people faithful, and the country through them.

"Affectionately your friend and brother,

"W. N. PENDLETON."

His forebodings were too soon and too fatally realized.

Small-pox became epidemic in Lexington in the latter part of 1859. The deaths were numerous, and the dread of the disease caused the closing of all the places of worship except the Episcopal church. Dr. Pendleton held his regular services, believing that they would rather conduce to than hinder public health, by calming the minds of his people and strengthening their trust in God's care over them. He also contrived to minister to the families cut off by the disease from the sympathies and assistance of their neighbors. Standing outside the house, he would ascertain their condition and needs, and give them words of cheer. He then procured such things as they required and deposited them in a convenient place and watched until some one from the house to be supplied appeared to take them. Defoe had described this mode of communication in his "History of the Plague in London," and it proved most efficacious at this time.

The following letter tells its own story:

"LEXINGTON, Sunday night, January 22, 1860.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—It has been nearly a month since you wrote to me on the recurrence of my birthday, and I have not before been well able to reply. First, I was using up as much writing-time as possible during the absence of the boys on account of small-pox, getting ready my first volume for the press; and when that was achieved, Sandie gave me quite a tug at another important work,—viz., to meet some serious questions in his mind in regard to his own spiritual progress and on certain issues respecting the great baptismal controversy. He has so much to do
that I thought it best to clear up matters pretty thoroughly in this way, instead of sending him to several volumes for the elucidations he wanted. And, situated as he is, it is doubly desirable that he should always be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in him.

"You and I were alone in remembering the fact—memorable enough, surely, in the life of a human being—of my numbering half a century on the 26th of December. It occasioned me serious retrospects and anticipations and suggested needful prayer, but the predominant feeling with me was fervent gratitude for the ample and unmerited mercies that have crowned my days. 'Long-suffering and of great kindness,' truly can I testify, is our Heavenly Father. None others of the family remembered the circumstance of my passing that notable mile-post in the journey of life, and I preferred saying nothing about it till a day or two after, when all presented congratulations, though no one, I believe, ventured to wish that I might have as long an earthly road before as behind me.

"In writing to you to-night I have no twinges of conscience. For it is, I am sure, holy work, like that I have been privileged to do to-day. Perhaps you may like to know my texts. In the morning from Isaiah liv. 17, 'The heritage of the servants of the Lord,'—dwelling on their character as servants, and their precious inheritance in time and in eternity. In the afternoon from II. Corinthians iv. 4, 'The glorious gospel of Christ,'—dwelling on the substance of the glad tidings and the glory thereof. Pretty good and attentive congregations, notwithstanding another small-pox panic has visited us.

"My book, I forgot to tell you, is to be 'Science a Witness for the Bible,'—five articles before published, mainly rewritten,—'Science and Scripture,' 'Human Family,' 'Age of Mankind,' 'Chronology of Creation,' and 'Monuments of Lost Races.' They will make a book one-fourth larger than Dr. Cabell's. Afterwards I hope to get ready a volume on 'Human Progress,' etc. When I go on to see about printing in a few weeks I may get to see you for a day or two."

The volume here spoken of was published a month or two later by Lippincott & Co. Bishop Meade, writing to Dr. Pen-
deleton the year before with regard to such a summing up of his researches, had said,—

"I have read with interest your articles in the Reviews when they first came out. I should like to see them all, just as they are, in a volume for my own reading, but think a selection of the main points would be more apt to find readers and purchasers in this day of small books and abridgments. We seem to have dealt much of late in the same authors, or in some of the same. If you could spend a week here you would devour much that I have collected.

"If I had not twelve grandchildren now dependent on me for education, and others coming on, and my own book* to publish, I would offer to aid in the publication of yours; for, according to my experience, authors have to work and pay for it too."

When the book appeared it elicited high encomiums from many intelligent and thoughtful readers, and but for the storm-cloud overshadowing the land would have become widely known. From many letters of approval, Bishop Meade's is given as highly characteristic.

"Millwood, July 14, 1860.

"Reverend and dear Sir,—Your daughter and her husband reached here yesterday, and brought with them your book, which I have devoured with a good appetite, though not chewing, after English fashion, so as to digest it well. Having read so much on the subjects treated of in the last few years, a cursory glance was sufficient for much of it. I am much pleased with it,—more than I expected,—and consider it a valuable addition to our religious literature. Dr. Cabell's book on the 'Unity of the Human Race' will be much strengthened by one of your articles. Your article on the 'Monuments of Lost Races' is very interesting. That on the age of the human race will occasion some diversity of opinion, and will frighten some good, pious, and sensible persons. Though I think you have, with your views, managed it with great propriety and ability, yet I could wish that you had spoken in stronger terms of doubt about Bunsen's views of Egyptian chronology.

* "The Bible and the Classics."
You seem to assume, in one or two passages, the truth of his extension of the post-diluvial period to nearly four thousand years before Christ. The difference of several hundred years between the chronologies of the Pentateuchs—the Samaritan and Hebrew versions—is as much as most of us are prepared to bear. Nevertheless, you may be right, and I would not have you burnt as a heretic for leaving it an undecided question. It becomes us to be very cautious and modest in this age of theological daring. . . . In going over your book I have turned down many pages, to which I wish to refer in completing my own book and in order to impress some things more deeply on my mind. I wish, therefore, you would send another copy to Mr. Lee, with his name written in it by yourself, and charge the same to me, with some others,—viz., one to my son Richard, one to Bishop Lee, of Delaware, one to Bishop Burgess, one to Slaughter, and to such others as you may choose, to the amount of twenty dollars, including postage, charging them to me, I paying you when we meet. I shall send a few lines to the Protestant Churchman about the book.

"Very truly yours,
"W. Meade."

In the summer vacation of this year a tour of preaching was again made in the western counties, and weeks passed away from home on important church business. But no press of public or ministerial duties hindered him in the habitual exercise and expression of care and love for his household and his absent children. To a little daughter at school he wrote,—

“One of my objects, my darling, is that we may know exactly whether there is any risk to your health from over-study and confinement. Mary G—— insists that you task yourself too closely, and Mrs. G—— thinks that both Mary and yourself had lost flesh, strength, and complexion when she saw you ten days ago. I am very much afraid of this. Your system is, I fear, rather too much like a prison-life at the Institute. That you should all reasonably improve the time and cultivate your minds with suitable studies is right enough. But it is equally right, certainly, that you should have a fair proportion of freedom and exercise.
And although I like you, my dear, to get pretty well the lessons you undertake, I do not want you to have so many things as to worry you. If you find that your time is too much cut up, or that you feel tired, fagged, worn down, day after day, speak freely about it to Mrs. Phillips, and to him, if you can get an opportunity. It is an oversight, I am sure, which they will take pains to have corrected when attention is called to it. At all events, never give any of your recreation hours to books. Rather let the lessons go. Laugh, run, skip about, amuse yourself just as much as you can, in all the time allowed for it. Snuff all the fresh air possible. See how much enjoyment you can get and give, and remember, I regard it as not a whit more your duty to acquire Latin, French, etc., than it is to improve in strength, weight, and color. I had rather a thousand times see you moderately supplied with tongues, and active, cheerful, healthy, than to find you learned as Cromwell's 'Latin secretary;' and able to *parles vous* with the savants of Paris, but pale, shrivelled, wasted, feeble, and broken down for life.

"Don't sit up too late. Be sure to get sleep enough. That and pleasant amusement, no matter what, in recreation hours, with all the out-door exercise you can attain, will, by God's blessing, keep you well and enable you really to accomplish more study in the long run.

"I send you in this a gold dollar to spend just as you please.

"The others tell you all the news, I suppose, and if they did not, I should find it a pretty hard matter to pick up much for you. It is rather scarcer than the mud and water in our streets this rainy season. The election, so soon to take place for President and Vice-President, seems to swallow up all other concerns. Books, sports, business, courtships, seem all forgotten, and we hear little of anything but the likelihood of Lincoln's being elected and the revolution to follow. There is, indeed, danger enough to make us all look up to Him who alone is wise enough and strong enough to overrule human passions and make all things work together for good.

"God bless you, my darling daughter, and make you His own precious, adopted child.

"Ever your fond father,

"W. N. Pendleton."
A letter from his son, written a few weeks later in reply to a paternal admonition, shows the confidence subsisting between parent and child.

"Charlottesville, December 16, 1860.

"My dear Papa,—For two letters I am now indebted to you, and have intended answering them for several days. The former I am peculiarly obliged to you for, and trust the advice you gave has been of real service to me. I felt that perhaps there was some measure of apathy growing up within me in reference to my spiritual state, and that letter with its kind and affectionate warning came just in time to arouse me to redoubled diligence and prayerfulness, and now I hope that I have again drawn nearer to my Saviour. Though there is some danger, as there is and ever will be in all situations of spiritual declension, that danger is far less here than might be supposed. The weekly prayer-meetings, in which we all participate, the regular intercourse of the Christian Association, and, above all, the active work in which we engage, these, in connection with the moral and religious tone pervading all here, tend to diminish in a great degree the force of the temptations lying in every young man's path, and render it comparatively easier to pursue an outwardly correct course, and be consistent, than to be otherwise. And my association with Jim Howard and Randolph McKim, and others of the most earnest type of Christians, and all looking forward to the same ultimate work in life, is of such a character as to act as a safeguard against letting the mere intellectual development usurp the first place. And I trust that, by the blessing of God, although, of course, more time must be devoted to the pursuit of secular knowledge, I am now seeking and shall ever be enabled to 'seek first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness.'

"Thursday night the Christian Association held a meeting to pray for God's blessing and guidance for our country, and they recommended the observance of to-morrow by all the students as a day of humiliation and prayer; and surely if the arm of the Almighty be not interposed in our behalf, vain is the help of man now. . . . This is Monday, December 17, 1860, the last day of the existence of the whole United States. The issue of affairs is doubtful. I see you rather favor the experiment of separate State existence. I have only two points settled: to cut loose
from the slave-trading States and the extreme abolition States. Speaking of politics, I saw the notice of the meeting in Rockbridge and your remarks."

And so 1860 drew to its close. Seven years had passed since Dr. Pendleton took charge of Latimer Parish, years marked by a steady growth in grace and wisdom and by untiring labor in his Master's cause. When at home in Lexington he constantly preached twice on Sunday and once in the week carefully-prepared sermons, and had held two weekly services at the Military Institute. While agent for the American Sunday-School Union and on his summer tours of mission work the amount of preaching was much increased. When at home he had taught his children and other pupils, and had superintended their studies while away, and, as we have seen, had guided and assisted his son by instruction and counsel. Not only was he a diligent student of theology, but in addition to keeping up the mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, and geology acquired in earlier years, he had devoted himself to the new scientific questions of the day, and had made himself familiar with ethnology and comparative philology, under the guidance of Bunsen, Lepsius, Wilkinson, and others, whose works could often be found only in the great city libraries. The information thus attained had been given to the public in lectures and reviews, and at last, as has been mentioned, condensed into book form. In the practical work of the Church in Virginia and elsewhere he had taken an active part. Twice during these years he had been called to that most painful of clerical duties, sitting on an ecclesiastical court. He had gone to Delaware to give advice out of his experience as to the establishing there of an evangelical Church college, and had been summoned to Sewanee on the same errand. He had written, and was still contributing, a number of articles to "Appleton's New American Encyclopædia."

Thus, to sum up the many and varied occupations of his busy life is an easy task. So to depict that life that the reader may enter into the spirit of it, and realize how love to God and love to man was the moving spring which actuated him to the full exercise of all his powers of mind and soul; may have some conception of the cheerful kindliness and genial sympathy, the ready help-
fulness and frank cordiality, inviting to trust and confidence; may admire the noble presence, gaze into the pure soul through the clear, beaming eyes, rejoice in the winning smile, and hear the cheery tone of the ringing voice. This is scarcely possible.

One of his school-boys of those years, writing of him, says,—

"Of all the men that I have known, I believe Dr. Pendleton, of Lexington, was the most completely free from those conditions of character which belittle the full stature of a perfect man in Christ. In looking back over a period that covers many of my youthful years and several of my manhood, I cannot recall an instance, when either entering into the sports or pleasures of us boys, at marbles or quoits, etc., or entering so sympathetically as he always did into the numberless difficulties of the dull and perhaps the lazy boy in his studies, he did not fully impress me with his complete Christian character. His patience seemed boundless, his sympathy was all-pervading; nothing that a boy could enjoy, proper in itself, failed to give him pleasure. And he never failed to increase the boy’s pleasure in it by entering into it himself and giving a dignity to the game, which always proved vastly pleasing to the scores of boys who thus remember him. . . . I have thought over the acquaintances and friendships of over thirty years, and I do not recall one person who more completely eliminated from view of child, youth, or man the ordinary littlenesses which mar any character, and most of all, that of a minister of the Gospel."

CHAPTER XXII.

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.

In entering upon the responsible task of recording Dr. Pendleton’s connection with the great struggle for independent existence on the part of the South, and giving the history of that struggle so far as he was concerned in it, it is neither the purpose nor desire of the writer to go at any length into the political questions therein involved. Dr. Bledsoe, in his conclusive treatise
on the constitutional right of secession, "Is Davis a Traitor?" published in 1866, and ex-President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," have amply set forth the causes which forced the Southern States to secede, and fully vindicated their right so to do. With these two writers, his friends from his cadet days, Dr. Pendleton was entirely in accord, and the views and principles held by them faithfully represented his own.

But it is necessary to give a rapid glance at the events immediately preceding the breaking out of the war in April, 1861, in order to understand more clearly the state of public feeling and the circumstances which influenced individual action.

The election of Abraham Lincoln in November, 1860, was followed by the secession of South Carolina, December 20. Within a month from that date Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana had also withdrawn from the Union, and delegates appointed by them met at Montgomery, Alabama, formed a provisional government of the Confederate States, and elected Mr. Jefferson Davis President and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens Vice-President.

At this crisis Governor Letcher summoned the Legislature of Virginia to meet in extra session, giving Lincoln's election as one of the reasons for such a meeting. The Legislature called a convention of the people to deliberate and decide upon the part which Virginia should take, and pending the assembling of the convention, earnestly recommended all efforts to prevent a disruption of the Union and the war which must ensue. To avert these calamities they passed resolutions deprecating such disastrous action, and invited the other States to join them in a peace conference at Washington, which might "consider and, if practicable, agree upon some suitable adjustment" of the difficulties which threatened the body politic.

Five of the most experienced, clear-headed, and most conservative of her public men were chosen to represent Virginia in this conference. They were met by an equal number of delegates from twenty other States. And for three weeks these men from every part of the Union, many of them anxious to save the country by any honorable means from internecine strife, discussed the situation and the best mode of improving it. Finally they settled upon a plan for such amendments to the Constitu-
tion as might be accepted by all parties and effect a peaceful settlement of the points at issue. But their propositions were at once rejected by Congress, as were also Mr. Crittenden's compromise resolutions.

Meantime, the Virginia Convention met in Richmond. It was mainly composed of men who loved the Union and were desirous to preserve it, but who at the same time felt that the seceding States had rights on which the general government had no authority to trample; men who would keep Virginia in the Union at the risk of everything save dishonor and disloyalty to the principles vindicated by their forefathers. The failure of peace negotiations at Washington was a deep disappointment to them. But they still hoped that other efforts might prove more successful. If only the Federal government would wait, they fondly imagined that a convention of the "Border States" might be able to reconcile their hostile sisters on both sides of them. Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address had not claimed the right of coercion. The conservative spirit of Virginia was not, therefore, without grounds upon which to base its clinging hope for a peaceable conclusion to the threatening strife.

But determined hatred against everything Southern was overriding all counsels and opinions tending to moderation at the North. And as this hostility became more apparent in passionate invective and open menace, the most patient and peace-abiding citizens of Virginia began to see no other course before them but to cast in their lot with their Southern sisters and to stand by them for good or for evil. The invasion of Harper's Ferry by John Brown in 1859 had awakened a military spirit among the young Virginians, especially in the Shenandoah Valley, then threatened with attack and outrage. The rumors of war, growing louder and louder for months, had increased the number and zeal of volunteer companies all over the State, and while the younger men mustered and drilled and longed for the excitement of war, their fathers, with grave countenances and determined voices, began to speak of a conflict as inevitable.

Nowhere had the desire to preserve the integrity of the Union been stronger than in Rockbridge. John Letcher, the wise, patriotic, and courageous governor of Virginia, was her favorite son. Judge John W. Brockenborough, one of the peace com-
missioners, was another son of her adoption.* The other citizens of the county and of the village of Lexington had something of the sound conservatism combined with fearless independence which characterized these two distinguished gentlemen. As long as it was possible to preserve the Union, as well as the principles of inherent State liberty for which their ancestors had contended, they would cling to both. But when it became evident that only by violating individual rights and State freedom could the Union be maintained, they did not hesitate a moment. To Virginia first and always their allegiance was due, and when her honor was assailed, each man of them would die to defend her.

The location of one of the State arsenals, with its guard of soldiers, and afterwards of the Military Institute, at Lexington had long made them familiar with the idea and means of such defence. The daily drill on the Institute parade-ground had taught them how the arms in the arsenal were to be handled, so that the very urchins could "go through the manual," "carry arms," and "charge bayonets" with amusing accuracy and zest. With special pride and interest they had seen the cadets march off to Charlestown, to act as the body-guard to Governor Wise, during the trial of John Brown. Now each man felt that he, too, might soon be called to the front for far more serious duty in a graver emergency.

The crisis came speedily. Information being received at Charleston, South Carolina, that preparations were making at Washington to reinforce Fort Sumter, Major Anderson was summoned to surrender it to the Confederate States. This he declined to do, and on April 12 Sumter was bombarded by the forces under General Beauregard. On the 13th the fort surrendered, and on the 16th President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men, in due proportion from the different States. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, promptly refused to comply with this requisition, as did the governors of all the Southern States still in the Union. On the 17th of April the Convention of Virginia, in secret session, passed an ordinance of

* Of this eminent jurist it was her boast that not a single one of his decisions had ever been reversed by the Supreme Court.
secession. Governor Letcher notified all the troops in the State to hold themselves in marching order, and the hum of military preparation began to be heard everywhere.

That Dr. Pendleton was strongly in favor of State-rights in his early manhood has been mentioned. But, like most of his fellow-statesmen, he wished those rights preserved in the Union. In his letter at the time of the John Brown raid, he has been seen deprecating the course pursued by "fanaticism and mad abolitionism" at the North as almost sure to result in bloodshed and misery. As the state of feeling in the country became more excited, he made every effort in his power to promote peace and stay the rush of popular indignation. Though averse to mingling in politics, his voice was now raised in the public meetings in Lexington, counselling calmness and deliberation; and he was always listened to with attention, because he was known to be actuated by no particle of fear or self-seeking. Many circumstances combined to give him a more lively personal interest in public affairs at this time than that generally felt by clergymen. Governor Letcher was one of his friends and neighbors in Lexington, Mrs. Letcher and her sister being among the most beloved of his congregation. Judge Brockenborough also—a school-mate of his brother Hugh—was a parishioner, and he was thus brought into immediate connection with events in which they played so prominent a part.

In the autumn of 1860, Dr. Pendleton had been invited to deliver a course of scientific lectures to the students of the Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Virginia, and had spent part of the winter in preparing for them. On the 16th of April he left home to fulfil his engagement, and a few hours before setting out wrote to his son:

"LEXINGTON, April 16, 1861.

"My dear Son,—As I may miss you, I leave this letter. Serious as is the state of things in the country, and imperative as may be the call of duty to brave everything in repelling wrong,—at a day not far distant,—I am very clear that your duty now is to quiet your mind to the utmost, and to finish your course at the University. God, my dear son, indicates this for you in the circumstances of the case. It is all-important that you secure the advantages of the A.M. And I express it with all the emphasis
of my judgment, and of my own concern alike for your happiness and for the interest we all have in your career, as my decided expectation that you will brace yourself for the full measure of effort that may be needed for your degree. Say not, my son, that you cannot command your faculties under the excitements of the time. Why, if you cannot bring mental agitation into subjection for so important a purpose when God directs, as I am sure He does, will you not be too much flurried for calm endurance in a hundred ways for the trying times we expect?

"No, no, my son. Possess your soul in patience yet awhile. If we have real war, your time will come soon enough. Considerable delay will be unavoidable, and I still trust God may frustrate Lincoln's schemes. Much is to be done besides this movement of militia.

"If it becomes clearly duty by and by, I will bid you go with my blessing, and looking up for heaven's grace to attend you, But now—if you come home—return immediately, and stand firmly in your lot at the University.

"Your fond father,

"W. N. PENDLETON."

Young Pendleton's own good sense had brought him to the same conclusion, and he passed all the examinations for the Master's degree before joining the army in the valley of Virginia.

By the time Dr. Pendleton reached the Seminary Virginia had seceded. Northern troops passing southward through Baltimore had been attacked by the citizens armed with clubs and paving-stones, Maryland and Virginia were in a ferment, and the theological students too much excited to listen to his lectures. From Alexandria he wrote to his wife:

"As to the state of things and the prospect before us you know nearly as much as anybody here. Lincoln is so strange and so misguided that he has himself no idea what he means, except the Chicago platform and Abraham Lincoln. Things are very quiet here, but it is the hush of alarm and astonishment. In Washington you would not suppose yourself in a land of liberty,—soldiers marching everywhere and everybody seeming suspicious. Dr. Sparrow approved so much of my suggestion
about going to talk with Lincoln that I resolved to do it, if possible. I accordingly proceeded to call on General Scott, to get an introduction to the splitter of rails and of States. Near General Scott's quarters, however, I met Cassius Lee and Mr. McKenzie, who assured me that it was impossible to see General Scott, he being overwhelmed with business, and that, as to going to see Lincoln, I had as well reason with an Egyptian mummy. . . . Whether there is any possibility now of avoiding a dreadful conflict I cannot tell. I fear not."

Before Dr. Pendleton returned home the volunteer companies from Lexington had marched to Staunton, on their way to Harper's Ferry. The cadets had been ordered to Richmond, where the majority of them were assigned to companies, regiments, and camps of instruction as drill-masters and adjutants. The speedy and marked efficiency of the Virginia troops was, in no small measure, due to the presence and influence of this trained and disciplined element thus distributed among them. The fostering care bestowed by the State upon her Military Institute was vindicated and repaid by the patriotic devotion and gallant service rendered her by the noble band of her sons who had there acquired a knowledge of military affairs. With the corps of cadets had gone their officers and professors. Most distinguished among these was Major Thomas J. Jackson, whose Mexican fame was soon to be eclipsed by a more enduring renown.

Other companies were in process of formation. One, an artillery company, collected and drilled by Captain John E. McCausland, of the Virginia Military Institute; another, composed of the students of Washington College, under the title "Liberty Hall Volunteers." Officers and boys were gone from the Institute. Dr. Pendleton was the only citizen of military education, and he was more amused than surprised to find himself called on to drill the "College Company" in infantry tactics. In a few days McCausland was ordered to Northwest Virginia as a lieutenant-colonel, and his incipient artillery command also requested Dr. Pendleton to instruct them in handling their guns. Artillery had been his forte at West Point, and a few trials showed that in the lapse of thirty years he had neither lost his skill as a cannoneer nor his activity on the parade-ground. At first there
was no idea of active service in his mind, but questionings as to his duty soon arose. On the morning of the 1st of May he was unusually long at his private devotions, and told his wife, on rising from his knees, that he had been asking for Divine guidance in the course before him. At family prayers also he was very earnest. Immediately after breakfast he was called out to meet two gentlemen,—Mr. John McD. Alexander and Mr. J. Bowyer Brockenborough,—who proved to be a deputation from the "Rockbridge Artillery," urging him to become their captain. At first he declined, and suggested one and another for the position. But he was the man they wanted, and after further solicitation he consented to take command of them, at least for a while. After his death there was found among his private papers the following statement, written a few hours after he had made this momentous decision:

"I think it right to record the considerations which influence me to accept as duty the command of the artillery company at this place, tendered me this morning.

"In the first place. Defensive war cannot on Gospel grounds, it seems to me, be condemned. Because, government for the protection of right having God's emphatic sanction,—indeed, being His own ordinance,—it must, to the extent of its ability, after fair and full trials for peace, resist aggression.

"In the next place. While all the Southern States of the confederacy which our fathers bound together by conditional compact have for the last forty years pleaded with those of the North against the violations by the latter of the equal rights secured to the former in the spirit and purport of the compact, and against infractions of the letter of that sacred instrument; and while certain of the Southern States, under the threatened tyranny of a hostile and dominant section, had deemed it essential for their own security to rescind their agreement to the federal compact as really abrogated on the other side, and to form a new association for themselves, my beloved native State abstained from all hasty action of that kind and continued, under wrongs of the most serious character, to plead for justice, equality, and peace,—even, indeed, as long as such course seemed at all to consist with her honor or independence as a State,—the astounding
call by the hostile representative of the aggressive section for a force of seventy-five thousand men on her immediate borders compelled Virginia to arm for her own defense and that of her sisters, if she would in any measure meet her obligations for the cause of justice on earth and the welfare of mankind. I cannot doubt, therefore, that defensive warfare on her part is requisite and most righteous.

"In the third place. Threatened as we are, for this defensive stand, with wholesale murder and universal desolation by the myriads of the North, whose passions have been inflamed by governmental proclamations, a furious press, and a most unchristian pulpit, no man, in my judgment, whatever his calling and his love of peace, has a right to shelter himself from the common danger behind the bravely-exposed breasts of his fellow-citizens. I should therefore deem it my sacred duty, in some capacity, fairly to share the peril, as well as work for the welfare of my countrymen. Especially as my dear family, like those of my neighbors, claims protection at my hands under God’s appointment.

"And in the last place. The captain of this company being needed for other important service, and there being no other available to command it who had, like myself, received a military education and seen some service, I was urged to accept the command, and could not decline without discouraging the men and the community, perhaps losing the company to the service; injuring religion, probably, by allowing some to infer that the Gospel hope adds little to courage; and actually denying prayer, since the call came unexpectedly, and after my mind had been peculiarly engaged in petitions for Divine direction as to my duty in the eventful crisis.

"My future course will be determined by such indications as Providence may present to my judgment. If some one becomes ready to command this company, and my services are not important in strictly military offices, I should greatly prefer duties more appropriate to my spiritual relations, and may so signify to my official superiors.

"Trusting that the Judge of all the earth will accept me in the covenant of His grace, help me to honor His holy name in the trying position, and restore me, if it be His holy will, in time to my family and ordinary duties; take care of the dear ones I
leave behind, and deliver us all from the cruel tyranny impend-
ing,—I go to the post of danger. Lord Jesus, go with me. Blessed Spirit, be my guide. Almighty Father, spare the effu-
sion of blood, frustrate evil counsels, order for our land conditions of peace, and make our people that happy people whose God is the Lord!

"W. N. Pendleton.

"Lexington, May 1, 1861."

By this time Major Jackson had been commissioned colonel and sent to command at Harper's Ferry, where a large body of troops was assembling. A call from him summoned the Rock-
bridge Artillery to join him. The governor gave them permission to take two brass six-pound guns from the Military Institute. Captain Pendleton left his home on the 9th of May for Rich-
mond, to procure two more guns and the necessary equipments; and the company marched to Staunton on the 11th, to meet him at Harper's Ferry.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROCKBRIDGE ARTILLERY.

The Rockbridge Artillery—the immediate cause of Dr. Pen-
dleton's entering into active service—was so intimately associated with him during the first months of that service, and retained the influence of that association in so marked a manner throughout its after-career, that a special mention of it is a necessary part of the story of his military life.

The original roster of the company, as mustered into service on the 12th of May at Staunton, is still preserved. There were four commissioned officers,—Captain Pendleton and Lieutenants John B. Brockenborough, William McLaughlin, and William T. Poague,—nine non-commissioned officers, and sixty-three privi-
te. A total of seventy-six. A large proportion of them were men of good social position, of education and high moral tone; and the tradesmen, artisans, and farmers among them were the best of their class. Most of them were young, but here and
there was seen a head tinged with gray, like that of their reverend
captain.

As soon as it was known that Dr. Pendleton had taken charge
of a company numbers of young men from other parts of the
State came to join his command. Anxious parents sent their
sons to be under his care and training, and students from the
colleges and theological seminaries were attracted to it as con-
taining congenial spirits. It soon became conspicuous for disci-
pline, skilful gunnery, and thorough trustworthiness, and main-
tained these characteristics throughout the war. Its excellence
as a training-school was so well appreciated that forty of its
members received commissions. Most of these were assigned
to duty with other commands, and were everywhere recognized
as reliable and efficient officers. Not a few of the best and bravest
fell in battle. The important and responsible positions now filled
by many of the survivors, in civil life, as lawyers, physicians,
clergymen, professors, and merchants, serving their State on the
bench and in the Legislature, still attest the admirable material
which went to the forming of this distinguished band of soldiers.
Their history while under Captain Pendleton can best be gathered
from his letters and reports.

The first letter, narrating their arrival at Harper's Ferry and
warm welcome by Colonel Jackson, is missing. It told of their
being temporarily quartered in a church. The building was
already occupied by the “Grayson Dare-devils,” who, wishing to
show their hospitality, assigned the pulpit to Captain Pendleton
as the lodging most suitable for him.

May 21 he wrote to his wife,—

“We are all well and tolerably comfortable. Things are
threatening, but we are pretty well prepared, and will no doubt
acquit ourselves well.”

Three days later, May 25, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Meade,
he says,—

“I can readily make room for your boys in my company, be-
cause it may be increased to one hundred, and thus allow us two
more guns,—six instead of four. I do not know of any company
where the associations and influences are as good as in mine. I have prayers at reveille roll-call every morning, and in my quarters every night for such officers and men as may choose to attend, and on Sunday I shall regularly preach. We have a number of pious men in the company, and this, added to my care for the morals of the whole, furnishes a salutary influence more or less felt by all. Perhaps this artillery service is the most dangerous, as it is, in case of need, the most useful. . . . My battery is ready for duty, except for want of horses. We need some eighty of these to make four guns fully efficient.* They are ordered, and will be here in a few days."

To his wife, the same day, he says,—

"General Joseph E. Johnston has arrived from Montgomery and taken command. Jackson may be ordered elsewhere. Sandie wrote me he had accepted his commission as second lieutenant, Provisional Army of Virginia. If that army can't be raised he must serve in some other capacity. He says he has asked for three weeks to try for his degree, and is hopeful, though not quite sure of it. Edwin Lee is also commissioned first lieutenant."

The next letters are from "Camp Johnston," Berkeley County, where a small infantry force and two guns of the battery had been sent to watch the movements of the enemy and guard an important road. To a Northern clergyman he writes,—

"Thus to take part in the dreadful work of death is to me much the severest trial of my life. Loving peace, praying for peace, preaching peace from the bottom of my heart, I find myself, in the very name of the Prince of Peace, obliged to see my own dear country subdued, disgraced, and ruined, and my wife and daughters exposed to brutal outrage worse than death, or to fight side by side with my only son, my son-in-law, my brothers, and dearest friends of every grade, in defence of our hearthstones. Do you blame me? Bishop Meade does not, I am happy to know. Indeed, I have the best reason to say that,

* To these four guns the youthful wits of the battery at once gave the names "Matthew," "Mark," "Luke," and "John."
were he twenty years younger, he too would feel constrained to
place himself in the van of the noble Christian heroes over whose
bodies your friends must pass in their conquest of Virginia."

"Camp Johnston, May 31, 1861.

"My beloved Wife,—I write you again a hurried line.
You see we have changed our camp to a better place. I am
perfectly well, never in better health, and in all respects comfort-
able. We have to be very vigilant, surrounded as we are by ene-
mies,—traitors in Virginia and others across the Potomac. . . .
My great motive is to do my duty, honor God, and do what good
service I can in the double capacity of soldier and minister of
Christ. I have arranged for general prayer in camp every even-
ing under the open sky in good weather. Edwin Lee has his
commission to-day, and is summoned to Harper's Ferry. The
other half of my company, with Bowyer Brockenborough, is, I
hear, sent to Shepherdstown."

"Near Winchester, June 18, 1861.

". . . Early in the morning, after a delightful rest on the grass
under some trees in a grove by the road-side, with Sandie lying
next me, I write you a hasty line. On Saturday morning, 15th,
we evacuated Harper's Ferry, everything valuable having been
removed and those articles destroyed that might serve the enemy.
That night we encamped two miles west of Charlestown. Next
morning we marched towards Martinsburg. My own prayers
and those with the company the only notice of the Sabbath, so
far as I know. This army is divided into brigades: Jackson has
command of the Virginia brigade, and my battery belongs to it.
Of course we have the post of danger, of defence, and of honor-
able duty in general. The college company is in Winchester.
They will join our brigade. Sandie and Edwin Lee are both
well; the former drills at the guns with the privates. Edwin, as
Jackson's aide, has much to do."

"June 25.

". . . It is now just six, and I have had reveille roll-call and
prayers, have shaved, dressed, etc., and had breakfast! Pretty
good, is it not? Sandie is asked for by Jackson to attend to the
ammunition of this brigade, so that he will not remain with the
battery."
From a report of the battery the latter part of June we take the following:

"This company has been in active service since its arrival at Harper's Ferry,—on the 15th of May,—partly at that post, partly near Williamsport, in Berkeley County, partly at Shepherdstown, and partly with the entire command, under General Johnston, after its removal from Harper's Ferry, and with the brigade, under Colonel Jackson. It has thus had a large share of marching and other laborious duty. Meantime, however, it has been drilled with all the care and constancy practicable. It has suffered unusually little from sickness or any casualties, has received a number of additions to its ranks, and is in an excellent state of discipline and efficiency."

To his daughter Mary on July 21:

"... You will wonder how we get along in the rain without tents. Most of the company have the tent-knapsack,—four or more of which make quite a snug tent for as many persons. We who have no provision of the kind have to scuffle as best we can. I got a squad of men to put me up a frame for a shed, and then covered it with the old table-cloth you had some of you put up in my trunk, with a couple of sheets, and with my own and Bowyer's blanket-shawls. By dint of all this we slept in safety and comfort; have kept dry this rainy day, and hope, wet as is the night, to keep snug through it.

"The enemy is making some movement on the other side of the Potomac, and we hear rumors that he intends to cross the river... The boys stand it pretty well. They showed me a letter to-day from your Aunt Fanny. Bishop Polk had been there, and described the Great Bethel battle, which he witnessed. Your aunt seems to think the Yankee soldiers a poor institution. But all are not so. We must not despise them. More than a few of them are determined men, however deluded. Did any of you see the splendid comet last night? I saw it when returning from head-quarters,—the brightest I ever saw, with a tail extending perhaps forty or fifty degrees."
The "movement" of the enemy mentioned proved to be the advance of Patterson's army across the Potomac. This was checked by Jackson in what General Johnston calls "the affair of Falling Waters," on the 2d of July. An account of this ren-contre is given in Captain Pendleton's letter to his wife, published in the Lexington Gazette of the 18th:

"July 6.

"... I had hardly given my letter of Tuesday into the hands of the messenger when Colonel Jackson rode up to my quasi shelter and desired me to have the battery immediately ready to advance. Within fifteen minutes one regiment, Colonel Harper's, and our battery were marching forward. Information had reached Colonel Jackson that the enemy had forded the Potomac within the neck, two miles below Williamsport, and were advancing on us in great force. We proceeded some three miles to meet them; Colonel Jackson wishing, however, rather to feel how strong they were and to give them a little check than to give them battle in full. For the latter we were much too far from the main body under General Johnston. To prevent our risking too much, three of the guns were halted on the road two miles below our encampment and only one taken on a mile farther. There the enemy were seen. Colonel Harper's regiment immediately deployed in the field on the right of the turnpike, to engage the skirmishers spread out there by the enemy. Colonel Jackson, with his staff, rode back to the point in the road occupied by my gun, and directed me to withdraw it farther to the rear, to a point better situated. Meantime the enemy began to ply their artillery with great vigor, firing around our little force a number of balls and shells. We, however, quietly took our position and awaited the best moment for opening fire with our single gun. That moment arrived when I saw a body of horse, which seemed to be a squadron of cavalry about to charge, on the turnpike about a half-mile in front of our position. At that body I instantly had the gun directed, with careful instructions how it should be aimed. In another instant the messenger of death was speeding on its way. The effect was obvious and decided. Not a man or a horse remained standing in the road, nor did we see them again. ... Our next shot was aimed with equal care at one of their cannon in a field on the left of the road. The effect was scarcely less. The gunners scattered,
and I am sure that gun fired no more. Meanwhile the balls whizzed by us with tremendous force and startling music. . . . In the fight of the day we were all graciously preserved. Two men only were killed and some eight or ten wounded. On the other side we hear of a good many killed, besides fifty-five prisoners taken by Colonel Stuart with his cavalry.

"Colonel Jackson's aides—Thomas Marshall, E. G. Lee, and A. S. Pendleton—were much exposed carrying orders. David Moore fired our gun, and J. L. Massie loaded it. . . . The order from Richmond promoting Colonel Jackson to a brigadiership has just arrived. He richly deserves it. His part the day of the fight, as heretofore, was admirably performed. The enemy speak admiringly of our artillery-firing of that morning: they ascribe it all to four rifled cannon, although we fired only eight shot from a common six-pounder."

The "instructions" for aiming the gun on this occasion were: "Steady, now; aim at the horses' knees." Nor was this first lesson on the importance of firing low lost upon the men who afterwards proved themselves such efficient artillerists.

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLONEL OF ARTILLERY—FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

Captain Pendleton had been three years at West Point with Generals Johnston and Lee, and two years with Mr. Jefferson Davis, and the kindly relations of their youth had never been forgotten. That he had retained the skill as an artillerist acquired at the Military Academy was shown by the facility with which his men handled their guns and the excellent discipline of his company, while his readiness in supplying deficiencies in the equipment of the artillery pointed him out as one to be relied on in emergency.* General Johnston, therefore, took the first op-

* Johnston's "Narrative," p. 21: "Caissons were constructed, at Captain Pendleton's suggestion, by fixing roughly-made ammunition-chests on the running-parts of farm-wagons."
portunity to place him in a position more suitable to his age and ability. Mr. Davis, writing to General Johnston, July 13, 1861, says,—

"I recollect Captain Pendleton well, and when we were all younger esteemed him highly as a soldier and a gentleman. I some days since directed that he should have rank as a colonel and be put in command of the batteries of your army."*

On the receipt of this promotion Colonel Pendleton was appointed chief of artillery by General Johnston, and thus brought into frequent and intimate intercourse with him. The cordial terms existing between them is shown by the fact that the notes and special directions to Colonel Pendleton are almost always written by General Johnston’s own hand.

Little leisure was given for Colonel Pendleton to become familiar with the duties of his new and enlarged sphere. The advance of the Federal troops upon Manassas caused the War Department in Richmond to summon General Johnston and his force with all haste to the assistance of General Beauregard, commanding there. The retrograde movements from Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg had occasioned much dissatisfaction among the raw and undisciplined troops. To prevent discouragement now, the necessity for getting to Manassas with all speed was communicated to them in the following spirited order from General Johnston:

"**Head-quarters, Winchester, Virginia, July 18, 1861.**

"The commanding general directs the regiments to be informed, immediately after they have left the city, that General Beauregard is being attacked by overwhelming forces. He has been ordered by the government to his assistance, and is now marching across the Blue Ridge upon the enemy.

"General Patterson and his command have gone out of the way to Harper's Ferry, and are not in reach. Every moment now is precious, and the general hopes that his soldiers will step
out and keep closed, for this march is a forced march to save the country.

"By command.

General Johnston.

"W. H. Whiting,

"Adjutant and Inspector-General."

Excited by the prospect of an impending battle, the Army of the Shenandoah responded to their general's call and pressed eagerly forward on the toilsome way, undaunted by the rocky road, the Shenandoah to be forded, and the Blue Ridge to be climbed before they reached the long stretch of rough country between the mountains and the plains of Manassas. Of this march Colonel Pendleton wrote, a few months later, to a confidential friend:

"The Army of the Shenandoah, on the 18th of July, left Winchester under imperative orders to reach Manassas in the shortest possible time. General Johnston directed the captains of the several batteries to report to me as they arrived at Piedmont,—the station on the Manassas Gap Railroad where the infantry were to take the cars,—that under my command they might march to join General Beauregard. By nightfall of the 19th only three out of five had reached Piedmont, and two of those I had myself conducted—about eleven P.M., when it was very dark—through the Shenandoah. Meantime messengers from Manassas reached General Johnston, which induced him to start me immediately with the three batteries,—Captain Stanard's, Captain Alburtis's, and my own. The darkness was intense, the road scarcely practicable for four-wheeled carriages, and the weather very bad. Men and horses were greatly fagged. Yet I procured guides, encouraged all, and pressed on. Other messengers from Manassas brought me despatches after midnight begging me to hasten. By judicious rest for teams and men, not exceeding two hours in all, I reached Manassas, with all safe and in good condition, about two o'clock P.M., Saturday, 20th instant. This, I may say without vanity, was a most important performance, requiring as much energy and judgment as any single service of the entire campaign."
Colonel Pendleton's letter to his wife, two days after the great battle of the 21st of July, was read to pieces within the weeks following the battle. The loss of its graphic description, especially of the part taken by his command, is much to be regretted. General Johnston in his report, speaking of his own hasty ride to the left of the field, says, "On the way I instructed my chief of artillery, Colonel Pendleton, to follow with his own and Albur-tis's batteries." Pressing forward in the direction indicated, Colonel Pendleton with his eight guns emerged from a growth of scrubby pines to find themselves close upon Jackson's infantry, with a large force of the enemy in their front. With an excla-mation of pleasure, Jackson galloped to meet the welcome bat-teries, and pointed out the place for them, on the crest of the ridge opposite the Henry house.

A second captain had not yet been appointed to succeed Colonel Pendleton in command of the Rockbridge battery, and he continued for some weeks to act in that capacity. Accordingly, he now took the battery into action, posting its guns and giving directions for the cutting of fuses and aiming of pieces,* besides exercising general supervision over all the artillery present belonging to the Army of the Shenandoah. To what good pur-pose the guns were served during the long hours of that bloody day the official accounts will tell. General Johnston’s report says,—

"The efficiency of our infantry and cavalry might have been expected from a patriotic people accustomed, like ours, to the management of arms and horses, but that of the artillery was little less than wonderful. They were opposed to batteries far superior in the number, range, and equipment of their guns, with educated officers and thoroughly-instructed soldiers. We had but one educated artillerist, Colonel Pendleton,—that model of a Christian soldier,—yet they exhibited as much superiority to the enemy in skill as in courage. Their fire was superior both in rapidity and precision." And again, "Every regiment and bat-tery performed their part well."

* This statement is given on the authority of the survivors of the battery present at Manassas.
"Pendleton, of the artillery," is also enumerated among the officers especially distinguished.

General Beauregard says of the Confederate artillery,—

"The ground occupied by our guns—on a level with that held by the batteries of the enemy—was an open space of limited extent, behind a low undulation just at the eastern verge of the plateau, some five or six hundred yards from the Henry house. Here, as before said, thirteen pieces, mostly six-pounders, were maintained in action; the several batteries of Imboden, Stanard, Pendleton (Rockbridge Artillery), and Alburtis, of the Army of the Shenandoah, and five guns of Walton's, and Heaton's section of Rogers's battery of the Army of the Potomac, alternating to some extent with each other, and taking part as needed, all from the outset displaying that marvellous capacity of our people as artillerists which has made them, it would appear, at once the terror and the admiration of the enemy." *

In the letter to a friend, quoted just above, Colonel Pendleton says,—

"Of the part performed by these three batteries† under my command the memorable 21st of July I need not speak. The papers, without my cognizance of any writer, have told quite enough,—not too much that I know of."

The Richmond Whig, among others, had said that "Colonel Pendleton's guns were handled with a skill and effect which extorted admiration from all beholders."

Sandie Pendleton's letter of the battle contained some interesting particulars. Part of it is therefore given:

"HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, July 23.

". . . Ere this reaches you you will, of course, have heard of our great victory on Sunday. But whether you will have heard that none of yours were killed or hurt is another matter. It is true

* Beauregard's official report.
† Stanard's, Alburtis's, and Rockbridge.
that pa and Ned Lee and myself are all safe and sound. General Jackson's finger was broken. The only injury I sustained was a slight wound in the leg while in a charge of Colonel Cummings's regiment on a battery of rifled guns, which it took.

"The battle was begun by the enemy opening a heavy fire of artillery on our right, in order to divert our attention while they came in force around our left flank, crossing Bull Run, and attacking us in the rear. But their object was perceived and troops moved up to meet them. There is a ridge of hills running nearly north and south, and the enemy's aim was to gain them; but we succeeded in getting possession of them, and, as they commanded all in front, they gained the day for us. General Bee's command was on the right and first attacked by the enemy, and fell back, fighting gallantly. Then General Jackson moved up our brigade to support them and drive back the enemy, which it did in gallant style. Colonel Harper's regiment, from Augusta, was on the right of our brigade. Then Colonel Preston's, having the Rifles and College company in it; * next, on the left, Colonel Echol's, and then Colonel Allen's and Colonel Cummings's. The order was given to fire and charge when the enemy was within fifty yards, coming up the hill. My horse was killed under me early in the day, and I had to go on foot. I attached myself then to Colonel Cummings's regiment, and, as they charged a battery of rifled cannon, went right into the front. They ran the Fire Zouaves clear off the field, killing some hundred of them. The battery came up on the left of the regiment, supported by the regiment (Ellsworth's) of Fire Zouaves. Colonel Thomas, of Maryland, bringing up some men to support Colonel Cum-
mings, was shot dead by my side. I helped him from his horse, and helped lay him out. This was when I was struck by a ball on my left thigh, merely grazing it. . . . I heard that papa was killed, and put out for him; reached his battery just as the battle was over and found him unharmed,—having had his horse shot, and one ball having grazed his ear and another spent one struck him in the back. . . . In a charge by Colonel Preston's regiment one fellow ran a bayonet through Bronson Gwynn's clothes, when he put his gun to his head and blew it literally to pieces."

* Lexington companies.
No need to tell here of the rout of the Federal army. How, panic-stricken, it ran and ran until it poured into Washington a terrified mob. Of the men who had driven it back thus demoralized and defeated General Johnston says,—

"The admirable character of our troops is incontestably proved by the result of this battle, especially when it is remembered that little more than six thousand men of the Army of the Shenandoah,—his own, brought from the valley,—"with sixteen guns, and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac, with six guns, for full five hours successfully resisted thirty-five thousand United States troops, with a powerful artillery and a superior force of regular cavalry. . . . The brunt of this hard-fought engagement fell upon the troops who held their ground so long with such heroic resolution. The unfading honor which they won was dearly bought with the blood of our best and bravest." *

In his "Narrative" he further says,—

". . . Great were the odds against which the Southern volunteers contended in the early stages of this action; their numbers engaged, gradually increasing, amounted at its close to about thirteen thousand men of all arms. . . . It may reasonably be inferred that the three Federal divisions on the field were about two to one compared with the Confederates at four o'clock, and four to one at noon; at eleven o'clock the disparity of numbers was much greater.

"Twenty-eight pieces of artillery, four thousand five hundred muskets, almost half a million of cartridges, a garrison flag and ten regimental colors were taken on the field, or near it in the pursuit, besides sixty-four artillery horses, with their harness, twenty-six wagons, and camp equipage, clothing, and other military property." †

The news of this total and unexpected defeat was received with a howl of shame, rage, and revenge at the North. In the South a psalm of thanksgiving for their wonderful deliverance and success was mingled with tears for the loss of their gallant dead.

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* General Johnston's official report.
† Johnston's "Narrative," pp. 55, 56.
Many supposed that their independence was achieved and the war ended. Whole companies which had enlisted "for the war" prepared to return home, and some actually did so. The first days after the fight were spent in burying first our own and then the Yankee dead, and in resting from the fatigue and excitement of the great struggle. The Confederate Congress passed resolutions, the day after the battle, inviting the people to unite with them in returning thanks to Almighty God on the 28th, the day week of the engagement, and General Johnston issued an order forbidding any military exercises in his camp, so that all the troops might have opportunity for joining in the appointed services.

As Colonel Pendleton was riding through a piece of woods towards a part of the camp where he was to preach, on the morning of the 28th, he came upon a party of four negro camp-servants who were engrossed in a game of cards. Getting close up to them without being observed, he asked, "Boys, do you think that is a good way for you to be spending Sunday?" Looking up, one of them answered, with the promptness of repartee common among his race, "Master, 'tain't half so bad as what you done last Sunday."*

List of "Artillery and equipments captured and received by Colonel W. N. Pendleton, July 23, 1861:

1 30-pounder Parrott rifled gun.
9 10-pounder Parrott rifled guns.
9 12-pounder brass rifled guns.
3 12-pounder brass howitzers.
2 12-pounder boat-howitzers.
3 6-pounder brass smooth-bore guns.
34 caissons (many of them in parts, but the portions capable of being put together so as to make this number complete).
4 battery wagons.
6 battery forges.
24 horses.
34 sets harness and a mass of pieces."

Made out by Colonel Pendleton at the time.

* How "wonderful" was the success of the small force of the inexperienced artillery of the Southern army in this battle may be seen by comparing the tabular reports of the two forces as given on p. 154.
MEMOIRS OF

The artillery force engaged in the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, is thus stated in the second volume of the Official Records in the War Office in Washington:

CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY.

Army of the Shenandoah.—Batteries of Colonel Pendleton, Imboden, Alburtis, Stanard, Beckham, p. 569.

Army under Beauregard.—Kemper’s, Latham’s, Loudoun (Rogers’s), and Washington Artillery, Louisiana, p. 568.

Mostly 6-pounders, p. 494.

FEDERAL ARTILLERY.

Ricketts’s, Griffin’s, Arnold’s, Hunt’s, Carlisle’s, Ayres’s, and Edward’s batteries of United States regulars, the Rhode Island and Seventy-first New York Regiment volunteers,—all fully housed and equipped, except two “boat-howitzers” of the Seventy-first New York. Twenty-eight of these guns were rifled 10-, 13-, and 20-pounders, one 30-pounder, eight were 6-pounders, and the remainder 12-pounder howitzers.—Report of Major W. F. Bang, Chief of Artillery to General McDowell, Official Records, vol. ii., series i., p. 345. Of these, Ricketts’s and Arnold’s entire batteries were captured; all of Griffin’s except one gun, five of the Rhode Island rifled 13-pounders, the big 30-pounder, and others here and there.—Report of James B. Fry, Assistant Adjutant-General to General McDowell, Official Records, vol. ii., series i.

CHAPTER XXV.

SUMMER OF 1861—INCREASE OF ARTILLERY FORCE.

During the weeks immediately succeeding the victory at Manassas, Colonel Pendleton, as chief of artillery, was engaged in distributing the guns, caissons, horses, etc., captured from the enemy. The cannon were especially valuable, and the artillery captains were eager to replace their old-fashioned iron six-pounders by the heavier howitzers and Parrotts taken from the Federal army. To give him complete control over all these munitions he was made temporary chief of ordnance, and his previous duties assigned to Captain E. P. Alexander.

Of this work General Johnston says, “The captured material enabled Colonel Pendleton to increase and improve our artillery
very much."* But the need for more artillery was great, and it was evident that every effort must be made to obtain an increase of guns, caissons, horses, accoutrements, and, above all, ammunition. On the 10th of August, General Johnston wrote to President Davis urging an increase of this arm, "by borrowing from the States or by casting, especially in Richmond,"† and asking particularly for twelve-pounder howitzers. Mr. Davis promised to have a number of these sent to him as fast as Major Gorgas could have them made and mounted.‡

To expedite this work, and especially to press forward the making gun-carriages, harness, and all the varieties of material requisite for the equipping a number of new batteries, Colonel Pendleton was sent to Richmond, with full authority to procure cannon, caissons, harness, horses, etc., and, above all, ammunition. His orders were in an autograph letter from General Johnston:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MANASSAS, August 15, 1861.

"SIR,—You will please proceed to Richmond without delay, and there be governed by the verbal instructions you have received.

"Your obedient servant,

"J. E. JOHNSTON.

"COLONEL W. N. PENDLETON,

"Commanding Artillery, Army of the Potomac."

General Johnston's efforts to bring up his artillery to full efficiency were unremitting. August 18 he telegraphed Colonel Pendleton in Richmond,—

"Captain Riley tells me that there are four six-pounders mounted, but without caissons, at Fort Johnston, North Carolina. Try and get them."

By constant and unwearying diligence Colonel Pendleton accomplished most important results. A letter to his wife, written on the 22d, tells of his work up to that date:

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"Have had a great deal to do here in pushing up artillery preparations. Will have several batteries at Manassas next week, and several others the week after, etc. Several difficulties obstruct the way. Want of tin to make brass; only one good foundry here, deficiency of hands, etc.; and, not least of all, no suitable head in the War Department. Still, by hook or by crook we get along. And I trust our force, artillery and all, will be strong for the work to be done. The Lincoln dynasty will press the war, I am persuaded, to the bitter end. You are all improving in health, I trust. Sickness prevails very much in every division of our army. The news from Missouri very cheering. . . . My duties about harness, etc., may take me to Staunton and Lynchburg. If so I shall take Lexington in the way for next Sunday. I long to be back in the brigade again. All this equipping work is the plague of my life. But it must be done, however disagreeable."

General Johnston wrote to him about this time:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MANASSAS.

"COLONEL,—I received duly your note in relation to additional artillery for this army, and asking if you should continue to attend to that service or return.

"The duty to which you have been attending is, I think, the most important to which you can attend. I beg you, therefore, to devote yourself to it until we have reason to believe another action imminent, when, of course, you will be necessary in the field. Do not fail to urge the making of twelve-pounder howitzers. I have faith in them. Let them send guns and equipments and leave us to organize.

"I enclose a requisition for equipment of a battery of rifles, which cannot be filled here. Will you see if the authorities in Richmond can do it? Do not, however, let them prefer it to the fitting out of field-batteries of smooth-bore guns.

"Let me know occasionally how you get on.

"Very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

"J. E. JOHNSTON,

"General.

"COLONEL PENDLETON,

"Artillery."
The want of equipments for the batteries was almost more difficult to supply than that of the guns. So many skilled mechanics had gone into active service that workmen enough to supply the larger establishments were scarcely to be found. These were, therefore, unable to undertake large contracts for furnishing the needed artillery supplies.

To contract for them by the dozen or score wherever blacksmiths, wheelwrights, harness-makers, and tinters could be found was the only resource. This was accordingly done throughout the small towns and villages in the Shenandoah Valley and Piedmont country. From them, with the aid of a capable workman here and there, sent home from the army for the purpose, the necessary equipments were procured. The spirit of the people at home was stirred within them to assist, as best they might, their sons, brothers, and husbands who had proved such gallant defenders in battle. Old men and boys wrought at the forge and carpenter’s bench, while the women made tents, uniforms, and knapsacks.

To visit these small contractors and encourage them, and wherever it was possible to engage others in the same work, was part of Colonel Pendleton’s most important business. For this purpose it was necessary to see the cannon-founders and other workmen in Lynchburg and the harness-makers in Staunton. Passing from one place to the other in September, he had the happiness of spending a few days in Lexington and preaching to his congregation. Here, too, he persuaded some of his neighbors to make for him harness, canteens, and other small articles. This brief visit home—the only one till the winter of 1863—was intensely enjoyed, but in a few days he was back at his arduous task in Richmond.

The want of ammunition for the artillery was even more pressing than that of larger and better guns. Such, indeed, was the absolute scarcity of it in the army at Manassas, that had the Federal general made an advance during the late summer and autumn no long fight could have been maintained by the Confederate forces. General Johnston refers to his deficiencies in this respect in his “Narrative.”* The messages to Colonel Pendle-

* “Narrative,” pp. 60, 61.
ton to hurry forward the needed ordnance supplies were frequent and urgent.*

The government in Richmond made strenuous exertions to supply all the calls made upon it.† On the 5th of September President Davis wrote General Johnston,—

"Every effort shall be made to furnish you the howitzers you want. Colonel Pendleton will give you details. ... My means are short of the wants of each of division the wide frontier I am laboring to protect." ‡

But the exigencies continued great and pressing. On October 27, 1861, Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Acting Secretary of War, wrote to Governor Letcher, of Virginia,—

* Telegram.

To COLONEL PENDLETON, Richmond.

Our cannon ammunition is all exhausted except six-pounder.

D. D. WHITE,
Assistant Ordnance-Officer.

MANASSAS, August 24, 1861.

MANASSAS, August 27, 1861.

... Most of the very small stock of ammunition on hand when you left has been issued, and, in fact, I may say that the stock is entirely exhausted. ... If the army had to take the field just now the scarcity of ammunition would be alarming.

Very respectfully,

C. C. McPHAIL,
Ordnance Store-keeper.

COLONEL PENDLETON,

Chief of Ordnance.

To COLONEL PENDLETON, Richmond.

Send eight hundred James's shot as soon as possible.

LIEUTENANT W. A. HARRIS.

MANASSAS, September 28.

MANASSAS, September 24, 1862.

Telegram.

To COLONEL PENDLETON, Richmond.

We are unable to fill requisitions for fixed twelve-pounder howitzers, shrapnel and shell, or cartridges for James's or Archer's projectiles.

J. G. BARNWELL,
Lieutenant and Ordnance-Officer.

“DEAR SIR,—We are in very urgent straits for powder, which is being required on all sides for the defence of the frontiers of Virginia. During your absence the Secretary of State gave me an order for five hundred barrels of rifle powder to be sent at once to General Joseph E. Johnston, who made a pressing request for its immediate transmission, but I learn that your chief of ordnance has suspended the order. There are also seventy-five barrels of cannon powder in the Bellona Arsenal which it would be very important to send to General Magruder for the heavy guns sent to Yorktown and Gloucester Point. Could you not do me the favor to put this powder at my disposal? I will settle for it on any reasonable terms, and it shall not be used out of the State. . . . I am told that you have four twelve-pounder bronze howitzers not in use. General Johnston is constantly asking for howitzers, and I will send them also to him if you will let me have them.”

This was a few weeks after Colonel Pendleton’s return to Manassas. While he continued at work in Richmond the range of his duties constantly widened as his efficiency became daily more apparent. The confidence in his ability to comply with any demand made upon him seems to have been almost unlimited.

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, September 27, 1861.

“COLONEL,—The general commanding directs me to say that he wishes you to get the men as well as the guns for Colonel Stuart, as also the harness for the horses, and not to depend upon the harness sent to Manassas. Men are wanted now for several of the batteries, and Colonel Stuart has none to spare for that purpose.

“Respectfully, your obedient servant,

“THOMAS G. RHETT,

“Acting Adjutant-General.

“COLONEL WILLIAM N. PENDLETON,

“Artillery, Richmond.”

Of his return to Manassas Colonel Pendleton wrote to his daughter Rose from Fairfax Court-House,—

"October 11, 1861.

"... Sandie and I came up to Manassas Saturday and on to Fairfax Sunday morning. I could not preach that morning, though it was allowed me to get to camp in time to attend the closing service of a Methodist chaplain attached to Colonel Cummings's regiment. In the afternoon I preached at General Jackson's head-quarters... I am here now to take command of the artillery camp. It will be close to General Johnston's head-quarters,—about a mile and a half from General Jackson's brigade,—and I shall be very busy getting things in order... Camp-life is getting more trying as it becomes cold. These nights are very sharp in an open tent. The order now is to have a large fire before the tent and to leave the front open all night. The poor fellows who have but one blanket must find it chilly enough. I sleep in General Jackson's tent on a camp-bed, which is tolerably comfortable.

"I find that my shoes were not put up in my trunk; they may often be needed for a dry change when my feet get wet. Let them be looked up, examined, and, if found defective, repaired. Any pair of boots I have worth repairing had better be fixed also, as such articles are very costly, and all will be of service."

"October 19.

"... I have now five artillery companies in the corps, encamped just around my tent, having some six hundred men and four hundred and fifty horses, with twenty-eight cannon. Several more will be here in a few days. It makes a very busy scene. The battle we are looking for seems drawing nearer. Yesterday afternoon we saw in the distance among the clouds the enemy's balloon taking observations of our camps, etc."

To his sister-in-law, Miss A. R. Page, he wrote fromCentreville, October 22,—

"... You have heard, I suppose, that I have gotten the captnacy and quartermastership in my corps for John. He is much needed, and will, I hope, come in a few days. It will give him an immense amount of labor, but on that account he will rather prefer the life, I reckon. He will, of course, belong to my staff, and live with me. This will be doubly agreeable.
"Camp-life, at all times a trial to one of my age and habits, is peculiarly so in weather like this, so damp and chilly. Still, I get along quite comfortably, all things considered,—sleep well, have a good appetite, and am kept so far from sickness.

"On Sunday, for the first time, I had an opportunity to preach to my new command. They were very attentive, morning and afternoon. Good was, I trust, done. Lewis Coleman* is under my command, and is very pleasant. His lieutenant, Jones, spoke to me about joining the church."

His immunity from sickness did not continue very long. A large number of the privates and officers were down with measles, camp fever, and various other ailments incident to the crowding into camp of men unused to exposure. A letter from his son, written on November 3, informs his mother that "papa has jaundice very badly." On the 5th, Colonel Pendleton wrote himself, to relieve his wife's anxiety, on the same sheet which his son had begun,—

"When Sandie had written this far, night before the last, he fell to nodding. I was in bed, and noticing how quiet he was, looked and found him fast asleep. To arouse him was the next thing, of course. I then fell asleep myself, but, waking up after some minutes, found him nodding again; advised him to go to bed, which he did. Since then he has been so busy he could not write. Indeed, yesterday, under orders from the War Department in Richmond, General Jackson and his staff left here about twelve, via Manassas, for Winchester. I was sorry to be thus separated from them, but commit him and the rest to the same guardian care of God which I endeavor to make my trust for them as for myself here. I do not yet send for you to meet me at Orange Court-House, as I at first intended, my purpose still being to try fairly for a cure here. But I am beginning to have my doubts about being adequately attended to here. Randolph Page† is right far off and has a great deal to do, and it is not always practicable to get the most proper medicines. The remedies I have taken so far have not affected me much one way or

* Professor of Latin, University of Virginia.  
† Surgeon to the artillery.
another. I am as yellow as any white human being you ever saw,—more like a Malayan than one of the European stock. Still, although weakened and feeling good for nothing, I am not seriously sick by comparison with what I so often experience. On the whole, I have abundant reason to be thankful."

"November 7.

"... Until two to-day I was in bed and really very sick, but it was from the effect of medicine which I took early this morning. Since dinner I have been more like my well self; had my horse brought out and rode an hour and a half. The afternoon was pleasant, the air delightful, and I felt like an uncaged bird. The yellow has hardly abated any, but I feel so renovated I will hope for certain relief within a few days. If to-morrow is bright, I shall ride out early in the morning and be in the saddle most of the day. It will do me a great deal of good I hope. My camp needs my presence. Indeed, it is getting time to change its position, and I mean in the morning to look for a good place not far off."

His persistent devotion to his duties and the exposure and exertion consequent upon it retarded his recovery, and he was again very sick. His son-in-law, who had been, on General Jackson's recommendation, commissioned major and assigned to the Thirty-third Virginia Regiment, became very ill with camp fever about this time and went on sick-furlough to Lexington. To Mrs. Lee her father wrote,—

"November 16.

"... Last night I wrote a hurried note to your mamma, telling her that I had been quite sick again. To-night I have to tell how much better I am. Although it has been quite cold and very windy, I have ridden on horseback many hours and been in camp all the rest of the day.

"I am exceedingly glad you were able to get to Mr. Lee and that he could escape awhile from camp exposure. I knew he needed it, and if my earnest advice will influence him he will see that he has a good stock of health and strength before he ventures within tent-walls this winter. What the Army of the Valley may have to do I do not know. But if winter sets in soon,
neither Yankee spite nor Southern spirit can suffice to get up much of a campaign."

All during his own protracted indisposition he had been untiring in his care for the comfort and welfare of his men. The captains were required to make reports of the number of blankets their companies had. As in frequent instances the deficiency was greater than could be supplied from their homes or by the government, Colonel Pendleton resolved to try what he could procure for them by personal appeal. To the Episcopal congregations at Millwood and Berryville he wrote,—

"Imagine what it must be to men accustomed to those home comforts in which you still rejoice to pass these chilly nights within tent-walls, covered by only one blanket! to perform guard or picket duty away from all shelter, with no more wrapping! How much suffering must result from this exposure! How many valuable lives may be sacrificed! Now, however, we have but the foretaste of frost; presently winter will be here, with its snow, ice, and piercing blasts. What, then, must be the fate of your gallant defenders if more comfortable wrapping is not furnished them? Not only their fate, but that of the great cause for which they are exposed?"

"Your inquiry at once is, What can be done? This is the answer. Give to the cause all the blankets you can spare. Some households can spare only one, some several; the aggregate will be large. The plan generously proposed by some of devoting their carpets to this purpose, though well worthy of trial in an ultimate emergency, seems not now best. Because such wrapping is at once too heavy for a soldier to carry and too unpliable to keep him warm. Nor is any kind of quilting with cotton good. Because when once moistened, as all covering in camp is often likely to be, it is exceedingly difficult to dry. All the blankets, therefore, you can, devote to the cause."

Officers shared also his care and attention. On Sunday night, November 24, he writes,—
"... Again I employ the evening of the Lord's day in writing to you, and surely I have occasion in doing so to praise God for His goodness and the mercies I enjoy. Twice have I been privileged to meet with the congregation in the Lord's house here,—disfigured though it be with worse than foolish scribblings on the walls,—and to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. And now, while the pitiless snow-storm is pelting hundreds and thousands of good men and true in tents frail and cheerless, I am sheltered in a good house, within a comfortable room. I finished supper a half-hour ago, shared in part by one of our young assistant surgeons, Dr. Perrin, of Alabama,—a very nice fellow, whom I found so sick in his tent from taking cold that I insisted on his sharing my room. It has perhaps saved him from a dreadful attack,—likely, indeed, from the grave. He is now much better, and will soon be well."

Four days later:

"... Lewis Coleman is now an inmate of my room and bed. Yesterday afternoon I found him so sick that I insisted on his coming to our room. He is really very sick. He is, as I have mentioned before, a fine fellow and a capital officer. We are pretty thick in one room,—not quite sixteen feet square,—Coleman, Dr. Perrin, John, Willie, and myself. But it was right to shelter these invalids. Tents won't do for sick men. They are bad enough at this season for well ones."

Under this conviction he soon took steps to render his command more comfortable. A few days later he says,—

"... I am having a hut encampment made for my corps a mile and a half back of our present camp. It is in the woods, so that logs are abundant. We shall also have plenty of firewood and be sheltered a good deal from the wind by trees left standing on the north side. It will be vastly more comfortable for the men even in such rude apologies for houses than in tents, and much less conducive to disease. We have, in fact, quite a number sick from cold in various forms, fever, jaundice, pneumonia, etc. It is doubtful whether these will be our winter-quarters, but, even if we stay only a week or two, that much comfort will have been
secured and the men will have the advantage of cheerful work. Sandie has probably written you that he has his commission as first lieutenant and aide-de-camp. I am grieved to learn that Edwin Lee continues so sick. Let him nurse himself until he feels quite restored."

The number and apportionment of the artillery with the army under General Johnston at this time is thus stated in a letter to a friend:

"... It has required, as you in part know, a great deal of varied care, labor, and responsibility to get up our artillery force to anything like dimensions for an encounter with the formidable array preparing on the other side, and to secure anything like adequate efficiency in officers and men so suddenly raised for service on which so much may depend. Success nothing short of remarkable has attended these efforts. Every brigade of this army has its own battery,—often of six pieces, occasionally of four,—besides the reserve corps under Major Walton. And in addition to these I have under my immediate charge, for drill and for action, the large reserve force of nine batteries, numbering forty-four guns, with several other batteries expected." *

To one of his daughters he describes his life at this time:

"We are up about sunrise daily, get breakfast in our room as soon as Jackson † can have it ready, and then generally walk a mile to my camp. There I discharge all the office business requiring my attention, such as issuing necessary orders for the day, writing official letters, passing judgment upon applications of various kinds, such as for leaves of absence, for supplies of this or that which may be needed, etc. Then I ride out on some field duty, inspecting breastworks, examining the country, etc., and now superintending the building of the log huts for my corps. It will be quite a little city of cabins, with straight streets. The boys call it 'New Centreville.' If this fine weather lasts a few days longer we shall get right snugly sheltered from rain,

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* See p. 168.  † His servant.
frost, and biting blasts, and have our poor horses also under shelter.

"But it may very well be that by the time we get things ready for so much of comfort that we shall have to dash off with all speed to meet Lieutenant-General McClellan. That he will venture here at this critical season I hardly think. He is too liable to be caught in the trap of boggy roads, a deep snow, or a spell of rain that may render next to impossible either his advance or retreat. . . . To return to my history of a day by this one as a specimen. About twelve I rode to this new encampment, where axes, hammers, etc., were enlivening the woods with their music. It was four when my duties there were over. Then other duties called me to the old camp. These over and my horse being cared for, your Uncle John and I walked back to our lodgings, it being dark when we reached our room.

"So our days pass. No great variety, no high excitement, and very little to stimulate the intellect or stir the heart. You see, then, what a special blessing it is to get letters from home and to write in return. I have said nothing about dinner. Today I took none. Sometimes we return for it to our room, sometimes we share the viands of some friend, and sometimes we make a fast of it. Near the new encampment, if McClellan does not summon us away, I shall probably be quartered in an humble road-side dwelling. If so, your mamma might possibly visit us in the winter. If we are still threatened here I cannot expect to get away for a long time."

McClellan did not come, but the uncertainty as to his movements continued, and Colonel Pendleton, feeling that he could not ask for a furlough, made arrangements for his wife to visit him. Her going was delayed by the death of her eldest brother, Mr. Lucius Page.

On the last day of 1861 he received a letter from Bishop Meade, who kept up a regular correspondence with him:

"Your letter was an acceptable Christmas gift. I have been thinking for some time of writing to you about the very topics of your letter. I fear much demoralization (in its proper sense)
from the war, though it may be that permanent good can only result from a protracted struggle and much suffering on our part. It is the Lord who is ordering all things for His glory, and we must not only submit, but approve and prefer. . . . There is a strong persuasion that our enemies will seek the possession of our part of the valley, in order to build up the railroad and dams which are so necessary to furnish supplies for Washington and Baltimore. In order to do this they must occupy Winchester and hold it during the war. Already they possess Romney with an army of perhaps ten thousand troops. . . . May God preserve you both in soul and body, and make you an instrument of much good in your present position!

"Very affectionately yours in the Lord,

"W. Meade."

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STATEMENT OF GUNS, CARRIAGES, CAISSONS, ETC., ORDERED.

Talbott & Bro., thirty 6-pounder carriages; no caissons. Ten will be completed in a few days, and ten each three months till the order is finished.

P. Rham, fourteen 6-pounder carriages and caissons. Four of each delivered, four will be ready in ten days, and the remaining six in three weeks.

J. R. Cato, three 6-pounder carriages and caissons.

I. & J. Van Pelt, twenty-five 6-pounder carriages and caissons.

Tappy & Lumsden, twenty-five 6-pounder carriages and caissons.

Tappy & Lumsden, five 24-pounder carriages.

Etenger & Edmond, sixteen 6-pounder carriages and caissons. Deliveries of four of each will be made every two weeks.

H. M. Smith, ten 6-pounder carriages and caissons.

B. F. Harris, six 6-pounder carriages and caissons.

Anderson & Co., twenty-four 12-pounder carriages and caissons.

P. Rham, six 12-pounder carriages and caissons. Completed in six weeks.

Rice & Wright, forty 24-pounder carriages and caissons.

Anderson & Co., sixty 24-pounder carriages and caissons; no limbers.

GUNS.

Anderson & Co., twenty-four 12-pounder howitzers; forty-eight 3-inch iron rifled guns; sixty 6-pounder carriages and caissons; twenty-four 6-pounder iron guns.

Noble Brothers & Co., six 6-pounder brass guns; fifty 3-inch iron rifled guns.

Rice & Wright, forty 24-pounder howitzers.

J. L. Archer, forty 12-pounder howitzers.

F. B. Deane, Jr., & Son, forty 12-pounder howitzers.

J. L. Archer, eighty 3-inch iron rifled guns.
**RECAPITULATION.**

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<th>Artillery Type</th>
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<tr>
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<td>3-inch iron rifled guns</td>
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<tr>
<td>24-pounder carriages, no limbers</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Richmond, August 17, 1861.*

Talbott & Bro., Richmond.
J. R. Anderson & Co., Richmond.
Philip Rham, Richmond.
Ettinger & Edmond, Richmond.
H. M. Smith, Richmond.
Rice & Wright, Florence, Alabama.
J. L. Archer, Black Heth, Chesterfield, Virginia.
Noble Brothers & Co., Rome, Georgia.
I. & J. Van Pelt, Petersburg, Virginia.
Tapp & Lumsdon, Petersburg, Virginia.
F. B. Deane, Jr., & Son, Lynchburg, Virginia.
B. F. Harris, Charlottesville, Virginia.

**HARNESS.**

*Messrs. Cottrell & Co., Richmond, unlimited order. Contracted through Major Smith, New Orleans, four hundred sets for two horses.*

The most perfect list of the distribution of this artillery is the Report of the Artillery in vol. v. of the Official Records, pp. 1029–1032:

- Kemper's battery, Virginia, to Bonham's brigade.
- Jeff. Davis Artillery, Alabama, Captain Boudrant, attached to Early's brigade.
- King William Artillery, Virginia, Captain Carter, to Rodes's brigade.
- Wise Artillery, Virginia, —— brigade.
- Wilcox's brigade, Thomas's artillery.
- Toomb's brigade, Blodgett's battery.
- Ewell's brigade, Loudoun Artillery, Virginia, Captain Rogers.
- Dr. R. Jones's brigade, Fauquier Artillery, Virginia, Captain Stribling.
- —— brigade, Latham's artillery, Virginia.
- Elzy's brigade, Baltimore Light Artillery, Maryland.
- Trimble's brigade, Courtney's artillery, Virginia.
- Taylor's brigade, Bowyer's artillery, Virginia.
- —— brigade, Staunton Artillery, Virginia.
- Wigfall's brigade, detachment Reilly's artillery, North Carolina; Rives's battery, South Carolina.
- Griffith's brigade, detachment Richmond howitzers.
RESERVE ARTILLERY.

(Colonel Pendleton commanding.)

Ashland Artillery, Virginia, Captain Woolfolk.
Cocke's battery (Fluvanna Artillery), Virginia, Captain Ancell.
Morris Artillery, Virginia, Captain Coleman.
Sumter Artillery, South Carolina, Captain Cutts.
Powhatan Artillery, Virginia, Captain Dance.
Hamilton's battery, Georgia.
Holman's battery, Virginia.
Amherst Artillery, Virginia, Captain Kirkpatrick.
Lane's battery, Georgia.

(Major Walton commanding.)

Washington Light Artillery Battalion, Louisiana.
French's brigade, Braxton's battery, Maryland Flying Artillery.
General Garnett's brigade, Rockbridge Battery, Captain McLaughlin.
Heavy batteries at Manassas, Acquia and Potomac Creeks; Cooke's battery, Brooke's Station.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WINTER AT CENTREVILLE—OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The beginning of 1862 found Johnston's army lying in the mud around Centreville watching and waiting for some movement on McClellan's part. As the weeks went on and he did not advance, his intention to approach Richmond by some shorter and less fatiguing route passed from conjecture into certainty, though as yet nothing indicated whether he would move by Fredericksburg, the York or the James River. This season of inactivity and suspense was full of weariness to the soldiers and of anxiety and effort on the part of the generals.

In his particular department Colonel Pendleton was busy in looking after the welfare and efficiency of the artillery and caring for the moral good as well as the physical comfort of the men under his charge. During the month of January he had the happiness of having his wife with him, in a private house near Centreville. Mrs. Pendleton was accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Page. So rare was the sight of a woman that when the two ladies, with their negro maid, stepped out of the cars at Manassas an Irishman near by exclaimed, "Lord! if there ain't
a woman; and there's another! and, oh, Lord! if there ain't a nigger woman, too!" While Mrs. Pendleton remained at Centreville all the home correspondence devolved upon her. One of the events of her visit was a day spent in camp and a dinner given at artillery head-quarters. Of this she wrote,—

"Yesterday Betsey and I set off as soon as we could after breakfast and walked on the slightly-frozen ground to your papa's camp. Mr. Cameron on foot and Captain Cummings on horseback were our esquires. We went across to the Warrenton pike, getting over the fields in our way without wetting our feet. After a short walk on the pike we found a stream so wide and mud so deep that we hesitated to attempt to cross it. Just then a wagon drove up, and we got in. It was one belonging to Radford's regiment, going on picket. We rode till it was time to go in from the turnpike; the cabins are not more than one hundred and fifty yards from it. The driver was from Botetourt; I gave him a pair of nice socks, which I had in my bag, and Betsey gave him a handkerchief. He seemed much pleased; said he should stay in the army as long as it was possible to do anything against the Yankees. This, I trust, will be found to be the spirit of all the men when the time for re-enlistment comes. We had your papa's cabin cleaned out, and laid down the pieces of carpet which your aunt brought, and made it quite comfortable. The dinner was in Lieutenant Barnwell's cabin, and as nice a meat dinner as you need see; for vegetables we had only dried apples I brought from home and rice. We had fourteen persons to dinner." . . .

Early in February, Colonel Pendleton, writing to Bishop Meade with regard to securing a permanent supply for his church in Lexington, said of the state of things round Centreville,—

"Everything is very quiet here. We are literally fast bound in mud. This soil is terrible for motion in seasons like the present. Our winter-quarters generally comfortable, so that the sickness is less than might be expected. Our church at Centreville had to be reopened as a hospital for the men wounded at
Dranesville, and has been since necessarily closed as a place of worship. I am having built in my own camp a rude chapel, sixty feet by twenty-five. Though only one-quarter of the roof is on, we had service there yesterday,—the floor lifting us out of the mud, and the sides keeping out some wind. It was a great privilege, as the two previous Sundays had been such I could not have service at the door of my own cabin, where the men had stood some Sundays before. Getting food and forage over the roads is immense labor now. Yet we have hitherto obtained supplies as needed."

To his son, still later,—

"The reason of my allowing so long a time to pass without writing to you is, a multitude of official details have crowded upon me within the past two or three weeks. Of these, part related to the re-enlistment and part grew out of certain reports respecting the artillery force of this army, which General Johnston requested me to prepare under a call upon him from the War Department.* One of these reports was of a rather delicate character,—viz., as to the relative merit, in my estimation, of the artillery officers of this army. Being called upon for this, I could not hesitate about it. Yet I would not voluntarily have presented anything so unavoidably invidious, and even under official request I could not but submit it with deference and caution, making it as confidential as possible. Such data look, I suppose, towards certain promotions in the artillery, provided for by a recent act of our Congress. You ask about something of that kind for myself. I know little more than you do. Bledsoe wrote me that was one object of the act. I am little concerned on the subject. If best, it will come in time, no doubt.

"My mind has been much more anxious about public affairs than about private claims the past week or two. These successes of the enemy † will probably give us a great deal of trouble, not so much because of their direct as of their indirect bearing. . . . Still, how the whole is to work we do not know. This, though,

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* See p. 178.
† In Kentucky, at Forts Henry and Donelson, and Roanoke Island.
we are certified beyond all peradventure: our cause is as just as ever, and as righteous as ever summoned men to a life-and-death struggle. So that the straightforward path of duty is perfectly plain."

Early in March it became certain that McClellan was preparing for a forward movement, either by Fredericksburg or the Peninsula.

Looking to such an emergency, the line of the Rappahannock River had been fortified by General Johnston's orders, so as to furnish a line of defence, when he was obliged to draw his army back. That the time had now come for such a movement could no longer be questioned, and all departments of the army were ordered to reduce baggage, and be ready to march at speedy notice. For the better mobilizing of the army, Colonel Pendleton and his reserve corps was ordered to report temporarily to General G. W. Smith, so as to move with his command. General Johnston informed him at the same time that there was no intention to place him, except for a brief period, under any of his subordinate commanders.

On the morning of March 8 the division of General Smith, with the reserve artillery, moved by the turnpike towards Warrenton. Four days later, March 12, Colonel Pendleton wrote to his wife,—

"Camp in the Woods, Eight Miles from Culpeper Court-House,
March 12, Wednesday morning, seven A.M.

"... We broke up at our cabins on Saturday morning, but did not really set out on our march until Sunday morning. Then, instead of the happy Communion Sabbath I had hoped, we moved off on the turnpike towards Gainesville, thence to Warrenton. And all hands arrived there by ten P.M. I had all arrangements made for forage, adjusted all the artillery, had guards posted, made the men comfortable, and then went in to Mr. Barten's.* They were exceedingly kind, gave us a good supper, and afterwards a most delightful bed. Monday morning it was quite rainy, but after a very early breakfast I sallied out,

* The Episcopal rector in Warrenton.
and got all things ready for an early start. By eight we were off towards Culpeper Court-House. The troops with us were General G. W. Smith's division and General Longstreet's, with several regiments of cavalry. At Warrenton General Longstreet branched off for Culpeper Court-House, whither, as the first point of rendezvous, we are all bound. General Hill had left Leesburg two days before, and is also en route to join us via Warrenton. Jackson takes the track towards Staunton or comes this way, I don't know which. Monday we made only eight miles, coming by the Fauquier Warm Sulphur Springs,—the delay occurred at a weak bridge across the north branch of the Rappahannock. General Smith feared it would not bear our artillery. My judgment was different. I believed it strong enough. We tried it, and got over safely, but with the loss of several hours.

"Yesterday morning we started again, and reached here safely, some ten miles, about sunset. The roads, of course, very muddy and trying our teams very much. Still, we have made good progress. Last night I slept in camp as snug and comfortable as possible. . . . It is possible the enemy may after a while press down the valley. If they should threaten Lexington, it may be well for you to take the family via Lynchburg to Hanover. . . . We are all in fine spirits. My health was never better, although when I set out I had a bad headache. Rumor reaches me of my promotion; Major Walton, of the Washington Artillery, also being said to have received the same. If the latter is true I am glad, because there is some jealousy on the part of those extreme Southerners. . . . I find spiritual communion with heaven very possible and very precious amid these active scenes."

From Orange Court-House, still farther back, he wrote on March 18,—

". . . I had hoped to worship with them at Culpeper and preach for Mr. Cole on Sunday, but orders came for a march early that morning, so we had to put off through the mud, and a weary way we had. Still, on the whole, we got on pretty well.
Slaughter* met me on the road, accompanied me to the spot selected for our camp that night, and, after I had arranged everything for the comfort of men and horses, took me to his house, three-quarters of a mile distant. By daylight he came into my room to report 'bad news.' My horse had been stolen out of his stable by some marauding soldiers. He lent me one. I rode to camp, got one from a battery, and proceeded on the march. About noon Dr. Perrin, riding ahead, saw the horse in the service of three or four soldiers, who had packed on it their knapsacks, etc. Of course they gave up the animal and will be duly punished. I will try to have it as gentle a penalty as may consist with discipline."

Johnston's army lay around Orange Court-House for two weeks. The rest was good for men and horses, preparing them for the toilsome marches before them.

Colonel Pendleton's letters at this time are full of interest, speaking not only of military matters, but of other subjects more personal and private. After the news of Kernstown he wrote,—

"... Thank God for the safety of Sandie and Edwin Lee and others of our dear ones in the late fight under Jackson. They seem to have made a most effective fight. The Yankees suffered much. I should be better satisfied if Jackson had a larger force, but he will give a good account of himself in any event. ... You ask what I think of the safety of Lexington. At present it seems to me as secure as any spot in the State. By and by something may turn up to render it otherwise. But I do not anticipate any danger of the enemy getting so far into the State at this time."

A letter from Rev. Dr. Minnegerode, of St. Paul's, Richmond, written at this time, informed Colonel Pendleton of Bishop Meade's extreme illness:

"Bishop Meade is very sick: it will grieve you to hear this. He has a wretched cold and deep-seated cough and looks very

* Rev. Dr. Philip Slaughter.
feeble, with bad nights, loss of appetite, etc. His lion's heart
keeps him up, and his interest in our great contest. He is
anxious to hear about his grandson, and wants you to write to
him at once."

Immediately after this came the tidings of the bishop's death
in Richmond. Of this—a real personal sorrow to him—Colonel
Pendleton wrote to his wife,—

"... And dear, dear Bishop Meade has been taken to his
great reward! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the grace granted
him, and for the bright example he has left us. Our dear State
and country are called to suffer, and will probably have to suffer
more deeply still. But precious is the privilege vouchsafed
them of numbering among their citizens such characters as
Bishop Meade. The world has rarely produced his equal.
Take him for all in all, I have never seen and expect never to
see his like. Though I feel it to the bottom of my heart, I do
not misgive the precious cause of Christ he so lived to advance,
nor the cause of our imperilled country he so loyally cherished.

"Perhaps I ought not to say so strongly I have no misgiving
about the country. Threatened as we are, and with such enor-
mous odds against us, I cannot help seeing that if the Lord help
us not mightily we are in great danger of being put under the
yoke by Yankee taskmasters. ... Disaster seems crowding upon
us on all sides. Nothing, however, decisive has yet appeared, and
we may well trust in God and nerve ourselves to the closer contest
that is coming. Vigor in our authorities and fidelity on the part
of our people may yet be blessed to the establishment of our
birthright of independence. You all at home and we in the
field must cast our care upon Him who careth for us. ... I
have to-night read the last Southern Churchman. It will tell you
all about dear Bishop Meade. What a true, faithful, blessed man
he was! Great by nature, good by grace, and with them com-
bined wonderful. I hardly know whether I most grieve or re-
joice over him. Perhaps the predominant feeling is gratitude
for all that he was and all that he did. I feel some sadness that
I could not be with him; that my present obligations seemed to
cut me off from the special Christian Communion at his grave,
etc. But his own expressions even at the last seem to sanction, as they had done before, my peculiar position in this great struggle. How thankful I am it was allowed me to be thrown into intimate relations with him, to catch, as I trust, something of his spirit and to receive some impress from his strong and holy character! . . . I have to-night written to Aunt Judy, and having ridden thirty miles to-day, and having to get up and go to camp early in the morning, it may not be prudent for me to sit up much longer. Heaven favoring us with a few days of sunshine, our roads will be much better. Work away at the garden, my love. That was a noble trait of the dear bishop to the last, to go on with usual matters as if there were to be no great change. . . . My staff yesterday made me a present of a very fine horse. I am really much obliged to them. I had some days ago offered two hundred and fifty dollars for a horse, but could not get it. They found another of excellent gait and well conditioned, which they yesterday bought and presented to me. The kind regard thus evinced claims my gratitude to God as well as to them."

From Louisa Court-House, April 11, he wrote,—

". . . On Sunday afternoon last we were suddenly ordered to march towards Fredericksburg. I had preached that morning to my own command in the open air, the day being delightful. That night my batteries were on the road all night. I got shelter and rest on a sofa for some three hours; by daylight we moved on, and by three in the afternoon, after making some fifteen miles, were halted, it being found that the report of the enemy in force in that direction was incorrect. It had at that hour begun to rain,—a cold, sleety rain,—and we had to bivouac without tents for the men, and pass the night in a most uncomfortable fix. Next morning, in a pouring rain, we were ordered to retrace our steps. I was in the storm all day without covering save my old great-coat, but it kept me dry, immense as was the fall of water. Some miles below Orange Court-House we were ordered to turn aside towards this place, and after a dreadful day's march through mud, and across swollen streams and gullied hills, we stopped for the night, again under pouring rain
and without shelter. A greater difficulty than all being to get provender for our seven hundred and fifty horses. Still, by great energy we got on pretty well. The next morning, Wednesday, we started again in, if possible, a worse rain, and pressed along through perhaps the worst roads I ever had to travel. Yesterday, by dint of untiring energy, we reached this point at two o'clock.

"I found here two things to mention: first, a telegram from General Lee directing me to march my command to Richmond at once, and there get orders; and, second, a commission for me as 'Brigadier-General of Artillery,' dated March 26. So that is now my strange title. It is very far from elating me. I feel deeply the responsibility, and can only ask grace, wisdom, and strength to serve the country according to God's will, and for His glory, in so important a sphere.

"I thought it best, and General Longstreet, who is also on the march for Richmond, concurred in the view, to let my men and horses have a day's rest to-day. To-morrow (D. V.) we start early on the next laborious march, for the roads are terrible. We go expecting the great conflict where McClellan seems to intend it, either in the Peninsula or in North Carolina. Write to me in Richmond to General Lee's care. I have not heard for a long time, but trust you all to the gracious keeping of God. His peace is much with me. Write to Sandie for me,—I don't know where to direct. May the Almighty shield him!"

The commission as brigadier-general was sent to Colonel Pendleton with the following autograph note from General Longstreet:

"LOUISA COURT-HOUSE, April 10, 1862.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I hoped to find you at my room on my return, that I might have the pleasure to hand you the enclosed commission as brigadier-general. Allow me to congratulante you, and wish you great good fortune and success."

On the same day, April 10, Sandie Pendleton wrote to his father from Rude's, near Mount Jackson, Shenandoah County:
"My beloved Father,—The work of the day is over, and I can put off no longer,—allow me, my dear sir, to take your hand, and with a hearty, affectionate, filial shake, to congratulate you on your brigadier's commission. I am all the more pleased at being able to do this because of the certainty that no honor which has been conferred by the President has been better deserved or will be more prized, and the knowledge that whatever duties the new position may impose, they will all be faithfully discharged. And I assure you that the announcement has been received by all here with the liveliest satisfaction. General Jackson desired me to give you his most cordial congratulations and love. . . . You have heard all about our fight at Kernstown from the press and my letters to mamma. It was made, General Jackson says, under orders to keep Banks from moving over the Ridge, and bring back any force that might have gone. And we accomplished it, for the whole force is before us now, at Edinburg, six miles below here, and has been for ten days. Our army is increasing rapidly, and is in fine spirits.

"We have just gotten yesterday's papers, and while rejoicing over our victory are saddened and solemnized by the death of the great and good A. S. Johnston. And are all in raptures over President Davis's message. How nobly he stands forth in that paper,—the Christian, the patriot, the friend! May God grant us success elsewhere!"

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LETTER OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR TO GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON RELATING TO PROMOTIONS IN THE ARTILLERY SERVICE.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, JANUARY 27, 1862.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
Commanding Department of Northern Virginia, Centreville, Virginia.

SIR,—Congress has provided by law for the appointment of field-officers of artillery in the provisional army in proportion to the number of guns in each command. You are respectfully requested to report as early as convenient the number of guns in each of the three armies under your command, and a list of the artillery officers in each army in the order of their merit, so as to assist the President in doing justice to your meritorious subordinates by proper promotion. It would be agreeable to us to have a like list prepared separately by the commanders of each of the three armies in relation
to the officers under his command, so as to compare the estimates made of their respective merits, and thus increase the probability of doing exact justice to all.

Your obedient servant,

J. P. Benjamin,
Secretary of War.

Act of Confederate Congress referred to above:

AN ACT
To Authorize the Appointment of Officers of Artillery in the Provisional Army and Volunteer Corps.

The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That the President be, and is hereby authorized to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of Congress, in the provisional army and in the volunteer corps, officers of artillery, above the rank of captain, without reference to the number of batteries under the actual command of the officers so appointed, not to exceed in number, however, one brigadier-general for every eighty guns, one colonel for forty guns, one lieutenant-colonel for every twenty-four guns, and one major for every sixteen guns.

Approved January 22, 1862.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TO THE PENINSULA AND BACK AGAIN.

From the neighborhood of Richmond General Pendleton wrote on the 15th of April. The march from Louisa Court-House had taken him directly by the “Rugswamp” gate, and very near many of his friends and relatives; but under the imperative orders to come with all speed to Richmond, he did not feel himself at liberty to diverge from the direct road, even to visit his old aunt, Mrs. Judith Nelson,—then upwards of eighty years old,—at her hospitable home, “Oakland,” in Hanover County.

“My letter from Louisa Court-House will, I hope, have reached you and informed you of our march this way. . . . By two, Sunday, we reached our camping-ground, some six miles from Richmond, on the Brook turnpike, and Mr. John Stewart most kindly tendered to my staff and myself the hospitalities of his house. Yesterday morning we rode into the city, and I saw

Generals Lee, Johnston, etc., but received no orders, so we remain for the present. I hope to get a letter from you to-day. It will be a precious treat. I have not heard for about a fortnight. But that I trust you all to the goodness of our Heavenly Father I should be anxious. . . . Met Dr. Minnegerode on the street yesterday. He is to have service at twelve to-day, and asked me to preach for him. I promised, and will do the best I can, though having no adequate time for preparation. . . . You wish to know the state of my mind in prospect of the bloody conflict impending. Of course I feel the hazard, but have very little shrinking. God can cover my head as He has done before. If He sees fit to have my days cut short and your hearts smitten by such an affliction, He can make it work for good to us all, and will, I am persuaded. . . . About yourselves: in case of a great reverse to our arms, rendering any residence in Virginia insecure, I would say, remain at home as long as it seems reasonably safe. If you find the judicious and strong-hearted around you becoming satisfied that Lexington is an unsafe abode, get to Lynchburg, and then over to Danville in the best way that you can. From there it would be practicable to find a safe nook somewhere in the mountains of North Carolina. I hope to be able to send you some two hundred dollars or more by the end of the month. All this to meet a contingency; I don't expect any such result. Keep a stout heart, trusting in God."

On the corner of this letter is written in pencil,—

"We march down to the Peninsula to-morrow."

The details of the march to Yorktown are simply the monotonous trudging day after day through mud and sand, till men and beasts were wearied out. Once opposite McClellan, the soldiers had a brief resting spell, while the anxieties and responsibilities of the generals became daily more oppressive. General Pendleton's letters again give graphic accounts of the state of military affairs:

"Artillery Camp, near Lebanon Church, April 23, 1862.

". . . Under request from General Johnston, I visited York yesterday for the purpose of judging what artillery arrangements
should be made there, in addition to those already provided. General Hill, formerly of Washington College, is in command there. My instructions were to confer with him and learn his views as well as form my own. We went together round the works, and examined the locality in general. It is wholly changed from what you knew in childhood: cut all to pieces with ditches, embankments, rifle-pits, etc., etc., and with heavy cannon bristling all over,—the old redoubts, etc., almost entirely obliterated. The old house* still stands,—used as hospital for the post. This morning I am going again to General Johnston, whose head-quarters are about a mile from my camp, to report the result of my observations yesterday, and afterwards shall visit some other parts of our line to see what else may be done in my department. As a general thing, there is little or no opportunity for artillery in this region. Still, we must look out for what we can do in an emergency."

A week later he wrote again,—

"... It looks very much as if we should have to get back nearer to Richmond before having any chance of a land battle. On the water, or anywhere near enough to it to give scope to their heavily-armed vessels, we have no way of meeting them on terms that admit of success to us. Their large rifle-cannon so far out-shoot anything we have, at least in sufficient abundance, that we cannot reply to them with any effect. Some of the vessels off Yorktown throw cannon-bolts of near one hundred pounds between three and four miles, whereas our best rifle-cannon cannot reach them at three miles. We had a rumor yesterday that Jackson uniting with Ewell had fallen on Banks and beaten him badly. I trust it is so. Though about our dear ones there I feel a good deal of anxiety. ... My health is perfectly good. Our fare very slim, but enough to keep up strength. ... By the way, I had service on Sunday afternoon,—a good congregation and a delightful time. Good was, I trust, done."

Not only was McClellan's army greatly in excess of General Johnston's, and his artillery far superior in weight and range, but

* General Nelson's house, Mrs. Pendleton's birthplace.
it became evident that, taking advantage of the water communication under his control, he intended moving up York River and attacking Richmond from the direction of West Point. General Johnston was therefore under the necessity of withdrawing his forces with all haste from the Peninsula to mass them near Richmond.

On the 3d of May the retrograde movement began. On the 4th McClellan telegraphed to Secretary Stanton, "Yorktown is in our possession." It was impossible for the Confederates to remove the heavy guns from the defences at York, and they fell into the enemy's hands. A sharp skirmish took place between the Federal cavalry and Johnston's rear on the afternoon of the 4th. This was followed by a considerable fight on the 5th, at Williamsburg, between the Confederate rear-guard under Major-General Longstreet and the division of the Federals under General Hancock. Of this action General Johnston says, "We fought for no other purpose than to hold the ground long enough to enable our baggage-trains to get out of the way of the troops. This object was accomplished without difficulty."*

Of the movement of the army and the fight at Williamsburg, General Pendleton wrote,—

"FOUR MILES FROM NEW KENT COURT-HOUSE,
TOWARDS RICHMOND, MAY 8.

". . . Friday we began to fall back, a general evacuation of that line being determined on,—very wisely, as I think. I was sent to Williamsburg with my command, and reached there by sunset that day. We were to have moved on for New Kent Court-House next morning, but unlooked-for delays occurred in some movements, so that the general operation by the army was deferred till Friday night, and we remained in Williamsburg all day Saturday. Sunday morning General Johnston reached there, and most of the troops were on the way. He therefore directed me to proceed some twelve or fourteen miles. I did so, and by the evening, when we encamped at Hickory Neck church, we heard that the enemy had come upon the rear-guard left in Williamsburg, and had been gallantly repulsed. Monday morning

a division of the army reached me, and again under orders I
moved on through a drenching rain and terrible roads, reaching
a little place called Barhamsville. There we learned of a fight
again, all day Monday, between a pretty strong force of ours
under General Longstreet and a large body of the enemy at
Williamsburg,—the enemy being again driven off, and losing to us
some ten pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners. Our
own loss, too, was heavy. Williams Wickham was painfully, we
hope not fatally, wounded. Of course General Johnston that
night carried on his plan of withdrawing his forces. And, as the
roads did not admit of hauling the wounded, he was obliged to
leave most of them in Williamsburg.

"This the enemy will claim as a victory, but it was a real and
important success on our part. Tuesday we remained at Bar-
hamsville awaiting the coming up of the troops, as it was not safe
to have them far apart, and we found the Yankees were landing
some four miles from us on York River. Yesterday the troops
were so far up that we were ordered on to New Kent Court-
House,—a division going towards the river to attack the Yankee
force there. We heard the firing as we marched. It was only a
skirmish. The Yankees ran back under the shelter of their
gunboats: some fifty prisoners taken and a number of them
also killed. Our loss trifling. I did not lie down till one, but
rested sweetly on my camp-bed. To-day we have gotten this
far, and now most of the army is up. We hear that the Yankees
are pressing close on." . . .

"Near Chickahominy, May 10.

". . . We have been striving to get out of the Peninsula trap,
and have so far succeeded. All the army is near here." . . .

"May 12.

". . . I trust my letters reach you more regularly than yours
do me. None from home of later date than April 26. I fear it
is owing to hinderance on the mail line towards Staunton;
though, thank God, Jackson has been favored with a victory
beyond the valley, which will, I hope, compel the Yankee force
between Staunton and Winchester to take the back track. For
ourselves, we are all the time under arms expecting a battle.
But thus far, as to the army in general, the fight comes not.
The affairs which have occurred between portions of it and various bodies of McClellan's host have resulted in defeat to the latter, and must, I suppose, tend to depress the spirit of his troops. ... Day before yesterday I was requested to march from my camp near Chickahominy bridge, a few miles down, so as to be within supporting distance where a fight might take place. We accordingly came to this point, and kept line-of-battle order all that afternoon, the enemy being understood to be advancing. Nothing, however, came of it. We lodged quietly that night and kept the Sabbath rest yesterday. I had, moreover, the privilege of preaching at eleven to the largest congregation beyond comparison I ever addressed,—perhaps the largest I ever saw,—on the fact mentioned in Acts v., near the close, that the apostles, when beaten, etc., 'rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ.' I never saw a more attentive congregation. The Lord was with us, I trust, and the services not in vain. The day passed happily, and was closed by a sort of family worship for my staff. ... Dear Sandie and Edwin Lee I have not mentioned in connection with Jackson's late fight, but from the published lists of killed and wounded I am encouraged to hope they are both uninjured, and for this my thanks have gone up to heaven. John is promoted,—made major. I have asked for his late place for W'm Meade."

"Near Richmond, May 25, 1862.

"... Rainy and disagreeable as it was yesterday, I had to be out most of the day substituting my own energy for somebody else's that ought to have been exercised in getting ready for action the redoubts around Richmond. These are very well made and strong, but they are not ready, needing a good deal of work in adjusting platforms, mounting guns, etc. Generals Johnston and Smith asked me to take the supervision, because, as they said, I have the energetic industry requisite. You ask about my duties as brigadier-general of artillery. Besides all I had as colonel, I have now general responsibilities as the chief artillery officer of the Confederacy. This matter of the redoubts is an instance; then there are questions from the whole artillery referred to me, so that I have pretty full employment. ... Nine
more batteries have reported to me, so that I have now nineteen with some eighty-odd guns. They will make some noise in a battle if nothing more. Things look towards a great fight in a day or two."

The battle of Seven Pines was fought May 31. A heavy rain the day before had flooded the Chickahominy and its tributaries, and turned the country around into a marsh. This rendered the moving and marching difficult; but had General Johnston's plan of action been promptly carried out, the Federal force south of the Chickahominy might have been destroyed before additional troops could have been brought to it across the swollen streams. Unexpected delays, however, in the attack gave time for the bringing over of reinforcements and rendered the engagement indecisive. General Johnston was wounded and disabled late in the evening of the 31st. Fighting was renewed the next morning, June 1, but with no definite result, and both armies claimed the victory. Of this battle General Pendleton wrote, June 3,—

"... Two days ago we had a hopeful prospect of dealing the Yankee invaders here a heavy blow, but it proved less stunning than we intended. The flood in the Chickahominy was not great enough to prevent their crossing pretty freely. ... The success, however, was very decided. Several batteries were captured, as were many stores in the camp from which the enemy was expelled. I had no part in the affair beyond some general arrangements for the artillery. And, in fact, such is the character of the ground through the greater part of the circuit about Richmond that field-artillery promises very little. This constitutes a very serious impediment in our way. For while the Yankees creep up along the York River Railroad a yard or two at a time, and plant heavy guns in position so as to bang away at our troops, we cannot fairly operate against them with our movable field-pieces. ... In the conflict the other day we lost several good officers. Indeed, our men suffered, I fear, more than the Yankees,—the reason being that we charged their works and drove them out. Nothing important was gained by us. General Johnston received a wound, which disables him for the present, and General Lee is in command."
MEMOIRS OF

It was not until after Seven Pines that General Pendleton had leisure to fill up his staff as brigadier-general. His nephew, Dudley D. Pendleton, became his adjutant-general, and George Peterkin,* son of a beloved clerical brother, his aide-de-camp. His original quartermasters, commissary, ordnance, and medical officers, Major John Page, Captain William Meade, Major B. L. Wolfe, Major John G. Barnwell, and Dr. I. Randolph Page, were retained. To these were added as inspector Edward P. Dandridge, and two volunteer aides, Charles Hatcher, of Richmond, and Thomas M. Randolph, of Clarke County, Virginia.

Writing to Mr. Peterkin—at the time a private in Company "F"—from Richmond of his appointment, General Pendleton says,—

"There has been some hard fighting here, and we expect a great deal more. McClellan wants to creep up inch by inch with spade and big gun. We must try to foil him, but the problem is difficult. God will, I trust, help and deliver us. He has blessed General Jackson and his army."

The spring of 1862 had been a season of anxiety and apprehension to General Pendleton's family in Lexington. War, with its dangers, alarms, and privations, was still too new for the household, composed of women and children, to have learned thoroughly the patient fortitude and brave submission which afterwards characterized the women of the South. Not to be cut off from their dear ones in the army and left in the hands of the invaders was then the dominant purpose. When Jackson, in April, turned aside from the Federal front, and marching eastward, encamped his forces in Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge, the whole Shenandoah Valley was stricken with sudden panic. Fugitives from Staunton carried the report to Lexington that the whole region was abandoned by the Confederates, and that the Yankees were pressing forward to occupy it. Mrs. Pendleton decided to take her family to Lynchburg with all speed, and thence in whatever direction might seem best. While the younger ones packed up for removal, she and her daughter, Mrs. Lee,

* Bishop of West Virginia.
went hither and thither in the pouring rain seeking means of transportation. The heavy and incessant rains had swollen James River and broken the canal, the only regular route of travel. The roads were almost impassable, and the owners of stages, wagons, and carriages refused to send away their horses and vehicles when no one knew what tidings the next hour might bring. Compelled thus to await as best they might the coming of the enemy, or the relief of their fears, all thought of leaving their home was relinquished, and never again entertained during the war. Instead of this, the parsonage became a haven of safety and rest to many a weary refugee and wounded soldier.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
DEFENCE OF RICHMOND—SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.

The weeks succeeding the severe check of his advance in the battle of Seven Pines were employed by McClellan in erecting powerful earthworks and planting heavy guns to protect the cautious approach of his army to the immediate vicinity of Richmond. This gave General Lee time to increase and strengthen the very inadequate defences of the city and to bring all available reinforcements to his army for the impending struggle. June 2, the day after taking command, General Lee sent for General Pendleton and requested him to continue chief of artillery, and to make every effort to bring that arm of the service up to the fullest possible efficiency.* Of the impression made by his old comrade upon him, and of the increased activity in the preparations to meet and foil the Federal designs upon Richmond, General Pendleton wrote,—

"June 4, 1862.

"I liked very much General Lee's tone and bearing in the conference I had with him evening before last. His head seems clear and his heart strong. Few men have ever borne a greater weight than that which now rests upon his shoulders. Of course

* See p. 198.
we must contemplate the possibility of our eventually failing in the difficult task here. It may not prove practicable for our army to accomplish the double object of protecting Richmond and beating McClellan. If this be concluded, and we have to make choice between giving up Richmond and giving McClellan great advantage over us, perhaps it may be the dictate of wisdom to give up the capital for a while, that we may secure a good chance for whipping the Yankee army and striking some other heavy blows. You must not, therefore, lose heart should anything of this kind happen. I have not the slightest intimation that it is meditated by anybody; it is the suggestion of my own mind. Looking at the conditions of the case as I do, I cannot close my eyes to the possibilities.

"All day yesterday I was in the saddle—from seven A.M. to six P.M.—reconnoitring the country and seeing what arrangements could be made for artillery operations. I have divided my corps into three battalions,—one under Colonel Cutts, another under Major Richardson, and the third under Major William Nelson,* of Oakland. They are camped at different places and I supervise them all. Besides this, I have still a good deal to do superintending the armament of the fortifications and conferring with the chief artillery officers of the several divisions of the army respecting the adjustments of their several commands."

"June 6.

"Our own movements and those of the enemy here are to a great extent hindered by the extreme wet. More water on the earth I have hardly ever seen than now, and the soil around Richmond is of a character rendered peculiarly miry after such rains. Horses and riders are often in danger of becoming involved in some slough beyond extrication in the fields and swamps all around the city, and as for carriages of any kind, only here and there can they get along. Artillery is with difficulty moved at all, and by no possibility can it be manœuvred to any extent on a battle-field anywhere near. Still, more or less firing goes on every day between some batteries the enemy have in position and certain of ours also placed where they may occasionally pop at the enemy. In this sort of random skirmishing I take no part.

* His cousin, school-mate, and beloved friend.
My work is superintending such preparations of the general artillery force as may make it most effective in an extended fight and commanding my own reserve corps. I am under more than usual anxiety for our gallant general and army near Winchester, and for our dear ones with them. Their exploits have really been glorious. With breathless eagerness shall I await the next tidings from them. . . .

"Your mamma's letter of June 1, with Sandie's of the 26th ult., have reached me. What a happiness it would be to me to be permitted, without anxiety, to taste the sweets of my own dear home! Everything there—in house, yard, and garden—is, I well know, delightful. In thought, however, I can enjoy it, even though denied the privilege of personal presence."

"June 11.

"You know, I suppose, much more of Jackson's continued successes against Fremont, Shields, etc., than I do. I almost dread to hear lest grief should come with the particulars of victory. Still, look up and commit all to infinite wisdom and goodness. . . . Everything is getting enormously high in Richmond,—bacon sixty cents a pound! butter from one dollar to three dollars a pound! etc. If we don't fight soon the people will have to decamp for subsistence. The army seems to be pretty well fed. . . . On Sunday I had service three several times,—at nine, with Cutts's battalion of my corps, near my head-quarters; at half-past ten, with William Nelson's, more than a mile north of this; at twelve, with Major Richardson's, a mile and a half west of William Nelson's. How about our church in Lexington? Any chance for services at any time? How I would delight to discharge my proper duties there again! And how I long for you, and home, and all there!"

"June 17, 1862.

"Early this Tuesday morning I write, after having finished my devotions, but before the rest are ready for breakfast. Three of your letters have reached me. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the comforts you still enjoy. Dear Sandie and Edwin Lee and Everard Meade and Mr. Allen are also safe thus far through all the conflicts. Sandie, I learned last night, had a narrow escape in one of the battles, a shell passing so close as to
stun him for a few moments. This should remind us more distinctly of the exposure and the special protection. . . . You ask me to tell you all I do. This is scarcely possible where there are so many things to be attended to. I rise very near sunrise, having first spent a good long while in silent meditation and prayer in bed. I then dress as quickly as possible, fix my bed, and arrange such little personal matters for the day; then read my psalms and chapters. and by that time breakfast is ready. Immediately after, I sign side-leaves, discharges, passes, etc., and issue such orders as are then needed for the day. Such duties being attended to, I ride in some direction, seeing that the batteries are rightly adjusted or calling to confer with some one or other of the generals about matters pertaining to my special service. After dinner one kind of business, then another, claims attention, and so night finds me pretty tired. Soon after nine I have prayers, and we all get to bed and are asleep in a marvelously short time. I have a nice military family,—not very small.

"On Saturday, as William Nelson had some of my batteries on picket duty in the extreme front, I rode there and went to the outer verge, where we could see the Yankees close by and in full view. They might have shot at us twenty times, but somehow there was no firing. I wanted the men to feel that I would not put them where I was not willing to go myself. Sunday I preached to Colonel Cutts's battalion at nine, and then rode into town and preached for Peterkin. Good was, I trust, done. In the afternoon I was to hold service with Lieutenant-Colonel Coleman's command, but a rain prevented. . . . The people in Richmond seem to feel nearly as safe as if the Yankee army were a thousand miles away. A good deal of this quiet and sense of security results from the spirited actions and brilliant successes of General Jackson and his little army."

"June 19.

" . . . The tedious duty to which I referred just now was inspecting a number of heavy-artillery companies in the different redoubts around Richmond, to ascertain which of them ought to be retained in commission and which broken up, their officers reduced to the ranks, and their men distributed among other companies. The Secretary of War requested me to preside in the needful but thankless work, and I have been at it all day.
To-morrow I have to be engaged in a similar duty with some raw light-artillery companies. If I can break up four or five of these light-artillery companies, men enough will be distributable to fill up most of the veteran companies whose ranks have been thinned by the severities of long and arduous service. . . . It is now, my daughter, five o'clock in the morning. I am refreshed with sleep and have spent a good while—ever since early dawn—in meditation and prayer. Instead of getting up to write, I prefer for this time sitting up in my camp-cot and finishing my letter. . . . I had a laborious day yesterday. After needful public duty in the early morning, I held service and preached to a part of my command, half a mile off, from nine to half-past ten; congregation large and attentive. That service over, I rode to the Old Church, on Church Hill, and preached for Dr. Norwood. There, too, freedom was given me, and the people were very attentive. After dinner I rode to William Nelson's camp and officiated for that battalion, bringing the day to near sunset. Hardly anybody in the State preached to more people than it was my privilege to do. It is good for me,—I trust it is for others,—for me thus to exercise my sacred calling while occupying this strange position. Soldiers come to hear me much more freely than they seem to do the chaplains.

"Sandie has been promoted by General Jackson's special request; is now a captain. He has been an extravagant dog about his horses. He must try and take better care. Mine has very hard service, and yet I keep him in good condition."

Meantime, General Lee's plans had been maturing for the great struggle. Jackson's rapid movements and brilliant successes against Milroy, Banks, Fremont, and Shields in the valley had so alarmed those generals and the government in Washington, that any intention to send them to the aid of McClellan was abandoned. McDowell, also, instead of being sent from Fredericksburg to reinforce the Federal army before Richmond, had been ordered to Front Royal to the assistance of Banks, and was kept for the protection of Washington with his troops, some at Fredericksburg, others in the valley. To increase the apprehension of Jackson's prowess and advance upon the Federal capital, Whiting's division had been sent from Richmond to
the valley, its numbers being greatly exaggerated and its movements chronicled in the Richmond papers. Arriving at Staunton and reporting to General Jackson, General Whiting was, to his surprise, ordered to return to Gordonsville. Jackson put his whole army in motion for the same point, enjoining silence and secrecy upon the whole command, as they marched to co-operate with Lee in the attack upon McClellan. General Lee's directions were that Jackson's corps should attack the enemy on his right flank at Mechanicsville by day-dawn of the 26th of June. But even Jackson's promptness and the trained activity of his men could not so speedily overcome the difficulties of the long and arduous way,—the roads blockaded by felled timber and the advance harassed by the Federal cavalry. When at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th tides had at length come of Jackson's approach, A. P. Hill crossed the Chickahominy and attacked the enemy in his intrenchments at Mechanicsville, and began the fierce series of battles which drove McClellan from one fortified position to another, and compelled him at last to take refuge under his gunboats at Harrison's Landing on James River, twenty miles below Richmond.

In this attack upon McClellan's right flank, General Lee massed the main part of his army north of the Chickahominy, leaving only a small force south of that stream to hold the defences around Richmond and protect the city against an advance of the Federal left. In this disposition of troops, Jackson, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, and D. H. Hill, on the north side of the Chickahominy, by repeated and desperate assaults, forced the Federal army from its strong fortifications at Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville, on the 26th, and from the still more formidable works at Gaines's Mill on the 27th of June, while Magruder and Huger were ordered to hold positions on the south against any assaults of the enemy on the left threatening the capture of Richmond. "Brigadier-General Pendleton was directed to employ the reserve artillery so as to resist any approach of the enemy towards Richmond, to superintend that portion of it posted to aid in the operations of the north bank, and hold the remainder ready for use when it might be required." *

During the night of the 27th the Federal forces north of the Chickahominy were withdrawn to the south side of the river, but whether with the intention of retreating to James River, or of recrossing the Chickahominy lower down and retracing the road to the Peninsula, could not at first be known. The swamps along the Chickahominy prevented the moving of troops except by the roads and bridges. These the enemy held with powerful artillery, while the fortifications in front of Magruder and Huger were kept so fully manned as to conceal the enemy's intended withdrawal of all his force towards James River. By nightfall of the 28th that intention, however, became a certainty, and on the 29th the Confederate army was all once more south of the Chickahominy, and pressed forward in pursuit of the retreating foe. The bloody battles of Savage Station and Frazier's Farm on the 29th and 30th were succeeded by the still more desperate engagement at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July.

To describe these battles in detail, to comment upon the mistakes and blunders of the several generals, to show, in the light of twenty years, how different results might have been obtained if this or that had been done, is not the purpose of these Memoirs. The part General Pendleton and the artillery had in them may be best learned from himself. His ready use of the pen, and the habit of writing in the very early morning, made letters easier to him than to most of the soldiers. On the morning of the 26th of June he wrote hurriedly to his wife,—

"We expect the great conflict here to-day. Jackson will be in the thick of it with our dear ones on the north side of the Chickahominy. My command is employed with the force on the south of the Chickahominy, checking the enemy on this side while a large force attacks him on the other; and not only defending Richmond, but pressing this part of the Yankee host as occasion allows.

"We are all trustful in God and hopeful. To Him I commit myself for time and eternity. It is possible we may not have a very severe time this side; on the other hand, we may have a desperate fight. I have had a great deal to do in preparation these few days. Will, if spared, write you fully. God be with and abundantly bless you all!"
"June 28.

"Before setting out for the duties of the day I take a moment to let you know that I am still safe and sound, and that our cause is also thus far in good condition. The contest begun about three o'clock Thursday afternoon, raged fiercely then and yesterday. The enemy, where attacked, retreating many miles, but now and then contending vigorously. Most of the fighting is on the northeast side of the Chickahominy, where my immediate duties do not lie. There is, so far as we can yet see, a fair prospect of breaking up the invading host. Jackson is, we learn, far behind them. I was out on the lines in saddle yesterday from six A.M. to ten P.M. The battle spectacle which I witnessed several miles on our left, across the river, was awfully impressive as well as greatly exciting. The President was by me witnessing the same for hours."

"Sunday, June 29, 1862,
Artillery Camp near Richmond.

"Being laid up for the day by a little fever, etc., consequent upon the immense labor and exposure through which I have passed during the past week, I can take occasion to write you a brief notice of the fact that McClellan is whipped and his whole army in full retreat. Poor Julia* is a widow. Mr. Allen was killed at his post of duty, at the head of his regiment, shot through the head. She has at least that consolation, that he suffered no lingering pain. How many other homes are left in like manner desolate! God has in mercy spared us. General Lee told me late last night that he had seen Sandie safe and sound since the terrific battle. 'A fine young man,' added the general. Mr. Lee is, I have good reason to hope, also safe. The main fight was, as I wrote you, on the northern side of the Chickahominy, my special post of duty being on the southern side. On this side we had a good deal of cannonading, and some very sharp infantry skirmishing, but no general battle. I was, however, as everybody was, exposed to cannon-shot and shells again and again. William Nelson was in several hot artillery fights on this side, and acquitted himself most handsomely, exhibiting as cool, calm gallantry as any man in the

* His niece, wife of Colonel James Allen, of the Second Virginia Infantry."
army. From a commanding position I witnessed the awfully sublime spectacle of a terrific battle about four miles off.

"In the night, night before the last, the Yankees all crossed from that side to this, and destroyed the bridges, so that yesterday and last night were full of anxious watching on our part lest McClellan in sheer despair should combine all his force against our portion of the army, in which event we might be pushed back, Richmond fall into his hands, James River be opened to his boats, and he master of the position, notwithstanding General Lee's great achievement, and before the latter could recross the swampy stream to avert the catastrophe. It was this in part which laid me up. I had to watch the artillery along all the line, make several important arrangements, etc., all of which necessitated a great deal of riding in the sun; and about dusk the President, with whom I had conversed freely about our affairs, requested me to have a confidential interview with General Lee. This called for another long and rapid ride. Then other important arrangements resulting from that interview had to be made, so that I was in the saddle until one at night. Of course I was broken down. And, besides, a dysentery just then set in, so that to-day I am pretty good for nothing. Still, the tidings brought by my aides, sent out for the purpose, and by others, that McClellan is making off with his army as fast as possible, satisfy me to be quiet. I have done my duty to the utmost in my power. No man in the service, General Lee excepted, has had more work to do, and I thank God that help has been given for its discharge thus far.

"You need not be uneasy about me. I am lying on a lounge under a shady tree in the yard at my head-quarters. Randolph attends me. I feel better already, and hope a day's rest, a blue pill, etc., may have me quite well again to-morrow.

"General Lee deserves the gratitude of the country. He is entitled to the full honor of the masterly combinations which have brought about this result. But he has been admirably sustained by Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. and A. P. Hill, and a host of others, and by as brave an army as ever contended for country and right. He tells me the battles exceeded in severity not only anything he ever saw, but anything he ever read of. God be praised for such a commander, such generals, such an army, and
such a victory! The final results are yet to be seen. They may be great. They may, by circumstances now unforeseen, be considerably reduced. A short time will show."

Monday, June 30, General Pendleton was again in the saddle to see what could be done in his particular department, and was on the ground at the battle of Malvern Hill. As he had foreseen and written, the character of the country about Richmond rendered the effective handling of field-artillery very difficult, and that arm of the Confederate forces was of less avail than in the succeeding conflicts of the war. McClellan had possession of the bridges and the elevated points and massed his guns upon them. Especially was this the case at Malvern Hill, where on a "position of great natural strength he had concentrated his powerful artillery."* On the part of the weary and battle-worn Confederate army attacking this fortified height, "the obstacles presented by the woods and the swamps made it impracticable to bring up a sufficient amount of artillery to oppose successfully the extraordinary force of that arm employed by the enemy, while the field itself afforded us few positions favorable for its use and none for its proper concentration."†

"General Pendleton, in whom were happily combined the highest characteristics of the soldier, the patriot, and the Christian, was in chief command of the artillery, and energetically strove to bring his long-range guns and reserve artillery into position where they might be effectively used against the enemy, but the difficulties before mentioned were found insuperable."‡

Sandie Pendleton wrote, July 2, from Willis's Church,—

"Another great fight has come off and again I am safe, with all our staff. The fighting was terrific,—the most awful artillery fire I ever imagined,—and our men suffered terribly, rather more than the enemy, but we compelled them to fall back. They have gone by the river road towards the mouth of the Chickahominy and under cover of their gunboats."

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The Confederate attack on Malvern Hill had been fruitless in dislodging the Federal army from that strong position. The fear, however, of being again struck in flank and rear, and having his water communications interrupted, caused McClellan to abandon his advantage there on the night after the battle and continue his retreat to Harrison’s Landing, lower down James River. There the approaches were protected by gunboats, and an attack by General Lee unadvisable, if not impracticable. After watching the enemy for some days, the Confederate army returned to the vicinity of Richmond July 8.

Before this week of battle opened, and throughout its continuance, General McClellan insisted, and no doubt believed, that the Confederate army was largely superior in numbers to his own.* Had this been so, his advantage in position, in arms, in artillery, in all the supplies and appliances necessary for the efficiency of a large army, would have more than equalized his strength with that of his opponent. But the official returns for July 20, 1862,† give him one hundred and fourteen thousand six hundred and ninety-one present for duty, while the largest estimate, at random, for General Lee has never risen above ninety thousand. Seventy-five thousand is probably the most accurate estimate; ‡ and while his force was thus the smaller in number, it was immensely inferior in arms, ammunition, and equipments of all sorts; the artillery especially bearing no comparison in weight or efficiency with that of the invading host.

The results of the struggle were not such as had been intended or desired on either side. General Lee, summing up the aggregate of success and disappointment on the Confederate side, says, “Under ordinary circumstances the Federal army should have been destroyed. Its escape was due to the causes already stated. Prominent among these is the want of correct and timely information... but regret that more was not accomplished gives way to gratitude to the Sovereign Ruler of the universe for the results achieved. The siege of Richmond was raised,

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† Ibid., p. 238.
‡ Mr. Davis, vol. ii. p. 154, “Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government,” gives Lee, on July 20, sixty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-nine; Jackson’s force added to this will make near seventy-five thousand.
and the object of a campaign which had been prosecuted after months of preparation at an enormous expenditure of men and money completely frustrated. More than ten thousand prisoners, including officers of rank, fifty-two pieces of artillery, and upwards of thirty-five thousand stands of small-arms were captured. The stores and supplies of every description which fell into our hands were great in amount and value, but small in comparison with those destroyed by the enemy."

General McClellan, at the close of the prolonged contest, found himself many miles farther from Richmond, the objective-point of all his operations, his fortifications abandoned, his vast stores destroyed, his army forced to retreat day after day, disheartened and demoralized, and congratulates himself and the country that he has at last ensconced the great host which was to seize the rebel capital safe under the shelter of the gunboats and out of reach of the enemy. The national appreciation of such success was evinced by his removal from command a few months later.

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The promptness with which General Pendleton carried out General Lee’s instructions to render the artillery as effective as possible was remarkable. His letter-book (on file in Washington) shows that as early as June 5 he drafted regulations for the more systematic administration of the artillery, which, being submitted for General Lee’s approval, were issued on June 22 by that commander as part of his General Orders No. 71, paragraphs five and six being exactly in General Pendleton’s own words:

“5. The chief of artillery in each division will have charge of all the batteries thereto attached, whether acting with brigades or held in reserve. A battery duly assigned to a brigade will, until properly relieved, report to and be controlled by the brigade commander. It must, however, report to and be inspected by the division chief of artillery as he may require. When a brigade battery needs relief it will, when practicable, be made to change places with one of those belonging to the division reserve. Should this be impracticable, application, authorized by the division commander, must be made to the army chief of artillery for temporary relief from the general reserve.

“6. The army chief of artillery will have general charge of that branch of

service and special direction of the general reserve. He will, under instructions from the commanding general, see that the batteries are kept in as efficient condition as practicable, and so distributed as to promise the best results. To this end he will require from the several chiefs of artillery weekly returns exhibiting the condition of each battery and where it is serving. He will also make the commanding general a trimonthly report.” (War Records, vol xi., part iii., pp. 612, 613.)

The faithful execution of these orders on the part of General Pendleton and the subordinate artillery commanders brought that arm up to the efficiency which it maintained up to the surrender at Appomattox Court-House.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUMMER OF 1862.

Two days after the fight at Malvern Hill General Pendleton "received, on calling upon the commanding general, personal instructions to take to the rear all the artillery not requisite for the divisions, and to co-operate with the ordnance and quartermaster's departments in having sought for and secured all the stores wrested from or left by the enemy."* From Richmond he wrote to his wife, July 6,—

"Active operations have prevented my writing for a week. We have been down below following and fighting the Yankees. There have been exceedingly hard fights day after day for a whole week, the Yankees being driven every time. They were, last evening, below Westover, and still going.

"General Lee requested me to come back and get all the captured ordnance brought in. I saw Sandie; safe and sound thus far. . . . Owing to the movements of the enemy and the nature of the country, no large artillery force could be placed by us anywhere. We had a vast deal that could not be used at all. The fights on our side were mainly infantry, and very gallant they were. Oh, the awfulness of the different battle-fields! Language cannot describe it!

"What McClellan is going to do we are not apprised. He may go to Old Point and rally his energies for another attempt. He may stop in the point between Chickahominy and James, having gunboats on his flanks, there fortify and refit for his next effort, or he may cross James River and try 'On to Richmond' number three by the south side. We must keep for him a sharp lookout. Meanwhile, this blow will stagger Brother Jonathan very seriously. If there is half a chance our army will be pushed North.... Now, I write to urge you to come down to Richmond as soon as you can. It is best to lose no time about it, because we do not know how long a respite from Yankee outrage we shall have. My calculation is you will get this Sunday morning, leave home Monday, and come down the Central Railroad Tuesday."

Mrs. Pendleton and one of her daughters went to Richmond immediately, and remained several weeks under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Charlotte Bransford, aunt of General Pendleton's aide, Lieutenant Charles Hatcher. Many of their days were spent at artillery head-quarters, about two miles below Richmond, where the presence of ladies was welcomed as an evidence that for a brief space the battle-worn soldiers might rest and enjoy some of the comforts and graces of peaceful life. The rest was, however, only comparative. Some of the batteries were always on duty towards the front, those which were stationary were required to be drilled daily, and the letter- and order-books tell how diligent were General Pendleton's efforts to fill up the depleted companies by the return of all absentees and the bringing in recruits. The batteries were also rendered more efficient in those cases where old guns could be replaced by some of the captured ordnance; in other instances, where both officers and men had proven careless of responsibility, companies were broken up, and the men and guns distributed where they could be made of more service.

Richmond presented a strange scene in those days. Not only were the hospitals crowded with the wounded from both armies, to whom the compassionate women of the city ministered, but in many a private house the best room—often the parlor—was given up to some suffering soldier, one of the family, or a com-
rade-in-arms; numbers of households mourned the loss of their best beloved, fallen in their defence; a solemn calm pervaded the population, brought for the first time face to face with the awfulness of war, and the sorrow and suffering consequent even upon a series of victories. But along with this was a deep sense of gratitude, a long sigh of relief from the tension of anxiety and apprehension which had oppressed the city during the two months since Johnston's army had retreated from Yorktown, followed closely by the invading hosts. The thousands of refugees from the far South had not yet overcrowded the city; familiarity with horrors had not engendered the recklessness which, later on, amused itself with mistimed gayeties; but hearts grew light at the knowledge that Richmond was safe and free, and could pet and praise her defenders to her fill; eyes smiled through their tears upon dear ones still left to them; and strangers and friends coming daily to look for others reported "wounded" or "missing" were received with cordial and limitless hospitality. The city kept "open house" for every one who had fought or prayed for her safety.

Called down one Sunday morning to meet a soldier visitor, Mrs. Pendleton found General Jackson standing in the hall awaiting her. His "faded and sunburned uniform" and unassuming manner had been thought by the spoilt negro servant a proof that he need not be ushered into the parlor. Sandie Pendleton was sometimes with his mother, notwithstanding the constant pressure of office-work. Jackson's mountaineers, however, pined and sickened in the swamps and lowlands, and he longed for the pure air and familiar sight of his beloved mountains; Pope, with his "head-quarters in the saddle," and his brutal orders and braggart boasts, was en route for Gordonsville; Jackson was therefore ordered to that point.

Late in July General Lee desired General D. H. Hill, commanding on the south side of James River, to make a night attack upon McClellan's shipping, so as to interrupt, if possible, his water-communications. General Pendleton was sent over with a large artillery force to act under General Hill's direction. This attack, which was made at night, July 31, from Coggin's Point, is described in General Pendleton's letters. One to his son is selected, not only for its graphic description, but still
more for its remarkable exhibition of the spiritual tone of his mind amidst the excitements and harassments of his military duties:

"RICHMOND, August 2, 1862.

"My dear Son,—Your last letter to your mamma was handed me just now. She has gone in consequence of my taking part in an expedition on the other side of James River against the enemy's shipping. We attacked them terribly night before the last,—opening forty guns by surprise at midnight. They were profoundly still in sleep, and were waked up at a rate rarely experienced even in war. I never witnessed anything more terribly grand than that cannonade in the pitchy dark. How much damage was done we cannot say; it must have been serious. One hundred and fifty ships of all sorts, and the Yankee camp beyond them, lay stretched before us at from eight hundred yards to two and a half miles, and by aid of some sight-lines we had adjusted in the day we knew pretty well how to fire in the dark.

"I came over to have a conference with General Lee, and go back presently to try and repeat such attacks. We were shelled after some fifteen minutes, and pretty severely, with long-range guns, but with slight loss. One man killed by the enemy and two wounded.

"My main object, my son, in writing, while my time is so limited, is to say a word respecting your state of mind. You tell your mamma that camp-life is destroying your religious character. Take care of this, my dear boy. 'Watch and pray.' If you do not make opportunities for prayer regularly you will spiritually die. Let nothing prevent this. My only sure way for getting a certain time for prayer is to compel myself to awake early, and then employ the first waking hour in steady reflection and prayer. Do this, or something like it, and your soul will live. I find, too, that by dwelling on the several petitions of the Lord's Prayer until each word impresses on the mind its full force and stirs up feeling, I get more of the spirit of prayer than I have been able to secure in any other way. Be industrious here, and you will find spiritual health and strength the sure result. I have hardly a moment, so must stop. Kind
regards to the general, Crutchfield, Dr. McGuire, Paxton, and other friends. God bless you!

"Your fond father,

"W. N. PENDLETON."

Ten days were spent on the south side reconnoitring the country and organizing an artillery force for service there. On the 15th of August he wrote,—

"ARTILLERY CAMP NEAR RICHMOND.

". . . We came over Tuesday evening, the 12th. My mission on the other side being accomplished and my duties here needing attention exceedingly. That night I stayed at Peterkin's John and Dudley were in to see me before breakfast. I soon rode to see General Lee, and then had to go to work for certain preparations of batteries to be sent General Jackson. All that day and the two following was pushed exceedingly.

"I saw General Stuart at General Lee's from Jackson since the last fight. He told me he saw Sandie quite well,—that 'he as usual distinguished himself.' I hope we are thankful."

The fight referred to was the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, of which Sandie Pendleton wrote to his mother,—

"Through the blessing of God we had another victory over Banks and McDowell, of Pope's corps. It was yesterday afternoon. The fight was about seven miles from Culpeper Court-House. Ned Lee is safe, and so are all the staff. Nobody from Lexington hurt. Poague's battery lost nobody. We had some eight thousand men engaged; loss about one thousand, among them General Winder killed. We captured quite a large number of officers and men,—one brigadier-general, colonels, etc., and one piece of artillery. Major Holliday, of the Thirty-third, wounded badly, also Alf. Jackson. Owing to bad management of some of the officers, incident upon the loss of Winder, some confusion resulted. But it was soon recovered, and we drove them at all points. Ned Lee carried the colors of his regiment and rallied them. The enemy's loss must have been severe, from his leaving his wounded in some numbers, among them some officers, as well as the dead. Write to pa, as
William B. Pendleton, captain and adjutant-general, is badly wounded."

One after another the divisions of the army were ordered to follow Jackson to Gordonsville, and thence no one knew whither. The movements of the artillery are given from General Pendleton's letters:

"Artillery Camp near Richmond, August 19, 1862.

"... This is the last time this season I shall write to you from here. We are under orders for Gordonsville, and set out this afternoon. It is now two P.M., and I have been hard at work since dawn. Yesterday, among other things, I attended General Winder's funeral. The procession was not very large. Peterkin read the service. It excited serious reflection, no doubt, in many who are likely to be exposed to sudden summons. I go now, not knowing what is to be experienced in the new sphere. But this I do know, all things work together for good to them that love God, and with confidence I hope I may say, this I do."

"August 22, Camp near Hanover Junction.

"... Before we left Richmond I wrote you word we were under orders for Gordonsville. Information, however, received respecting certain Yankee movements caused a modification in our orders. General Lee telegraphed to Richmond that a column of the enemy was reported to him as advancing on the direct road from Fredericksburg towards Richmond. Hence a division and my artillery were ordered to the neighborhood of the Junction to take post on the south side of the North Anna River. Yesterday Generals Garland, Cobbs, and myself, with a number of colonels and majors, rode over the country a great deal reconnoitring, so as to make sure what to do if the Yankees come. But we hear nothing of them, and my belief is they are not going to attempt any aggressive movement now."

"Near Hanover Junction, August 23.

"... We have here now a considerable force awaiting orders from General Lee. McLaws is here with his division, and D. H. Hill will be here this afternoon to command the portion of his division also here,—a part of it having, before we were stopped
here, gone on to Orange Court-House; that part is for the time commanded by General Ripley. I have to-day your letter of the 20th, telling me of Sue's and Sandie's sickness. I infer from the incidental way in which you speak of Sandie's being at home, and of the sickness of both, that a previous letter telling me of the beginning of their sickness and of Sandie's getting home has not reached me. It will not, I trust, be serious with either of them. Sandie will, I know, regret being detained from his post at this stirring time. Mr. Stringfellow came to see me, and asked me to preach at Trinity to-morrow. I will do so if no military hindrance occur and the weather permit. It will be a great treat to me to see dear Aunt Judy and all at Oakland."

"Louisa Court-House, August 27, half-past two P.M.

"... Here, after a march of twenty miles to-day, and waiting for the cars to take me on to General Lee, meanwhile taking a loll to rest myself, I write you in a new position, flat on my back. Your letters since the one of the 20th, telling me of Sue's and Sandie's sickness, have failed. I am in consequence ignorant of their condition now, not only so, but uneasy by learning yesterday that a letter had been received at Oakland saying that Sandie was doing well, but that Sue was very sick with what was thought typhoid fever. I trust she may soon be better. It will not be practicable for me to hear now for some time, as I am going where letters are not easily transmitted. How we come to be moving this way I will describe.

"Sunday morning I rode to Trinity, preached, and went home with dear Aunt Judy,—riding in the carriage with her. We stayed till next morning,—John, Randolph Page, Dudley, and myself. When I got back to camp and went to see General Hill, he begged me to communicate with the President about some move for us. I accordingly jumped on the cars then passing,—half-past two o'clock,—and, accompanied by Charley Hatcher, was in Richmond before five. That night I was with the President and General G. W. Smith till twelve, considering what was best to be done, and next morning—yesterday—I again breakfasted at the President's. Dr. Minnegerode and an English clergyman, whose name I did not hear when introduced, were there, as also General Smith. The latter the President
took with myself soon after to his office, and summoning the Secretary of War, kept all in conference again till twelve. The decision reached was that all the troops near the Junction and certain brigades near Richmond called for by General Lee should be sent him whatever risks might ensue. I started in the train crowded with troops at two yesterday, and came to Bumpas Station, above Beaver Dam; near there my artillery halted for the night, and I was soon with them. They had marched from our late camp early in the morning, being ordered by telegraph. The President wished me to get to General Lee as soon as practicable, after stopping to see that all was right with the artillery. To-day, therefore, I marched with them to a point a few miles below this place, where they deflected on a shorter route to Rapidan Station, and I came on to take the cars with Dudley and Randolph Page,—our horses, of course, to go on the cars with us. Barnwell is not very well, hence I left him to take it leisurely. George Peterkin went home with John night before last, and had not come up to-day when I left them, hence he could not come. Charley Hatcher did not meet me at the cars in Richmond, and has not yet been heard of. He was not well. Tom Randolph had his horse stolen some nights ago, so he must take it slowly; and Dandridge's horse is not in good plight, so he, too, remains with the rear. We go on when the trains arrive this evening, as they will, loaded with troops. It will be midnight before we reach Rapidan. I will try to get quarters at my cousin Eliza Taliaferro's close by.

"What we are going to do I do not exactly know. It looks like the approach of a great battle. I pray God we may, if so, be given a great success. The more I see of battles and blood the more heart-sick I am under the dread necessity which compels us thus to meet a ruthless invasion. But my mind is clear that we are sacredly bound to meet these people unto death as in the sight of God. Nor have I one particle of hesitation as to my own duty in the case,—still imperative.

"How dear Sue and Sandie are I long to hear, but cannot. The Lord have them and all of you in His gracious keeping.

"P.S.—I just hear that Stuart came within an ace of catching Pope a day or two ago,—got his uniform and a number of im-
portant dispatches;* but the criminal was not in his quarters, hence escaped. Better luck next time."

Hard riding brought him to General Lee on the bloody battlefield of Second Manassas. Jackson had gotten completely behind Pope, had cut his communications, and forced him to change his front, and then, against heavy odds, had held his position by stubborn fighting until joined by Longstreet's corps. The battlefield was near that of July 21, 1861, and the position of the two armies on that occasion reversed. Jackson captured Manassas Junction, with its immense depot of army stores of all sorts, on the 26th of August, and held it until nightfall of the 27th. During this time the starving and destitute soldiers were allowed to supply themselves fully from the captured stores, and the great amount of material which could not be removed was burned. He then fell back and posted his men north of the turnpike near Groveton. Here he attacked the advancing column of the enemy on the flank about sunset of the 28th, and a bloody conflict of several hours ensued, in which the enemy was compelled to abandon the field. All through the 29th he was engaged. The enemy repeatedly assaulted his lines with great vigor, but without success, and the timely arrival of Longstreet's corps gave the assistance so much needed. "The battle continued until nine P.M., the enemy retreating until he reached a strong position, which he held with a large force."† On the 30th General Pope again attacked Jackson's position in strong force, was again repulsed, and in his turn was attacked by Longstreet and Jackson, and driven "with great carnage from each successive position until ten P.M., when darkness put an end to the battle and the pursuit."‡ As at First Manassas, a pouring rain succeeded the battle; but in spite of this Jackson's command was pushed forward to intercept the Federal retreat towards Washington. Coming up with the enemy at Ox Hill in the afternoon of September 1, Jackson again attacked him notwithstanding the inclement weather and the weariness and exhaustion of his men. Darkness closed this last of the series of desperate

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‡ Ibid.
conflicts, and the Federal army continued its retreat to the fortifications around Washington. In this series of engagements the Federal loss was not only "seven thousand prisoners, besides two thousand wounded left on the field, thirty pieces of artillery, upward of twenty thousand stands of small-arms, and a large amount of stores, besides those taken at Manassas Junction,"* but their prestige was gone, their men greatly demoralized, their boastful commander proved incompetent and unworthy, and the whole nation thrown into great consternation. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was seven thousand two hundred and forty-four,† and the gain in prisoners and material as stated above; but here, as at Richmond, the skilful combinations projected by General Lee were rendered ineffectual to the capture and entire destruction of Pope's army by causes which he had no power to control.

In concluding his report of the part taken by his command against McClellan, General Pendleton had remonstrated against the inadequate use of artillery in the Seven Days' battles, and had urged that more batteries should be thrown into action at once, and concentrated upon the enemy whenever possible.‡ This advice was acted on with evident success in the battles of Second Manassas, where the combined fire of the Confederate batteries had done admirable execution, and repeatedly silenced the opposing guns and mowed down the lines of advancing Federals. From this time on the artillery became more and more appreciated as a powerful agency not only in opening an engagement, but in checking the advance of the enemy, silencing his batteries, and harassing him in retreat.

General Pendleton wrote to his wife,—

"**Mr. Foote's, near Haymarket, Prince William County,**
Sunday night, August 31, 1862.

"**My darling wife,—** Again I am writing to you from a bed, and this time I am in it as an invalid. Not much, I hope, only the crisis of a diarrhœa of some two weeks' duration, rendered worse by hard effort to catch up with General Lee. This I did

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yesterday about three o'clock on another bloody battle-field. After delivering the messages sent by the President and tendering my services for whatever I could do, disordered and jaded as I was, I was urged by the general in the kindest manner to find some comfortable place, rest, and get well. We then remained,—Randolph Page, Dudley, and myself,—interested in the battle, though liable to shells every moment, till after five, when we rode back to our friends, the Jordans, in Haymarket, and they directed us to these admirable people about two miles north. They have suffered much, but are still wealthy, and as wholesouled as any people I ever met.

"There has been severe fighting these two days—that is, yesterday and the day before—near the old Manassas battle-ground. The Yankees terribly beaten and slaughtered. We, too, have lost more than a few. Willie Preston killed, Jeminnie McCough-trey severely wounded in the upper part of one lung, Everard painfully, though not dangerously, in the arm and side, Hugh White killed, General Ewell lost a leg, General Trimble lying with a leg wound in this house, Neff killed, etc., etc.

"General Lee's movements have been masterly. Jackson and Longstreet have fought with accustomed skill, energy, and success. We are in a fair way to shake Yankeedom to its centre. God be praised! Oh, that a just peace might come without more bloodshed! My command, with General D. H. Hill's forces, will not probably get up for some two days yet, so that I may with an easy mind rest and recruit till then. Randolph is doctoring and nursing me most attentively. So you may rest contented. I am as comfortable as I could be anywhere in the world away from home. Randolph and Dudley rode to-day to see the wounded boys. They are taken by friends straight home. They saw Mr. Ed. J. Lee; come to see about Edwin; found he had been too sick to be present for a week or two. He and Sandie will both regret missing the occasion, but they need not, as God's hand was in it.

"General Lee got entirely round the Yankees again. He was on the south side of the Rappahannock. They in full force on the north side facing him. He kept some batteries, etc., playing in front, but sent first Jackson with his fine army, and then Longstreet with his, way round by the head-waters of the Rap-
pahannock to the rear of the enemy, and the first they knew of it was Jackson's capturing everything at Manassas. Of course they had to change front and do the best they could. The slaughter among them has been frightful. They have left their dead in our hands, and a good many guns, and seem making off for Alexandria.

"But alas for the noble fellows cut down! Willie Preston, one of the best I ever knew; Hugh White, also of high Christian worth; Neff, a true man. Thank God they were Christ's own, and have gone, we may rejoicingly trust, to eternal peace.

"Sue and Sandie, I have taken for granted, are improving. Somehow, I have not been unhappy about them, though I long to hear. Tell Mrs. Brockenborough I saw Willoughby, and he desired me to send word Bowyer and himself were still safe.

"And now, commending you all to God's covenant goodness and sending tender love to each,

"I am, as ever, your fond husband,

"W. N. PENDLETON."

CHAPTER XXX.

ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND—BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

Immediately after the battle of Ox Hill General Lee ordered his army to march to Leesburg, and there crossed over the Potomac into Maryland. In this movement the artillery reserve was placed in the rear. From Leesburg General Pendleton wrote,—

"September 6, 1862.

"By a direct opportunity to Richmond I write you a hurried line. Here we are to cross into Maryland. Most of the army crossed last night and this morning; we go to-morrow morning. I am still unwell, but will try to take care of myself. Randolph blistered my right side to act on the liver; it has been very sore riding, but a quiet day has relieved it greatly. When shall I hear from you? It is long, long since I had a line; still, I hope
for the best. There will be a great deal of warm work in the operations now entered upon. May God guide, strengthen, and direct us in them!"

Four days later he wrote from his old home,—

"FREDERICK, MARYLAND, September 10.

"Early in the morning, after all arrangements made for setting out on another march, I employ a few moments in writing to you. On Sunday last we left Leesburg. I could not spend the day there, nor even attend church, because so much severer duty needed my care. About twelve that night we reached the Arcadia farm, which you remember. There we have since been encamped on the banks of a nice stream. After reporting to General Lee, Monday morning, I spent the day in calling on my old friends in Frederick. Greater kindness no one ever received. . . . The parsonage and church both closed. . . . Frederick has improved a good deal. The cemetery quite an ornament, and several new churches. . . . To-day we go farther inward; I must not indicate where lest my letter fail and give some clue where I would not have information gotten. Suffice it that General Lee seems well to understand what he is about. Yankeedom seems a good deal stirred up."

"ARTILLERY CAMP NEAR HAGERSTOWN, September 13, 1862.

"About to send Captain Barnwell to Winchester for some long-range guns, I have an opportunity of writing to you again a few hurried lines. We left Frederick Wednesday afternoon, 10th, and arrived here yesterday afternoon. Of course we could travel faster, but a considerable force had to be detached by Harper's Ferry to break up the Yankees there, and we move leisurely to let those troops get up again.

"Jeff Page met me in the street in Frederick and told me of you all. It was next to a good letter. Sandie and Mr. Lee coming on, he says, and Sue better, though she could not be out to see him. I hope I am thankful for this improvement in the invalids. I am myself much better; not quite sound and strong yet, but improving every day. The people in this region cousin-german to Pennsylvania Yankees, but we treat them kindly. I
send herein a copy of General Lee's proclamation to the people of Maryland. We think it very good. When we are to have another severe battle is not yet known, but it may be almost every day. It depends upon the movements of the Yankee army.

"This is a beautiful country, but a state of society where all is one dead level. . . . The people are scared; but will not take our money when they can help it. Still, we get along comfortably. Generally John and myself, with one or two others, find some place where we get wholesome food. At night we rest pleasantly in my tent. The weather is delightful; dust, however, a great nuisance. Such clouds of it you never saw. The numberless vehicles of all kinds pulverize the soil till finer than flour, so that it pervades the whole atmosphere.

"I saw a good many other friends in Frederick after I wrote you. Poor old Dr. — wanted to know if they joined the South if I would not go back and live with them again. The —s, very poor and suffering; delighted to see me; never had a pastor since I left, etc. Sent a great deal of love to you all. . . . Up here all are strangers to me. Of course I cannot preach in town to-morrow. Hope to hold service, however, in my own camp. It is now nearly a month since your last letter received was written."

On Wednesday, September 17, was fought the great battle of Sharpsburg. To General Pendleton was assigned the duty of guarding the ford of the Potomac at Shepherdstown, by which General Lee intended crossing into Virginia should the result of the battle render such a move advisable. General Pendleton's own account of his work and its result is the best and most accurate that can be furnished.

"Smithfield, Jefferson County, Virginia, September 22, 1862.

"Great pressure of work has prevented my writing you for a whole week. Yesterday week I hoped for a quiet Sabbath near Hagerstown, but orders came just after breakfast to march. That evening a battle was fought,* but my assigned place was only near, not in it. At midnight I was summoned to General Lee. He directed me to detach some batteries for a point to which he

* At Braddock's Gap, between Longstreet's corps and part of McClellan's army.
intended taking the army, and to conduct the rest by Williamsport to the Virginia side of the Potomac and make arrangements for defending the several fords. This gave us a long march day and night, and brought me to Shepherdstown on Tuesday morning. There I had much labor in locating batteries, etc., and doing a great deal towards rendering roads to and from the ford somewhat safe. The work had to be done day and night. Wednesday a great battle was fought partly in our sight, with immense slaughter on each side. The Yankees were too much shattered to renew the attack next day, so that Thursday was a day of comparative quiet. My work, however, went on, for I had to look to several fords, keep roads in order, forward long-range guns, have stragglers caught, etc., and despatches were coming to me all night, so that I could scarcely steal a nap. That night General Lee determined to recross the Potomac to the Virginia side, it being too hazardous as well as too laborious to get all his supplies so far across so difficult a river. I had again to work like a beaver, as did all my officers and men, promoting the safe passage of the army, with its immense trains of artillery and wagons, hence no rest again that night. By nine Friday morning all had safely crossed and McClellan's army had hardly found out the move. Now came my great responsibility. I planted some forty or more guns on the heights this side the river, and had assigned me some six hundred infantry to protect the rear of our army and keep the enemy back. They planted on the more commanding heights on the other side a number of powerful batteries, compared with which ours were but as pop-guns, and commenced upon us a furious cannonade. Under cover of this they sent down to the river's edge a strong force of sharp-shooters, and with the double fire of the tremendous cannon and longest-range rifles used by an immensely more numerous body of men we had to contend all day.

"I kept a central position and issued orders, all the while encouraging the infantry to hold their position when from time to time their commanders informed me they could not withstand the pressure against them. All held out till dusk, and I had just issued orders for the withdrawal of all the guns, then for the infantry to fall back as a rear-guard to the artillery, and for a body of cavalry to hasten in between the infantry and the enemy, and
these movements were going on when the guard at the ford gave way before the powerful force pressing them, and the Yankee cavalry crossed. It was a critical moment. If vigorously pressed, their opportunity would have given them quite half our guns. At the time I acted on the supposition that they would press on, and intending, first, to save all I could, and, secondly, not to expose myself needlessly to capture, I passed, by a short path under a fierce fire from their heavy guns, towards the road which some of the artillery had, I knew, already taken. With this portion I passed on, leaving the rest to the result of my orders,—should the enemy not press on,—but rather anticipating its capture, with William Nelson and the other officers.

"All this while it was very dark. After proceeding about a mile I came up with a body of infantry on the march, and urged General Pryor, in command, to go back with me, taking a sufficient force to drive the Yankees back. He hesitated to assume such responsibility, and referred me to General Hood, ahead. He could not be found, and I was referred to another and another, till past midnight I reached General Lee. He was of course disturbed, but determined to do nothing till next morning, and I lay down, Dudley alone being with me of all my staff; the rest were all out on different errands, so that who might have been captured and who not I could not then tell, nor how many guns were lost. My bed was a handful of straw, my covering my old overcoat, under the skies. Next morning General Jackson's force* was sent back to Shepherdstown. I accompanied him. The enemy was driven across the river again, with a number killed and several hundred taken prisoners. The shelling from the enemy's big guns was again fierce, and we shared the danger with the troops,—General Jackson and myself. There was not much loss. On our return, after midnight, I found the remaining guns. The Yankee force had been afraid to advance more than a short distance from the river; opportunity had been thus left for the accomplishment of my orders—so minutely given—for their withdrawal, and all had been brought off except four, which could not be drawn because the horses were killed by the furious and continued cannonade. Those four the Yankees

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*A. P. Hill's division did the work. See report.
found next morning. Our loss was thus only four guns. Still, this is among military men more or less of a deduction from a man's standing, and accordingly yesterday morning General Lee, in giving me some other orders, asked me soon to report the facts, as well for my own sake as for his own satisfaction and the truth of history.

"While I regret the loss and the occasion for Yankee glorification, I am so conscious of having done well my duty, and so thankful to God for ordering so remarkable a preservation, that for any temporary cloud over myself I am more than willing to compound. My present post is Darkesville, some eight miles from here; my work, to distribute the artillery captured at Harper's Ferry and to refit all the batteries of the army as well and as quickly as possible. I came here to-day partly to look after those captured guns that had been brought here and partly to see dear Rose,* John having told me she was here. I am much better, though not wholly well yet."

The orders under which General Pendleton performed the various duties enumerated in this letter are written in pencil upon leaves torn out of a small pocket note-book. Copies of them are given on page 223. His report—given on page 218—shows how arduous was the labor and how successful its result. To hold the fords of the Potomac with artillery inferior in range and quantity, and at last destitute of ammunition, and only six hundred infantry, until the whole army—wagon-trains and all—was out of reach, and then to withdraw before superior numbers with the loss of only four guns,—abandoned for want of horses,—was an exploit rather calculated to heighten than obscure his military reputation. But "four guns lost" was a damaging statement quickly picked up and readily repeated, while the far more important facts—that the fords for miles along the river had been guarded, the roads cleared, the stragglers sent back to the front, the whole army assisted in crossing, and the Northern host held in check for twelve hours with so inadequate a force—were overlooked or forgotten in the universal self-gratulation at being once more safely on Virginia soil.

* Mrs. Pendleton's sister.
Sandie Pendleton's spirited description of the battle of Sharpsburg as he—Jackson's adjutant-general—saw it, given in a letter to his mother, written Sunday, September 21, is not out of place here:

"... The positions at Sharpsburg were on either side of Antietam Creek, both of them strong, as whoever attacked had to ascend the rising ground from the water.

"On Tuesday evening, just after reaching Sharpsburg, the enemy moved up on our left, and General Jackson was immediately sent there with his and Ewell's divisions. We met them and drove them off, after a sharp skirmish lasting from seven to nine P.M. At four o'clock Wednesday morning the enemy began their general attack. It began on the extreme left, where General Jackson's division was posted, and went on towards the right, where was Ewell's division. On the left we drove them back with great slaughter, but as they went towards the centre they succeeded in forcing us back. By eight o'clock, after severe fighting and heavy loss,—General Starke being killed and Lawton and Jones wounded,—our first line had to withdraw. Then Hood's division went in, and back went the enemy before them for half a mile. But on they came in large force, and in an hour the firing was nearing us. 'Go forward and see how it goes.' And out to Hood's front line I went. Such a storm of balls I never conceived it possible for men to live through. Shot and shell shrieking and crashing, canister and bullets whistling and hissing most fiend-like through the air until you could almost see them. In that mile's ride I never expected to come back alive. Out to the front, and then to find General Hood. 'Tell General Jackson unless I get reinforcements I must be forced back, but I am going on while I can.' Off, then, to General Lee with Hood's message and our appeal for help. 'I'll send McLaws.' And back I went to Hood. An hour passes; we fall back sullenly; now out of the woods and into the open field, and our men die by hundreds. Grigsby, in command of General Jackson's division, goes in again with the six hundred men,—all who can be collected of four brigades. Hood says, 'For God's sake, more troops!' And off to General Lee for McLaws,—for until twelve o'clock I was the only staff-officer on the field. At last he comes. The need is
urgent, for while our extreme left is still firm, they have forced back our right and D. H. Hill's left and are pouring up the hill. 'Tell General McLaws to drive the enemy back and turn his right.' The order is delivered. General McLaws goes in, and back go the enemy and our ground is regained.

"Again comes up the line. McLaws is driven back and the enemy is right squarely up in our centre, having forced back the right of the left wing. He comes up the hill. The stars and stripes float in full view,—and such an artillery fire as is opened! They stand it for a few minutes and then break and run. We ask for more troops; none for us. For now the Yankees come up and attack on our right. But Hood has re-formed and goes in again, and the original position is regained, and we have, at three o'clock, fairly repulsed them on the left and centre. Now they come up on the right; they drive off Toombs's brigade and cross Antietam. And now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, as they advance on the centre and right, we look anxiously for A. P. Hill, who has had to march from Harper's Ferry,—and we know how Wellington asked for Blücher. Half-past four. Hill is here. He goes in on the right at a rush; slaughters all across the Antietam, and drives them back in a run.

"It is night, and we have, after the first all-day's fight of the war, fairly repulsed the enemy. We should have gained a victory and routed them, as we made them run two or three times, had it not been for the straggling. We were twenty-five thousand short by this cause. The next day we lay there, we holding the field, and General Franklin sent in a flag of truce to be allowed to bury their dead, which was refused. Thursday night we withdrew across the Potomac into Virginia, crossing our whole army —infantry, cavalry, artillery, and trains—at one bad ford, Boteler's mill.

"By ten o'clock on Friday everything was across. We had left only two disabled pieces of artillery on the Maryland side, but a good number of our wounded were unable to be moved and had to be left at the various hospitals. Our loss in the fight was quite large, and, taking everything into account, I think the Maryland campaign has not been very successful."
GENERAL R. E. Lee,

Commanding Army Northern Virginia.

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report the part performed by my command and by myself in the recent operations of our army, and especially as to service rendered in defending the Potomac ford at Shepherdstown, in connection with General Jackson’s capture of Harper’s Ferry and the battle of Sharpsburg.

In obedience to orders from the War Department on August 19, my immediate command moved from Richmond on the 20th to co-operate with the forces on the North Anna River, and in compliance with your own direction it marched forward with that entire force towards your front lines on the 26th.

By request of the President my personal progress to join you was more rapid than that of the column. After bestowing a day upon requisite arrangements, I committed the general reserve artillery to Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts, under the senior general, D. H. Hill, and hastened on to your head-quarters. Some uncertainty as to the route amid the changing scenes of the occasion and an enfeebling disease in part retarded my progress, though with medical aid I ceaselessly pressed on, so that not until after mid-day Saturday, August 30, could I reach you on the memorable battle-field of that day near Manassas (Second Manassas). Having reported and delivered messages from the President, I was kindly urged by you to seek some convenient place in the rear where rest and medical treatment might relieve the disorder then prostrating me. This, after witnessing the battle for perhaps two hours with intense interest, I found myself compelled to do; and under the hospitable roof of Mr. Foote, robbed though he had been of almost everything by the unscrupulous enemy, received for a few days the kindest attention.

On Wednesday, September 3, my command had arrived at Sudley, and though still unwell I joined it and marched with the troops to Leesburg. There, besides other work, I had preparatory to crossing into Maryland to arrange for sifting out the reduced and strengthening the more efficient batteries in all the artillery battalions with this part of our army. Physical exhaustion rendered this task scarcely less than severe.

Major Richardson was left in charge of the batteries, sections, feeble horses, etc., detained, with orders to take them to the neighborhood of Winchester and there establish a depot for the recruiting of horses, etc., while the battalions of Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts and Major Nelson were prepared for advancing.

Sunday, September 7, with the portions of these two battalions not detailed on special duty, I proceeded to the neighborhood of Frederick, Maryland, and there reported on the morning of the 8th.

On Wednesday, 10th, the command—excluding Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts’s battalion, which had been assigned to duty with General D. H. Hill’s division, and including the battalions of Colonel J. T. Brown, of Major William Nelson, and of Colonel S. D. Lee, who had then reported to me—marched with the army towards Hagerstown.

Sunday morning, 14th, we were summoned to return towards Boonsborough, the enemy having advanced upon General D. H. Hill. When I arrived and reported to you, a short distance from the battle-field, you directed me to place in position on the heights of Beaver Creek the several batteries of my command. This was accordingly done just before nightfall. At midnight I was again summoned to your head-quarters and directed to send Colonel S. D. Lee with his battalion on the road to Centreville,
and to take the residue of my command by the shortest route to Williamsport and across the Potomac, and then to enter upon the duty of guarding the fords of that river.

By sunrise Monday, 15th, we had reached the intersection of the Hagerstown, Sharpsburg, Boonsborough, and Williamsport roads, and there received reliable intelligence of a large cavalry force of the enemy not far ahead of us. I immediately posted guns to the front and on the flank, sent messengers to General Toombs—understood to be at Sharpsburg—for a regiment or two of infantry, set to work collecting a band of armed stragglers, and sent scouts to the front. These latter soon returned and reported the road clear for some two miles. I therefore determined to advance cautiously without waiting for infantry, in order to protect the large wagon-train proceeding by the Hagerstown road through Williamsport. The cavalry, which consisted of three regiments, escaped from Harper's Ferry, crossed our road perhaps less than an hour ahead of us. We thus narrowly missed a rather strange encounter. My purpose was, of course, if we met, to attempt the destruction of those retiring invaders.

Having crossed the Williamsport ford, I assigned to Colonel Brown its defence and that of another a mile or more lower down, and proceeded with the remaining battalion—Major Nelson's—to the neighborhood of Shepherdstown.

By ten o'clock of the 16th the guns were here in position on the heights, overlooking the ford a mile below the town, and the passage was thenceforward assiduously guarded.

Here other and arduous duties devolved upon the command and upon myself. By night and by day much labor was needed on the road: the passage of troops had to be facilitated and important despatches forwarded in different directions, all rendered the more essential towards General Jackson hastening to Sharpsburg after capturing Harper's Ferry. This continued through the 17th while the battle (Sharpsburg) was raging and during the night, especially in my having to meet a requisition for all the long-range guns that could be obtained and possibly spared from the fords. Instructions also reached me to have apprehended and sent forward all stragglers.

On the 18th arrangements had to be made for meeting a demonstration of the enemy reported at Shepherd's Ford, four miles above. Some cavalry and a small infantry force of collected stragglers duly organized for the occasion were sent thither, with a battery. While engaged in these duties I was again summoned to aid in repairing roads and facilitating the passage of troops. The difficult achievement of recrossing our army with its extensive train over that single ford—during the night and the enemy close at hand—having been resolved upon, every available man and officer of my immediate command and such others as could be gathered were at once set to work removing obstructions, preventing collisions, having lights at hand as needed, and promoting the orderly movement of vehicles on the several routes.

After a night thus spent, Major Nelson and myself were by dawn Friday, 19th, in saddle for the purpose of securing guns from some of the artillery that had crossed and placing them in position to aid in repelling the enemy when he should appear. Forty-four guns were thus secured. Of these the character, position, etc., were as follows: A 10-pounder Parrott and two other rifles, under Captain Maurin, on the right-hand height, two or three hundred yards from the river; next him, on the left, a 10-pounder Parrott, under Lieutenant Maddox. On his left Captain Milledge had four 3-inch rifles and a 12-pounder howitzer. Next to Captain Milledge Captain Chapman was placed, with one rifle and one Napoleon. On the left of these and on the brow of the cliff, overlooking the ford and to rake it and its approaches, Captain M. Johnson was placed, with two 6-pounders and two howitzers. These dispositions were all below the road.
leading directly from the ford, along a ravine to the interior. Above that road Captain Kirkpatrick, with two 6-pounders and two 12-pounder howitzers, occupied the brow of the cliff to cross-fire with Captain Johnson upon the ford and its approaches. On Captain Kirkpatrick's left, and for a like purpose, was placed Captain Huckstep's battery of four 6-pounders. On an eminence to his left were planted two 10-pounder Parrots of Captain Braxton's battery. Still farther to the left and on an elevation more commanding, though farther from the river, were located an effective 12-pounder Whitworth under Captain Barnwell, my ordnance-officer, and two 10-pounder Parrots under Captain Hardaway. Nearer to the river, and still to the left, positions were by Colonel Long assigned to a battery of four 6-pounders to sweep the road on the opposite shore, and to their left two 10-pounder Parrots of a Louisiana battery (the names of their officers are not remembered). There being no favorable positions for other guns, the eleven remaining of the forty-four mentioned were removed beyond range, to be called up if required.

These arrangements had not been all completed when, about eight A.M. of the 19th, the enemy appeared on the distant heights opposite and found our army entirely and safely across the ford and on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

They soon brought up and opened artillery much exceeding ours in weight. Still, our rifles did excellent service in keeping at bay for hours the entire hostile force,—artillery, cavalry, and infantry,—which in various positions appeared, care being taken not to waste ammunition in mere long-range exchanges of shot. Our troops that had been briefly resting in the valleys were now ordered farther inland, to be out of reach of the shells, etc., so numerously hurled by the enemy, yet near enough to turn readily upon and perhaps destroy the adverse army should it force the passage of the river and take position between it and our forces.

From myself I received instructions to hold the position all that day and the night succeeding, unless the pressure should become too great, in which event I was at my discretion to withdraw after dark, it being most unlikely that a discreet commander would then risk the destruction of his entire army, by getting it across in the night and being assailed when in disorder next morning, with such a river behind him. Should I find it best at nightfall to withdraw I was to follow the track of our army.

I was informed also that two brigades of infantry would remain as a support to the ford,—defending artillery, those of Generals Armistead and Lawton,—these commanded, the former by Colonel Hodges and the latter by Colonel Lamar. They were to picket the ford and, screening themselves as well as possible, to act as sharpshooters on the bank. I was by General Longstreet requested to take charge of these brigades I did so, and instructed the colonels commanding to keep their force at the ford strong, vigilant, and as well sheltered as occasion allowed, and to have the residue well in hand, back of adjacent hills for protection till needed. My directions were also given them not to fire merely in reply to shots from the other side, but only to repel any attempt at crossing and to guard the ford. My own position was chosen at a point central, moderately protected by conformation of ground, at the same time commanding the general view and accessible from every direction, with as little exposure of messengers as any one place in such a scene could be. And here, except when some personal inspection or order had to be given requiring temporary absence, I remained for best service throughout the day.

During most of the forenoon the enemy's fire was furious, and under cover of it, in spite of persistent vigor on the part of our batteries, a heavy body of sharpshooters gained the canal-bank on the northern and hostile side of the river. This proved to
us an evil not slightly trying, since it exposed our nearer cannoneers to be picked off when serving their guns by the enemy’s effective infantry rifles.

From the advanced batteries on the left I was, therefore, applied to for some infantry to counteract in part this evil, by availing themselves of any cover at hand, to serve as sharp-shooters on that part of our side. I accordingly ordered to the duty two hundred of the infantry in reserve.

After some time the cavalry officer commanding at the ford two miles below notified me that the enemy was before him in force, had planted a powerful battery, and could not be prevented crossing unless I sent him some infantry. Considering the importance of thus securing our flank, I judged it proper to send him also an infantry force of between one and two hundred men. Of the extent of loss at Sharpsburg from the two brigades left with me and of their consequent very small numbers, all told, I had not been informed when their assignment to my direction was made. In providing, therefore, for protecting right and left as described I was not aware of infantry weakness for the ford itself. This was, however, as the evening progressed made to me only too certain. The enemy’s fire which had for a season relaxed became fiercer than before, and so directed as to rake most of the hollows as well as the hills we occupied. At the same time their infantry at the canal breastwork was much increased, and the crack of their sharp-shooters became a continuous roll of musketry. Colonels Lamar and Hodges both reported to me that the pressure on their small force—the whole of which remaining I had ordered to the river, and the sum total when all were there was, they informed me, scarcely three hundred—was becoming too great to be borne. I directed them to hold on an hour longer; sunset was at hand, and I had communicated with Colonel Munford, who promised at dark to be with us; that by that time I would have the batteries withdrawn; they should, after due notice, retire next the batteries; and the cavalry should fall in between them and the enemy, so that all would get rightly out. This plan I judged it under the circumstances best on the whole to adopt in the discretion left with me, as the reason of the case already indicated seemed not to justify the sacrifice incident to utmost resistance against any crossing. While these directions were passing the commanders of battery after battery notified me that their ammunition was exhausted and that they were thus exposed to small purpose. Their request for permission to retire under such circumstances it was not deemed wise to grant wherever the movement could be seen by the enemy. In cases where they could get back unseen it was sanctioned. Instructions were sent to each battery, besides, to retire in specified order as dusk deepened to conceal them in so doing. It was, of course, a critical and anxious hour, inasmuch as a dashing force might, on the necessary reduction of our fire, get across and capture some of our longest-served and latest-removed guns.

Deep dusk had now arrived. Certain batteries as allowed were on their way inland, while others as directed were well using ammunition still on hand. My own position was taken near the point of chief importance, directly back from the ford, so that I might the better know of and control each requisite operation. The members of my staff vigorously seconded my endeavors under furious fire in carrying orders and supervising their fulfilment, and everything appeared likely, under favoring Providence, to result in effecting the withdrawal planned.

This prospect was, however, suddenly changed. A number of infantrymen rushed rapidly by the point I occupied; arresting them, I learned that they were of the sharpshooters who held guard at the ford, that their body had all given way, and that some of the enemy were already on our side of the river. Worn as were these men, their
MEMOIRS OF

state of disorder akin to panic was not justly to be met with harshness; they were, however, encouraged to be steady and useful in checking disorder and affording such tokens as they might in the settling dark of force to make the enemy cautious.

No other means had I of keeping back an advance. All my staff were at the moment absent but two, one of whom was instantly sent to find as carefully as possible the state of facts towards the ford, the other to secure the orderly retirement of the last batteries and of everything attached to my own head-quarters, evidences being unmistakable that the reported crossing was in part a fact.

My personal situation was all the while necessarily much exposed, and now to easy capture, accessible as it was to cavalry in a few moments should such have crossed and be coming forward.

The arrival of our own cavalry being now unlikely, I had to determine at once what duty required of myself. The enemy would doubtless adopt one of two courses,—either, shrinking from hidden danger, cautiously proceed only a hundred or two yards, or, more adventurous, push on a force along the chief road as he could find it. In the former case our guns, etc., would, as considerably instructed, get fairly out of reach, and this was in the main my expectation; still, the other course—a pushing, hostile force—had to be provided for. I therefore proceeded to a point in the road probably not then reached by any party of the enemy, on foot and leading my horse, and accompanied by my adjutant and ordnance-sergeant, who had rejoined me along a path still thundered over by the enemy's shells and crossing the road inland from the river. Those shells were obviously indicative of no intended advance of any considerable body of the enemy; firing on their own troops thus would scarcely be risked. Along the road I found the rear of our artillery column properly moving. Mounting here, I rode with the column, and employed the two young officers in moving our hospital camp and enforcing order along the entire column.

While thus proceeding I learned that General Pryor was resting not far ahead with the division under his command. Finding him perhaps within two miles of the river, I made known to him the state of facts and asked of him a detail to go back with me, that I might at least, were any guns captured, recover them, or endangered secure them. The general thought the responsibility too serious for him to assume and requested me to refer the matter to General Hood, supposed near. General Hood's staff was found on the march, but himself—unwell, I was told—I did not see. No one could inform me where General Longstreet was. To find yourself, then, was clearly my next duty. This, in the extreme darkness and amid the intricacies of unknown routes, proved a task of no little difficulty and delay.

At length succeeding and making known to you the main facts, I was instructed to do no more till morning, when measures would be taken suited to circumstances, and meantime to secure a few hours of necessary rest. Early the next morning I had the privilege of accompanying a force under General Jackson sent to punish the enemy, of attending that honored officer and friend in the exposure incident to his command, and of witnessing the destructive chastisement inflicted upon the several thousands that had crossed and remained on the south side of the river. Under the immediate orders of General A. P. Hill, his division made upon that doomed body of the enemy a resistless charge to their actual extermination. The furious fire of the enemy from beyond the Potomac, though necessarily harmful at first, proved far less damaging than it must otherwise have been, because such direction had to be given their pieces as to spare their own troops receiving the charge.
This severe work having been accomplished, I found that but four of our pieces had been lost; these, their horses being killed and the men being too weary to drag them away, had been spiked and left. They were next morning found by the enemy and thrown over the cliffs before General Jackson's arrival to destroy themselves.

About noon of this day,—Saturday, September 20,—returning from Shepherdstown along the Winchester road, about four miles on the way, I joined our batteries commanded by Major Nelson. With others similarly instructed by myself, he had been diligently engaged the previous evening in causing batteries to be withdrawn in order as directed, and the anticipated caution of the enemy had allowed them all to get back with no further damage than the leaving of one gun apiece by each of four batteries, as already mentioned.

Captain Maurin, an officer of tried merit, was, as said, compelled to spike and leave a 10-pounder Parrott; Captain Milledge, a 12-pounder brass howitzer; Captain M. Johnson, also a 12-pounder brass howitzer; and Captain Huckstep, an iron 6-pounder.

The brass howitzer 12-pounder left by Captain Milledge proves, I regret to report, to have been a gun marked with the cost of arms of our own commonwealth and belonging to the Virginia Military Institute, and to have been on these accounts especially valued. The Confederate States government will, I hope and earnestly recommend, have of it a fac-simile made and returned to the Virginia Military Institute.

Besides these losses we had in the batteries three men killed and four wounded, and of horses twenty-six killed and disabled. What casualties occurred in the infantry under Colonels Lamar and Hodges I have not been informed. Those officers have reported, I take for granted, through their division commanders.

That the immense force of the enemy was so effectually kept back and our army quietly relieved from disturbance by the persistent vigor and endurance of our comparatively small repelling strength, and with no greater loss, is assuredly cause for thankfulness to the Giver of good and occasion for just appreciation of fidelity on the part of officers and men who performed the service.

Major Nelson's cool courage and persistent vigor throughout the day and in the trying hour at its close deserve especial mention. His services were of great value. Captains Hardaway, Kirkpatrick, Braxton, Maurin, indeed every artillery officer from time to time under my eye and as otherwise known by me, performed stern duty, I am satisfied, with commendable resolution and skill, as did the men. Captain Barnwell, of my staff, distinguished himself by the efficiency with which, under ceaseless exposure to shells hurled at his position, he managed our accurate Whitworth gun. My aide, Lieutenant Charles Hatcher, and Sergeant Major Robert Jones also deserve honorable mention for the alacrity with which they bore my messages in every direction under hottest fire. Other members of my staff were for the most part absent on duty previously assigned. To Colonels Lamar and Hodges and the troops they commanded credit is justly due for the persevering determination with which they bore during all the day a fire doubly galling, of case-shot from the enemy's cannon and of musketry from the vastly outnumbering infantry force sheltered by the canal-bank across the river. Not until overworn did the handful of our sharp-shooters at all give way, and that would probably have been prevented could a double number partly sheltered by trees, etc., have allowed relief in action.

Thankful that so much was done with such partial loss, I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. N. Pendleton,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.
For convenience a sketch is annexed of our entire artillery organization for and after the campaign.

With the First Corps, or right wing, of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Lieutenant-General Longstreet, consisting of nineteen brigades adjusted into five divisions, served an artillery force of one hundred and twelve guns,—viz., forty-five rifles, sixteen Napecoms, and sixty-four common smooth-bores,—arranged into six battalions of several batteries each, of which battalions one attended each division and one constituted the corps reserve artillery. With the Second Corps, or left wing, commanded by Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, and consisting of a brigade or two less than the other adjusted into four divisions, served an artillery force of one hundred and twenty-three guns,—viz., fifty-two rifles, eighteen Napecoms, and fifty-three short-range,—arranged into battalions, attached and commanded as in the First Corps.

The cavalry corps commanded by Major-General J. E. B. Stuart had also attached to it an effective mounted battery, known as Pelham's Horse Artillery, armed with two rifles and two 12-pounder howitzers.

Besides the general charge of all this artillery,—its equipment, organization, and constant efficiency for and in action,—the general chief of artillery held, under personal orders as the commander-in-chief might direct, a general reserve artillery, consisting of three battalions with several batteries each, having in all fifteen rifle, one Napoleon, and twenty short-range guns. So that in our artillery service with the Army of Northern Virginia there were, adjusted as described, two hundred and seventy-five guns.

Respectfully,

W. N. P.

CHILTON TO PENDLETON.

Head-quarters Army Northern Virginia, September 16, 1862.

General,—The commanding general wishes you to have constructed immediately a wide bridge over the canal opposite the ford. You can either do it by making a bridge on a level with the tow-path or by digging the banks on either side so as to pass down and up easily, causewaying the bottom so as to make the crossing easy.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. Chilton.

Captain Johnson, Engineer, is sent forward, who will attend to the construction of the bridge.

LEE TO PENDLETON.

Sharpsburg, September 17 (1862), 4:30 A.M.

Brigadier-General Pendleton,

Commanding Artillery.

General,—I desire you to keep some artillery guarding each of the fords at Williamsport, Falling Waters, and Shepherdstown, and have some infantry with it if possible.

Very respectfully yours,

R. E. Lee,

General.
CHILTON TO PENDLETON.

Head-Quarters Army Northern Virginia, September 17, 1862.

Brigadier-General Pendleton, Shepherdstown.

General,—If you have fifteen or twenty guns suitable for our purpose which you can spare, the general desires you to send them, with a sufficiency of ammunition. You must not take them from the fords, if essential to their safety. Send up the stragglers. Take any cavalry about there and send up at the point of the sword. We want ammunition, guns, and provisions.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. Chilton,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

P.S.—If you have not as many guns as wanted to spare, send those of long range.

CHILTON TO PENDLETON.

Head-Quarters Army Northern Virginia, September 19, 1862.

Brigadier-General Pendleton, Shepherdstown, Virginia.

General,—The commanding general says that if the enemy is in force in your front you must retire to-night. If not in force, being merely an artillery force, withdraw the infantry forces, directing them to join their respective divisions on the march to-morrow, a few guns and a small cavalry force being sufficient to guard the fords.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. H. Chilton,
Assistant Adjutant-General.
CHAPTER XXXI.

FALL AND WINTER OF 1862.

As had been the case after First Manassas, the work which occupied General Pendleton immediately after Sharpsburg was the distributing among the batteries of Lee's army the seventy-three fine guns captured at Harper's Ferry. Since the march to Yorktown in April that army had been undergoing incessant and arduous service. This long campaign had been exceedingly trying upon the artillery. Men, horses, and ordnance, all were worn and exhausted by the severe and protracted marching and fighting from Williamsburg, through the week of battles before Richmond, Cedar Run, the three bloody days at Manassas, across the Potomac, through Maryland, over the Blue Ridge, at Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg, and back across the Potomac again. The supply of horses and superior cannon taken at Harper's Ferry was, therefore, most welcome and timely, and battery captains were eager to replace their disabled pieces by the newer and more efficient Yankee guns. To see that these were distributed justly and where they would most conduce to the strengthening the artillery force was General Pendleton's especial care.

But the capability of field-artillery depends even more upon the condition of the battery horses than upon the calibre and character of the guns. Bad roads, incessant labor, and insufficient food added to the casualties of battle had so reduced the number and impaired the efficiency of the artillery horses as to render it a matter of extreme anxiety how such a state of things was to be remedied. Hardship and danger—the unfailing tests of capacity to discharge duty and face responsibility—had shown that here and there were to be found batteries which, through negligence, inefficiency, inaptitude for that special arm, or reduction in strength from sickness or battle, were encumbrances to the artillery force. To weed these out, break them up, and distribute officers, men, and munitions so as to build up other more reliable but too feeble
batteries was another laborious and most important duty devolving upon the army chief of artillery.

Besides these duties specially connected with the artillery, General Pendleton was called upon to discharge others pertaining to the general welfare,—looking up woollen manufactories, sending detachments after stragglers, etc.,*—and, as before, proved capable for what was required of him. His report of the operations of his command from the crossing into Maryland to the withdrawal of the army after the battle of Sharpsburg was placed in General Lee's hands on September 24, one week after the battle. Under the urgent necessity to bring up the artillery force to full strength as speedily as possible he had, by October 2, procured and examined exhaustive reports from every artillery command, and had so studied the subject as to be able to lay before General Lee on that date a report in detail of every battalion and company in the army, with a recommendation in each case as to the retention or disbanding and distributing of the same.

Anxiety, exposure, and loss of rest during the days and nights from the 14th to the 20th of September had brought on him a severe return of the sickness which had attacked him in the Chickahominy swamps, and all this work was performed in spite of much prostration and suffering. Of his life from day to day his letters give the best account:

"DARKESVILLE, September 27, 1862.

"... For the last few days I have been too unwell to write,—with my complaint of long standing. To-day I am better. ... Randolph insists I must get a leave of three or four weeks or I will not get well. I begin to think so myself, but must wait a little longer. A good deal to be done that I wish to accomplish before leaving the army, and then it will depend upon the prospect before us and how I feel whether I shall consider myself at liberty to take a brief respite.

"The army has been resting here some days, and is now entering, I suppose, upon active work again. But what that work is to be I at present have no idea, my indisposition having kept me quietly in my camp for these several days. We are about to move towards Winchester." ..."

* See letter from General Lee.
“Sunday afternoon, September 28.

"... I have another opportunity of writing a few lines. This holy day has been too busy for a Sabbath, yet mentally to me a sacred day. I am resting for an hour or two. The enemy seems concentrating at Harper's Ferry, so that this army must move to head them off. This active movement, with the likelihood of battle, prevents my thinking just now of the furlough I had contemplated. Indeed, Randolph had given me a certificate that it was essential for me to leave camp for thirty days, but there is a good deal to do in my department which no one else can do as well, under the circumstances, and I would not go when a great conflict may be near.

"My disease has been for the past few days very enfeebling. I am, as you request, extremely careful as to diet. But camp is a hard place to be nice in that as in other respects. By calling at houses near by and getting a soft-boiled egg and a little boiled milk now and then, I hope to get along,—even if 'faint, yet pursuing.' I know you would not have me leave my post at a critical time if I can possibly hold out.

"The country around here is doubly desolate. Army after army has passed over it, and a cloud of locusts were hardly less destructive; and now a drought almost unparalleled has parched it crisp. Winchester I have not yet seen, but it is said to be greatly injured. I sent you yesterday a check. It will, I hope, come safely and meet all your wants. Make sure of flour, wood, and bacon for the winter."

"October 2.

"... I have only time this morning for a line to tell you how much better I am. I was very sick and beginning to despair of getting well in camp, but got one of the boys to bring me a piece of pickle from a nice house near by, and extracting and swallowing the juice helped me at once. I am now taking nitro-muriatic acid, and have been living mainly on acid food. It has all helped me wonderfully, and I am really beginning to feel like myself. You may, therefore, rest easy on my account thus far."

While he was encouraging his family by enlarging on every slight improvement in his health, his friends in camp were very anxious about him. His son wrote home at this time telling of a visit to the artillery camp:
"I found pa quite sick, though rather better than he had been for some days. I made him promise to go home for thirty days, and he says he will start in five days more, so by next Wednesday I hope he may be with you."

Meantime, the improvement indicated above began, important work demanded attention, and the longed-for and much-needed visit home became daily less possible. From his brother-in-law Philip N. Meade's home, "Mountain View," in Clarke County, he wrote, on October 6, Monday,—

"You will rejoice to hear that I am nearly well again. I wrote you of my feeling better, but the change has been nothing short of wonderful. ... Friday General Lee sent me a note expressing regret at learning of my health being still indifferent and urging me to take some relaxation. But I was then better, and besides engaged upon the laborious and delicate task of reducing and reorganizing the artillery of the entire army. Saturday morning I finished my report, took it to General Lee, and had the satisfaction of his most cordial approval. We moved to a new camp on the Front Royal road, so as to have forage within reach of our numerous horses; and having located the camp three miles below the toll-gate, near White Post, John, Willie Meade, and I came to 'Mountain View' after dark on Saturday. All delighted to see us. Their great question whether to stay or not, if our army has to meet McClellan elsewhere and leave this region again to Yankee banditti. They will stay, I think.

"Rose and the children, Willie, Philip, and I went to church at Millwood yesterday. Mr. Jones not there, yet a good congregation. I officiated in my uniform, boots and all, just as I was, without gown, bands, or other clerical token. The people seemed interested, and heaven helped me, so that good was, I trust, done. We are just setting out for camp; a good deal to do there.

"No development yet. General Lee is working on towards the passes of the Blue Ridge, in case we should have to meet another attempt on Richmond by McClellan. Ned Lee I have not seen, nor Sandie, for some days. We are as distinct as if separated by half the State."
"October 8.

"... It grieves me that you were all so disappointed about my not going home, but it was better for me to stay. I hope to get home later if there is not much active campaigning. I am really well, with a fine appetite, and full of vigor. It is dreadfully dry. I never saw so much dust.

"All quiet still. When a move will be made, or what, I do not imagine. At present we are improving in health and gaining strength daily. Oh, how I long to be with you and the rest! Rose, Nan, and Lel I have not seen for more than a year. Am letting the beard grow all over my face. Pretty grizzly,—but a great saving of work."

On the same day, October 8, Sandie Pendleton wrote his mother from General Jackson's camp, near Bunker Hill,—

"... I suppose you are pining for rain and oppressed by the heat as we are, though you have not the same clouds of dust to trouble you. It is as hot as midsummer here, and every breath of air that stirs, instead of bringing coolness, bears as great a load of dust as ever a wind that blew over the desert of Sahara. As I look up from this paper I see regiments drilling in the field two hundred yards from me enveloped in a cloud of dust which they stir up as they go. I wish we could try a fight with McClellan's army about Sharpsburg now. The result would be very different from that of the battle of September 17. Our army is twenty-five thousand stronger than then, and in far better condition in every respect. We have been idle now for more than three weeks, and our generals are not given to inaction. Activity and motion have gotten to be a necessity for us, as giving some food to the mind. Now there is nothing to do. Frank Paxton having charge of the office-work, I have been reading Carlyle's 'Cromwell.' General Jackson is the exact counterpart of Oliver in every respect, as Carlyle draws him."

Till the 1st of November the army continued in the valley, watching McClellan and steadily gaining in strength. The difficulty of obtaining forage continually increased, and all arms of the service became anxious for active movements. Later in
October General Pendleton's letters tell of his various important occupations and continued ill health.

"Artillery Camp, Four Miles Below White Post.

"... Here we are still, you see. Under General Lee's direction, I have had the routes over the mountains explored, and the capacity of Fauquier, Loudoun, etc., for maintaining an army ascertained and reported to him. ... My great work of reorganizing the artillery has been accomplished, and if there is to be no more active campaigning I can be better spared from camp now than at most other times.

"... Mr. Barnwell has just returned from Richmond—whither I had sent him—with two twenty-pound Parrott rifle guns. I some time ago assigned two to Poague and two to a battery in Colonel S. D. Lee's battalion. They were captured at Harper's Ferry. The two just brought up I keep in this corps under Captain Lane of Cutts's battalion. These guns, and two English Whitworths that fire five miles, make our artillery armament for the field much more formidable than it has ever been before. The Yankees will not again have their way with us at long range any more than at close quarters. ... You will be pained to hear that I am not so well. Severely troubled for the last few days with my old complaint. I reckon I shall have to leave camp to get sound again, if for nothing else. Besides, I have had a bronchial cold, and now, in addition, have a painful boil under my right arm. Altogether, some experience of bodily ills. Yet, on the whole, I am comfortable. ... My condition requires the greatest possible care as to diet: a boiled egg, a little chicken-soup, and rice with toast constitute my subsistence. I am greatly favored in being able to get them."

"October 23, Winchester.

"... I am, as usual, hurried. Have ridden to see General Lee to-day about various matters; took occasion to hint about recruiting my strength. He says I mustn't want recruiting; he can't spare me. I suppose it will not do for me to think of leaving till winter puts a veto on active movements. I wish we had known a month ago the army would be here so long, I would have had you and Rose here at 'Mountain View.'"
While the artillery had been resting and recruiting in the camp near White Post, Jackson's corps had been moved to a point between Winchester and the Blue Ridge, where it could watch the mountain gaps from Harper's Ferry southward. A division of Longstreet's corps had also been sent to Upperville, Loudoun County, to watch the enemy in front. "About the last of October the Federal army began to incline eastwardly towards Warrenton."* Longstreet's entire corps was therefore ordered to Culpeper, and General Pendleton with the reserve artillery was directed to follow.†

Of this march and the stay at Culpeper General Pendleton wrote,—

"CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE, November 6, 1862.

"... On Thursday, 30th of October, I received notice to march Saturday, 1st of November, and at one P.M. of that day set the column in motion, the road not being clear till then. That evening, crossing the two branches of the Shenandoah, we reached and encamped near Front Royal. Tuesday, soon after mid-day, we arrived here,—are encamped about a mile from the village, where streams furnish water for our horses and woods shelter them and ourselves."...

"November 17.

"... Yesterday I was again permitted to preach acceptably to a large and attractive congregation in Rev. Mr. Cole's church.

* General Lee's report.
† In the accompanying order:

(Confidential.)

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, 28th October, 1862.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON,

Commanding, etc.

GENERAL,—General Longstreet's corps will be put in march to Culpeper. General Jackson's will remain in the valley for the present. His head-quarters are on the Charlestown and Berryville Turnpike near Long Marsh Run. As soon as Longstreet's corps passes you, I wish you to follow it with your reserve artillery at a convenient distance to Culpeper, encamping on your arrival at a suitable distance from his command, where you can procure shelter, fuel, and subsistence. You must make arrangements to provide forage, etc., at your camping-grounds on your march. The reserve ammunition-train will accompany you.

I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE,

General.
There were a great many officers and soldiers. General Lee and staff among others. They tell me the army seems in motion. I have for a day or two anticipated the breaking up of our camp here.

"George, of Oakland, who waits upon us, is very complaining. He says he is 'broke down' and can't stand being here in this 'wide ocean.' We have, with one and another, quite a small army of servants about my head-quarters. It is a life they like vastly. So little to do."

Early in November General Burnside superseded General McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac. His movement towards Fredericksburg soon became apparent. General Lee therefore sent first a small and then a larger force to occupy the hills on the south of the town.

When General Sumner with his advance reached Falmouth on November 17, the only Confederate troops on the opposite side of the river consisted of one regiment of cavalry, four companies of Mississippi infantry, and a battery of light artillery. On that day two divisions of Longstreet's corps,—McLaw's and Ransom's, with their battalion of artillery,—accompanied by a brigade of cavalry and Lane's long-range rifle battery from the reserve artillery, were sent forward to Fredericksburg. On the 19th General Burnside reported from Falmouth to the authorities in Washington that six army corps, under Sumner, Franklin, and Hooker, with several other divisions and a large cavalry force, had all reached their designated places within striking distance of Fredericksburg.* This great army of one hundred and thirteen thousand men † had in front of it for several days only the Confederate force mentioned above, as the rest of Longstreet's corps, with the reserve artillery, did not move from Culpeper until the 19th. Jackson's corps, which had come from the valley to Orange Court-House, was not ordered to Fredericksburg until November 26.

Had General Burnside occupied Fredericksburg and the hills south of the Rappahannock, as he might have done at first without opposition, General Lee would have been compelled to take a defensive position farther back. But as the Federal host

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† Ibid.
sat quietly down upon the north side of the river, the Confederate army took possession of the hills on the south side, and began at once to strengthen the defensive line they afforded. “The plain of Fredericksburg is so completely commanded by the Stafford heights”—crowned by the heavy guns of the enemy—“that no effectual opposition could be made to the construction of bridges or the passage of the river without exposing our troops to the destructive fire of the numerous batteries of the enemy. At the same time, the narrowness of the Rappahannock, its winding course, and deep bed presented opportunities for laying down bridges at points secure from the fire of our artillery.”* The Confederate position was therefore “selected with a view to resist the enemy’s advance after crossing; and as the hills were commanded by the opposite heights, in possession of the enemy, earthworks were constructed upon their crest at the most eligible positions for artillery.”† “These positions were judiciously chosen, and fortified under the direction of Brigadier-General Pendleton, chief of artillery, Colonel Cabell, of McLaws’s division, Colonel E. P. Alexander, and Captain S. R. Johnson, of the engineers.”‡

General Pendleton’s letters bring vividly before us the work and weariness of those days of preparation for the great battle, and the hardships experienced by the soldiers and the inhabitants of Fredericksburg and the surrounding country. As it was impossible for General Lee to prevent the threatened bombardment of the town, he advised the people to abandon it. And the whole population, with few exceptions, left their homes to find shelter where they could.

Winter set in unusually early, and with great severity, and the intense cold added to the labor of throwing up earthworks, and increased the sufferings of the army exposed to its rigors day and night. Provisions were scarce. Tents there were none, except those used as “head-quarters.” Some of the soldiers were barefooted, and many of them insufficiently clothed. But they were in good spirits, and bore all their privations with cheerful fortitude.

Of these things General Pendleton wrote,—

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* General Lee’s report, War Records.  † Ibid.  ‡ Ibid.
"Near Fredericksburg, November 23, 1862.
Sunday night, nine P.M.

"... After a rough march during four or five days of the past week we arrived here to-day about twelve. Since then have been busy fixing camps, seeing General Lee, etc. It has been very little like God's holy day. I have tried to have my own mind exercised in harmony with the day. I was struck this evening by a reply made to John by old George. The latter had been away for an hour or two, no one knew where. On being reproved, he said he had just learned it was Sunday and had gone into the bushes to pray.

"What is to turn up here cannot yet be told. The enemy in very strong force the other side of the river, and two days ago they summoned the town to surrender. General Longstreet replied, it would not be surrendered. That our troops would not enter the place, and General Burnside's should not. They threatened to shell the place, and accordingly most of the people have left."

"November 26.

"... At present the burden of defence here falls necessarily on the artillery, and hence I have to be very active and busy. No gun yet fired, but the Yankees on the other side in full force, and working like beavers planting batteries. We are, of course, energetic in the same way getting guns in position to keep them back. To do this systematically requires exact care on my part to have all the batteries, guns, etc., classified, so that every man may know his place, and every gun be rendered fully available at the right point and at the requisite moment. All day Monday I was out reconnoitring, riding some thirty miles, and yesterday the same. The Yankees in full view, and we get not only within cannon-range, but within musket-shot. Just across from Fredericksburg they have guns planted to rake the streets. If the enemy makes a serious effort to cross, it will be a hot time. The artillery fire will be tremendous on both sides. Burnside has a serious task before him; and, as General Lee said to me pleasantly this morning, he hopes Burnside will eat his turkey and plum-pudding elsewhere than in Richmond. I am perfectly well, although in the woods, and sometimes with only one meal a day. ...

When I contemplate my own part in the struggle here my
feelings are solemn, yet trustful and hopeful. He who notes the fall of every sparrow holds in His hands my life on the battlefield as everywhere else. And I desire, harder though it then be, to realize this when the shells crash and the bullets whiz within a hair's-breadth as when all is quiet and peace around me. It is a strange position for a servant of the Prince of Peace and a minister of the Gospel of Peace. But as I do not delight in war, and would not hurt the hair of the head of any human being save under conviction of public duty; as by prayer, pleadings, and expostulation I have earnestly tried for peace, so I trust the blessing of the peace-maker will not be denied me, though as a soldier of the Cross I follow the example of old Abraham in endeavoring to defend my kindred against cruel outrage. As with that instance of generous indignation and just courage conspicuously in view, the pattern patriarch is—in the New Testament as well as in the Old—honored as the father of the faithful and the friend of God, so, even under the pacific dispensation of the Gospel, the Lord's faithful servants and children, though they may not individually avenge themselves, may, with His approval and by His sanction, wield the sword of society against public wrong-doers seeking to subvert social right by iniquitous force. He knows how truly I mourn over the wrongs which have compelled the best people of the South to resolve on resistance unto death, and how painful to me the alternative of seeing all that I most value on earth desolated, or of taking myself an humble part in the endeavor, at whatever cost, to resist oppression. He sees that I desire in all sincerity to be a faithful soldier of the Cross, while trying also to be a useful soldier of a much-wronged country. And He graciously accepts, I trust, my unworthy services, whatever error, whatever sin be chargeable against me in this as in other portions of my life. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. All this, my daughter, not for you only I write, but for all at home, and as an expression of my mind when perhaps such utterance may be of value."

"December 4, 1862.

"... This bright, frosty morning, just after our camp breakfast of fried middling and corn-bread and water, with the addition of a little butter, the first for ten days, I seat myself to write. By the way, bacon of any kind in our fare is a great rarity.
The army is fed by beef, beef, beef, all the time. It is so easy to get along. A great thing for the eatables of an army to transport themselves.

"This lovely day all is quiet here, as ever. By and by I shall ride to the front and take an observation of our amiable friends across the river. . . . It would grieve you to pass through the streets of poor old Fredericksburg. All desolate and deserted. Only here and there do you see anybody. Not a house open; nothing but desertion and silence. The poor, homeless people are wanderers on the face of the earth. The Yankees having threatened to bombard the town, of course all the timid and helpless moved out as quickly as possible, and hundreds had to shelter themselves in the woods some miles off as well as they could. Most have now found refuge with kind friends elsewhere, but the discomfort of all must be great. Still, they are bravely patient, even cheerful. Day before yesterday, when I visited the front, works were going up most busily on both sides. I laid out some for large guns on our front,—guns just brought up from Richmond,—thirty-pounder Parrots, like 'Long Tom,' captured at Manassas First. . . . We are all pretty hideous now, like so many wild beasts unshorn. I have not had a razor near my face for two months. Best friends hardly know me. They stop and stare when I speak to them, at a loss to determine who it is. There is no other officer with so much gray beard all over his face, except General Lee; and though he is grayer, the mistake is frequently made of taking me for him. We are not far from the same size and age. He rather older, I rather taller."

"Ten P.M., December 7, 1862.

". . . To-day has been pretty wintry all day, forming ice, I believe, in the shade every hour, and to-night it is still more pinching; yet in my tent we are pretty comfortable, thin as are cotton walls. Very different is it, however, with many of the poor fellows in camp. There are still a few unprovided with shoes, more with inadequate clothing, and all without tents. They manage to eke out some kind of a shelter, either with oil-cloths or a blanket over poles, or brushwood covered with leaves. Nor is the exposure in such weather all. Camp-fare in our fix is an item of life not without significance. Our breakfast this morning was a piece of
cold boiled fat middling and corn-bread, washed down with cold
water. It went astonishingly well, tired as we are of interminable
beef. For dinner I preferred a little 'hard bread' and water.
To-night we had the treat of a cup of coffee and some fat corn-
bread.

... At this season one of our sorest privations is the imprac-
ticability of any kind of public worship. Had it been at all
possible, I should certainly have officiated to some part of my
command. As it was, I could only stay by the fire in my tent.
Bible and Prayer-Book are my only Christian reading. These, of
course, are inestimable, but I feel very much the want of some
others. And to-day I have not been able to enjoy these as much
as I desired, because, mine being the most comfortable tent, most
of my staff spend a good deal of time in it.

"As I am now writing on my knee, with candle propped up
on my bed, old George, having taken refuge from the cold winds
beneath our shelter, lies outstretched near the fire and your uncle
John is in his cot soundly sleeping. Nor is there a single sound
but of the simmering fire before me. You would never imagine
so many thousand men and horses of war were congregated so
near.

"But what of the enemy, you will all wish to know. Just as
they have been for the two weeks we have been here. No doubt
Burnside is sorely puzzled what to do. To attempt crossing the
river in spite of us is a hazard he had better not try. To go else-
where 'On to Richmond' is a task at this season to try his patience
as well as his nerves, and to stay where he is will probably cost
him as dearly as a lost battle. He had some reason to weep when
McClellan left him in command. Our own term of endurance
here must depend on his movements."

Late in November Jackson's corps had been ordered from the
valley to Fredericksburg. On the 28th of November Sandie
Pendleton wrote to his mother from Orange Court-House,—

"Marching every day has brought us thus far on our way
towards Fredericksburg and the great battle expected. We are
here and ready for our old tramps to the rear. Our corps mus-
ters thirty thousand men for duty, in as fine trim and as eager for
another fight as I have seen men during the war. We are confident that we can handle any sixty thousand Burnside has, and, if Longstreet can do his part, we'll finish this army for them this winter."

CHAPTER XXXII.

FIRST BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

For three weeks the two armies lay thus in sight and almost within hearing of each other. General Burnside's inactivity was contrary to the views and wishes of his subordinate commanders. General Sumner had wished to occupy Fredericksburg on the 17th of November. On the 19th General Hooker had urged a crossing of the Rappahannock by the fords above the town. At first the Federal commander had waited for his pontoons, but by the time they arrived the Confederates were so strongly posted in his front that he wrote to Washington excusing his delay on that ground.* He then contemplated crossing at Skinker's Neck, fourteen miles below Fredericksburg, and Federal gunboats were sent up the Rappahannock to facilitate this plan. General D. H. Hill's division, of Jackson's corps, with some powerful artillery, was therefore sent down to Port Royal, and so effectively attacked the gunboats as to change General Burnside's opinion of the feasibility of advancing by that route. He then "concluded that the enemy would be more surprised by a crossing at or near Fredericksburg" † than elsewhere, and "determined to make the attempt" ‡ there. All his preparations were made by December 10, and the movement of the Federal army began before daylight on the 11th. Pontoon-bridges were to be laid down at different points to allow the passage of the troops. The fire from the Stafford heights was so severe that the Confederate troops who were protecting the crossing below the town, near the mouth of Deep Run, had to be withdrawn, and the bridges there were laid down before noon. In the town itself the sharp-shooters effectually prevented all efforts to con-

* Burnside's report, Appendix D. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.
struct the bridge until late in the day. About four in the afternoon a furious bombardment from one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery caused the Confederates to retire, and the bridges there were completed. During the night, and under cover of the dense fog, the next day, December 12, the Federal army crossed the Rappahannock and took position on the plain in front of Lee's army. Franklin's grand division crossed at the lower bridges, as did Hooker's Third Corps and Burns's division of the Ninth Corps. Sumner's grand division crossed opposite the town. Hooker's Fifth Corps was held in reserve. Burnside's report gives to Franklin sixty thousand men, to Sumner twenty-seven thousand, to Hooker twenty-six thousand,—a grand total of one hundred and thirteen thousand. The effective strength of the Confederates was about sixty thousand men, lying from the Rappahannock River above Falmouth on the left to the Massaponax Creek. The left was held by Longstreet's corps; and Jackson's, on the right, held the ground in front of Franklin's command; D. H. Hill's and Early's divisions of that corps marching up from Port Royal on the night of the 12th.

The following letters written on the spot give the details of these two days, 11th and 12th. Sandie Pendleton wrote on the 11th,—

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARMY CORPS.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—If the good people of Lexington ever did hear any cannonading,* their acoustic nerves have surely been shocked this morning. At any rate there has not been wanting occasion. This morning the Yankees opposite Fredericksburg opened a tremendous fire, which woke us all, and started us out to see what had broken loose. About eight came a despatch from General Lee stating that the enemy had attempted to cross at Fredericksburg, and that Barksdale's brigade was opposing them. It is now twelve M. and we have heard nothing further from General Lee. I have been amused at the various comments of the negroes as to the cause and probable results of the firing. And it is a fact that we have been so long without a fight, that our army begins to desire another tilt with

* The firing round Richmond in July, 1862, had been distinctly heard—or perhaps felt—in Lexington.
the Yankees. The prestige is on our side here. Yesterday General D. H. Hill (Raw-Hide Hill as he is called from having moccasins for his men) drove off five gunboats from Port Royal with his Whitworth gun and Pogue's twenty-pounder Parrots. This is the second time he has done the same thing."

General Pendleton wrote in the early morning of the 13th,—

"... Two nights ago we were aroused by our signal-guns, and everything made ready for battle. All day, day before yesterday, there was heavy cannonading by the enemy, and brisk skirmishing from before dawn by our riflemen on the river-bank in Fredericksburg and below. Our artillery did not fire at all, because no suitable object was presented. The enemy tried their pontoon-bridges, and by night, under cover of great guns, succeeded in getting down several. Night before the last a good many crossed into the flat below the town, and a good many into the town. Yesterday, as the day before, a murky, smoky atmosphere covered everything, so that there was no discerning of objects a half-mile off. The Yankees, however, fired a good deal, and our batteries occasionally. As I rode to the front early in the morning, General Jackson, Sandie, etc., rode up, and we went on together to the position of my large guns,—a high point. They stayed but a little while; I rode round the batteries all day. About three the smoke in a great measure cleared up, and the shelling became severe on both sides. We look for warm work to-day, or whenever the atmosphere is clear enough. Alas! for the blood and suffering and death, and especially of so many unprepared."

On the morning of the 13th of December the two armies lay within less than two miles of each other, waiting for the lifting of the fog to engage in their deadly struggle. Ninety thousand men and two hundred and twenty pieces of artillery had crossed into the plain: forty thousand men and one hundred and four guns under Sumner on the Federal right at Fredericksburg; fifty thousand men with one hundred and sixteen guns under Franklin at the lower bridges.* Behind these, across the river, were their infantry reserves and a powerful force of heavy artil-

* Reports of Burnside and Hunt.
Iery, so situated as to sweep the plain in their front and the Confederate position beyond. The Confederate left, opposite Sumner, was held by Longstreet's corps. Jackson's corps held the right from Deep Run to the heights above the Massaponax Creek. Two hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were posted where it was thought they would prove most serviceable. The infantry was in a high state of efficiency and eager to try the issue with Burnside's men. The artillery had been much improved and recruited since Sharpsburg, and was now massed systematically, so as best to defend the Confederate positions and deal destruction to the enemy's advance. The delay occasioned by the dense fog gave time to Generals D. H. Hill and Early to bring up their divisions from the neighborhood of Port Royal and take the positions assigned them,—Early in Jackson's second line, D. H. Hill as the reserve. A. P. Hill's division held the front line along the railroad and in the woods bordering it. Upon the heights behind were stationed artillery, with orders not to fire except upon the advancing enemy. A general attack was expected along the Confederate lines, and officers and men were watching for their opportunity.

Through the obscurity of the early morning came sounds indicating activity along the Federal line; the words "Forward, guide centre," were distinguished, and as the mist partially lifted, about nine o'clock, a large force was seen moving in line of battle upon Jackson. As they advanced into the plain, Major Pelham, of Stuart's horse-artillery, opened an enfilade fire upon them with two guns, which held them in check for an hour, and did not withdraw until four Federal batteries were turned upon them.* General Meade then continued his advance by the flank, his artillery shelling the woods and heights, endeavoring to find out the exact position of the Confederate lines and batteries. According to orders, no reply was made to the Federal cannon; but when the infantry had come within less than eight hundred yards, Colonel R. L. Walker on the right opened upon them such a storm of shot and shell from fourteen guns on the heights in their front as caused them "to falter and retreat."†

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* Generals Franklin, Reynolds, and Meade all speak of this enfilade firing as "severe" and "brisk."
† Reports of Lee and Jackson.
About one p.m. a furious cannonade from the Federal guns announced the main attack on Jackson's entire line. Under the protection of this heavy and well-directed fire the infantry again advanced upon A. P. Hill. As before, the Confederate batteries played upon them destructively. Towards the left the advance was checked by the heavy artillery fire. Towards the right, however, they pressed on to the railroad, driving the troops stationed there, and striking an interval in the line, where a marsh separated two of Hill's brigades, penetrated the first line, turned the flanks of those brigades, and thus gained a temporary advantage. A desperate conflict then took place. The second line, under Early, came rapidly up, "crashing through the woods," * and after a severe struggle drove the enemy back out of the woods and to the railroad. A part of Early's command then attacked the force sheltered under the railroad embankment, and drove them across the plains to their batteries. During all this infantry fight the artillery was incessantly engaged. The enemy constantly shelled the woods and heights, and the Confederate guns poured their concentrated fire into the enemy's troops wherever they could be perceived.

A tremendous cannonade from the Stafford heights had been opened in the early morning upon Longstreet's corps, holding the centre and left of the Confederate position; but no attack was made there until towards mid-day. General Sumner being directed to attack and seize the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, ordered forward French's division, followed by Hancock's. "At eleven a.m. the advance division moved in three columns of battalions by brigades." † The orders given were to advance, drive the pickets of the enemy, and go into their works with them. ‡ "Marye's Hill," the special point of attack, was defended by an infantry force posted in a sunken road and a ditch and behind a stone wall at its base; by the Washington Artillery on its crest; by a concentric fire from other batteries so placed as to sweep the plain in front; and by a reserve force of infantry and artillery stationed on the southern slope of the hill. As the attacking column moved forward, the batteries on the Stafford heights opened a furious fire upon the Confederate

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* A. P. Hill's report. † General Sumner's report. ‡ Ibid.
position with a view to silencing their artillery. But here, as on the right, the Confederate guns made no reply, and fired only upon the advancing infantry. Notwithstanding the murderous fire thus directed upon them, the Federal troops moved bravely towards the hill; but when the infantry in the sunken road and behind the stone wall opened upon them with musketry, their already depleted ranks seemed to melt away. Hancock followed French, and Howard Hancock, until at last Hooker’s whole reserve force was ordered into the attack. General Hooker remonstrated with General Burnside, at first by message and then in person,* but the commanding general insisted that the crest must be taken.

This, the sixth and last attack, was made at a critical moment, when the guns of the Washington Artillery on the crest of the hill were being relieved by a part of Alexander’s battalion. The Federals, seeing these guns withdrawn, and being relieved for a time from the galling fire which had checked the preceding columns, supposed it to indicate a drawing back of the Confederate line, and pressed forward with spirit. The infantry in the sunken road and on the hill had been reinforced, and received the assault with a terrific fire of musketry; and the fresh guns on the crest, coming rapidly into action, opened upon the foe with such vigor that “the attack was almost immediately repulsed.” † Night found the attack “repulsed at all points, and the day’s work” for the Federal army “a failure.” ‡

“The attack had been so easily repulsed, and with so small a part”§ of the Confederate army, that it was confidently expected to be renewed the next day, and preparations were made during the night to receive it still more vigorously. General Burnside, in his report, says that he “directed preparations to be made for another attack on the morning of the 14th, but countermanded the order.” Mr. Swinton|| says that “he resolved to form the Ninth Corps in a column of attack by regiments, and lead it in person to the assault,” but desisted on account of the “urgent entreaties of General Sumner.” All day Sunday and Monday Lee’s army lay thus, expecting and hoping for another Federal

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* Hooker’s report. † Ibid. ‡ General Burnside’s report. § Lee’s report. || Army of the Potomac.
advance. The night of the 15th was dark and stormy, and under the cover of the wind and rain the host which had moved out with so much confidence stole back to their camps under the protection of their great guns.

Then for the first time the Confederates became aware of the extent of the destruction and disaster they had inflicted upon their assailants. Only one of Longstreet's divisions and parts of two of Jackson's had been actively engaged, though all had suffered somewhat from the enemy's incessant artillery fire. Five thousand two hundred and nine in killed, wounded, and missing were reported on the Confederate side. The Federal loss is given as twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-three, and we have seen that upon Marye's Hill Sumner's whole corps, with part of Hooker's, had again and again been thrown, while Meade, Reynolds, and Birney had fruitlessly attacked Jackson's position.

The Confederate infantry actually engaged had, as they always did, fought most gallantly, and those who were compelled to lie inactive suffered much from the enemy's shot and shell; but to the accuracy, efficiency, and persistent bravery of the artillery was largely due the success of Lee's army in this battle. Generals Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill, and the other Confederate generals in their reports speak again and again of the "rapid," "destructive," "well-directed," "demoralizing," "murderous," "accurate," "efficacious" fire and "extraordinary effect" of their guns at all points, and of the "unflinching courage," "unshaken steadiness," "animation and spirit" with which they were "admirably served," and repeatedly mention with high commendation individual commanders and batteries.* The

* Where all were so justly praised it will not be invidious to quote from General Jackson's report the commendation bestowed upon the Rockbridge Battery, General Pendleton's original company:

"During the day, some of the guns under Colonel Walker becoming short of men and ammunition, and otherwise disabled from further service, were relieved by Captain Poague's battery with two twenty-pounder Parrots. These two pieces actively engaged the enemy's artillery, and afterwards opened on the infantry. . . . It is due to Captain Poague here to state that when, late on the evening previous, he received orders to move his battery, he was distant some sixteen miles from the battle-field, and the promptitude with which he responded to the order, by a fatiguing night's march is worthy of notice." Confederate reports, p. 437.
tribute paid to the Confederate artillery by the Federal commanders is even more emphatic as to the prominent and important part it played in the repulse of Burnside's army. Their reports—from those of Generals Burnside, Franklin, Sumner, Hooker, French, Hancock, Howard, Couch, Meade, Reynolds, Birney, etc., to those from the officers commanding brigades, regiments, and companies—all characterize the fire of the artillery opposing their advance as "murderous," "deadly," "terrific," "destructive," "continuous," "severe," "galling," "vigorous," "furious," "heavy," "cross and concentrated." These epithets are so constantly repeated—varied by references to the "storm of shot and shell," "the severe front and enfilading fire" from the batteries—as to show the power and success of the Confederate cannon. In some instances—as we have seen the case with Major Pelham—special reference is made to the injury inflicted by particular guns. General Franklin says, "We were annoyed continually by firing from the other side of the Massaponax from long-range guns." General Birney says that, "At 4.30 P.M. the enemy opened upon our left a battery of Whitworth guns that enfiladed my command, which annoyed us greatly;" * and several times mention is made of "a Whitworth gun planted on Sunday, 14th, in the head of the Massaponax," † doing great damage.

The consciousness that the position, defended by such an army, could not be carried, induced the withdrawal of the Army of the Potomac, and made it necessary for General Burnside to try some other route to Richmond.

On Sunday, the 14th, Sandie Pendleton wrote to his mother,—

"... I am here at head-quarters and have a chance to write, because I was badly bruised in the fight yesterday. In the afternoon, as I went with an order to General Taliaferro to advance, I was struck by a musket-ball, which went through both over- and under-coats, and was stopped by striking the knife in my pants pocket. It saved my life, as the ball would have gone through the groin and fractured the hip-joint. I am very stiff and horribly bruised. I did not leave the field, and shall return this

* Captain Poague's guns, referred to before. † Captain Hardaway.
morning. We held the right. The artillery fire the heaviest I ever saw, surpassing that at Malvern Hill. On the left, at Falmouth, they tried to take the heights and were signally repulsed. On our side they tried to take the heights, and our artillery played upon them with considerable effect."

On the 17th General Pendleton wrote,—

"... Well, the Yankees are gone! The battle of Saturday proved much more important than we at the time knew. I could see that the destruction of the enemy was terrific, but had no just idea of the terrible loss of life on their side. The blow was so stunning they could not advance again Sunday. Monday, again, they remained stationary, and we, of course, would not leave our position, so strong by nature and stronger by art, to attack them in the plain, taking for granted they must attack us if they expected to accomplish anything. Yesterday morning we looked for the great fight of the war. But lo! when dawn appeared no Yankees remained this side of the Rappahannock, except dead and wounded. They had used the dark, rainy night to cover their retreat back to the hills of Stafford, and were out of our reach.

"One Whitworth gun I had in a good position, and able to shoot four or five miles, was the only one with which they could be reached; this fired a number of times at their receding masses, wagon-trains, etc., with what effect we could not well see. Some of their long-range guns replied and sent thirty-pound shells furiously about us, and, serious as the risk was, you would have laughed to see generals, colonels, majors, and all squatting under the breastwork every time the flash of one of those large guns appeared. There is abundance of time after seeing the flash of a gun two miles off to lie down or get under cover at hand before the ball or shell arrives. The report comes before the missile, and then the latter comes with great noise whether it explode or not. ... General Jackson's wing off for Port Royal. Burnside may try there. ... My hope of seeing you all at home this Christmas must be disappointed. ... In the hottest part of the fight the other day, we really supposed that it was only a sharp skirmish preliminary to the general battle. But they suffered
terribly. The ground was literally wet with the blood of the slain Yankees, awful to behold! On all the battle-fields I have seen nothing like it."

How severe was the blow inflicted upon the Federal army is shown in their reports, and especially in the congratulations sent by Mr. Lincoln to that army "on the courage with which" they, "in an open field, maintained the contest against an intrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which" they "crossed and recrossed the river in the face of the enemy."

Besides the hardships of camp and dangers of battle, personal and family anxieties pressed heavily upon General Pendleton at this time. His parish in Lexington and his own home had become crowded with refugees, who needed the services of the Church and the consolations of a pastor. There was no prospect of his soon resuming his ministerial work there, and after much consideration he decided that it was right for him to resign the rectoryship and give opportunity for some other clergyman to take it. On the 24th of December he resigned the parish and wrote to his wife concerning it, "I feel great ease of mind as approving this step." To avoid the great trouble of his family being rendered homeless by his resignation, he offered to purchase the parsonage at a fair valuation. The vestry were unwilling to sell, but the Rev. Dr. Norton—himself a refugee from his church in Alexandria, Virginia, who became temporary rector in Lexington—refused to turn Mrs. Pendleton out, and rented the parsonage to her on reasonable terms.

Colonel Edwin G. Lee, of the Thirty-third Virginia Regiment, General Pendleton's son-in-law, had been attacked with severe and prostrating lung-trouble. The hardship, intense cold, and exposure of the days of watching and waiting for Burnside's advance at Fredericksburg had so aggravated Colonel Lee's symptoms that he was compelled to yield to the urgent advice of his physicians and withdraw from the field. A grievous trial it was to the young soldier—and to his friends—to be thus disabled from sharing in the hardships and dangers of his brothers and comrades. Too conscientious and considerate of the rights of others to accept the unlimited furlough offered him, and leave his duties to subordinate officers while standing in the way of their promo-
tion, he resigned his commission in the latter part of December, 1862, and was succeeded in command of the regiment by Colonel F. M. Holliday, afterwards governor of Virginia. Colonel Lee was recommissioned and assigned to duty in Richmond in 1863; volunteered for active service in the spring of 1864, and was afterwards sent to Staunton to command there and bring out the reserves of the valley, and made a brigadier-general.

An extract from one of Mrs. Pendleton's letters written the last week in December, 1862, gives some idea of the growing scarcity of provisions and increase of prices:

"The object of this letter is to urge you to send to General Jackson's head-quarters for a box which went to Mr. Lee this morning. Let me tell you the contents of the box, that you may be more anxious to get it: Turkey, six and a half pounds of sausage, two tin boxes of apple-butter, a pair of chickens, souse-cheese, four pounds of dried cherries, to be stewed with some of the three and a half pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of butter, half-bushel of dried apples, and two bottles of catsup. Sue had made a list of the articles and their cost, that Mr. Lee might charge the mess with them. I will recapitulate for the benefit of your mess: Turkey, two dollars; chickens, one dollar; apple-butter, three dollars; butter, two dollars and fifty cents; sugar, three dollars and fourteen cents; sausage, two dollars; dried apples, two dollars; souse-cheese, fifty cents; catsup, fifty cents; and dried cherries, two dollars,—in all, eighteen dollars and sixty-four cents, besides thirty-seven and a half cents for the box and one dollar and twenty-five cents' freight for the box to Staunton. I have wanted to send you a box, but did not mean to make you pay for it, though it is but right to charge the mess. These are the prices we paid, except for the sausage and souse,—they are less than the cost of the meat. If I had known you would have gotten this box I would have put a ham in it."

It was during this campaign that General Pendleton was found one afternoon by Major Page busily engaged with needle and thread. The following interview took place:

"What are you doing, general?"
"Mending my trousers. The only thing I could find for a patch was this old piece of a collar."

"Well, it's a great waste of time, for nobody'll ever be able to tell one end of your shirt from the other!"

It is needless to say that this episode was duly reported by the victim of it, and was soon known throughout the camp.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WINTER AND SPRING OF 1863—BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

As it soon became clear that General Burnside would not again attempt to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, the necessity for feeding the artillery horses compelled their withdrawal to some locality where forage was more accessible. The last days of 1862 were, therefore, occupied in moving the artillery camps. The reserve artillery was stationed on the north side of the North Anna River, in Caroline County. Finding it inexpedient to press for his hoped-for furlough, General Pendleton obtained lodgings for his wife and one of his daughters at Dr. Thomas B. Anderson's, close to his camp, and sent for them to visit him. Their sojourn of some weeks was a pleasant episode for the camp-weary soldiers. The camp was on one side of the river, the dwelling-house on the other. The banks were steep and the ford bad. Official duties required General Pendleton to spend the days in camp, and the ladies would often walk over the foot-bridge and pass the afternoon in his tent. One of their amusements was to see the general's old sorrel horse trot down the path after him in the evening until his way was stopped by the narrow footway; not caring to swim the cold stream, he would stand till his master was on the other side, then neigh his good-night and walk back to his stable.

Constant effort was now made to increase the efficiency of the artillery. The small brass guns of the different batteries were sent to the Confederate foundry in Richmond and recast into Napoleons. Great diligence was used to secure forage from the back country for the horses in all the artillery camps, rigid in-
spections of the batteries were required, and everything possible done to put men, horses, and ordnance into good condition for active campaigning. The winter was very cold and wet, and the difficulty of moving in the tenacious alluvial soil between the Rappahannock and the James almost insurmountable. To lessen such difficulties, General Pendleton was instructed to have good bridges built at various points, and to see that the roads in the country round the artillery camps were repaired.

Nearly two years of war had greatly drained the resources of Virginia, and the insufficient means of transportation prevented supplies, still abundant in other parts of the South, being brought where they were so much needed. The necessaries of the army were, therefore, very great. Clothing, shoes, blankets, tents, and provisions were all inadequate to supply the wants of the men. To remedy these deficiencies, and to fill up the ranks depleted by the expiration of the term of service for which numbers of the men had enlisted, engaged the attention and best efforts of all in command. The steady depreciation of Confederate money rendered the covetous less willing to sell, and the generous less able to give such articles as were most in demand. Still, the mass of the people stood firm in their resolve to sustain their defenders to their utmost. The diminishing supplies at home were divided with the soldiers; and the knowledge that if returned to the army as conscripts they would be held in disgrace by their friends, no doubt induced those who might otherwise have shirked the duty to re-enlist. With the majority of the army, however, genuine patriotism and self-devotion was the motive which animated them to fight so gallantly and endure so cheerfully.

To lighten the task of feeding the army, General Longstreet, with the divisions of Hood and Pickett and the artillery battalions of Henry and Dearing, was sent into the country south of Petersburg, where the ravages of war had not yet been felt. To General Jackson, with the Second Corps and two divisions of the First Corps, McLaw's and Anderson's, was left the watching and being ready to meet the Federal army along a line of twenty-five miles, from United States Ford above to Port Royal below Fredericksburg. A keen lookout had, therefore, to be kept lest the enemy's cavalry should at any time make a dash across the
Rappahannock and attack the artillery camps, necessarily separated.

General Jackson's head-quarters were at Moss Neck,—the Corbin estate,—about ten miles below Fredericksburg, where he could watch the Federal army and check its advance either above or below. A threatened movement about the middle of January called General Pendleton to the front. Of his father's visit to General Jackson, and also of his own promotion on the general's recommendation, Sandie Pendleton wrote his mother,—

"January 20, 1863.

"Here I am a major within two months after my twenty-second year is completed. I am proud of it and glad that the promotion has come from recognized merit, and accept it as a good omen for future success. . . . Sunday the whole party turned out and went to Grace Church. The ladies here having a carriage, but no horses, harness, nor driver, I furnished all three in Buck and our ambulance-team, and they went in fine style. Mr. Friend preached a good sermon, and I raised the tunes. Judge of my surprise on leaving the church at seeing pa, Dudley, and Wash Nelson. Pa and Dudley came over and spent the night here. . . . We are working as busily as beavers along our front, not in anticipation of the Yankees crossing, but lest they may. It is raining to-night furiously, and has been blowing, but that has ceased, and I hear only the incessant rattle of the rain in streams upon the tent."

There was no alarm of the enemy's advance after this, and Mrs. Pendleton's visit was prolonged for some weeks. Much of this time was passed by General Pendleton in consulting with other artillery officers, examining and perfecting a plan for re-organizing the artillery so as to insure its greater efficiency. An acute attack of rheumatism in his left arm added to the trials borne at this season. The condition of affairs along the front may be learned from Major Pendleton's letters:

"In Camp, Moss Neck, March 1, 1863.

". . . The mud is so intense that no one ever thinks of moving from camp except under the pressure of duty. Its depth is
appalling to us uncivilized beings from the mountains. The whole bottom of the earth seems to have sunk about three feet. The people here say that there is no possible chance of our being able to move for six weeks more. . . . Friday we had a visit from a young Englishman, who has been through the Indian Sepoy War under Havelock, and who has come over to take another lesson in the art of war in the West. From the Old World to the New; from the horrors of heathen warfare to the barbarities of Yankee heroes. These last he abhors quite enthusiastically enough to please the most fastidious Southerner. He says the English quite admire General Jackson, as they class him along with Havelock."

"Camp, March 10, 1863.

". . . It is snowing, sleeting, and raining all at the same time. The most serious objection to it is that it keeps the roads bad, interferes with military operations, and renders it impossible to recruit or even keep up our animals. The Yankee pickets along the river say Hooker is coming across 'the first fair day.'

"Of one thing I am certain, that the struggle has but just begun in earnest, and that from this time we have to exert all our energies to cope with our foe. . . . As soon as the spring fairly opens I anticipate cavalry raids from the enemy's immense cavalry force. They have nine brigades opposed to us, under Stoneman and Averill."

We have seen how religious interest and services had been kept up among the artillery from the beginning of the war under General Pendleton's direction and guidance. A similar state of things was found in many places among the infantry, and log chapels had been built in different localities by Jackson's men in their winter-quarters. To systematize this religious work and influence and to provide every portion of his command with devout, faithful chaplains was a subject which greatly engaged General Jackson's attention. As a first step towards doing it effectively he invited the Rev. Tucker Lacy to come to him as a sort of "staff chaplain," and gave him every aid in doing missionary work among the men of the Second Corps. In the letter above quoted Sandie Pendleton wrote of Mr. Lacy's joining them,—
"We have the Rev. Tucker Lacy here now as a permanency. The general has given him his finest horse and he shares his room. He can do a large amount of good if he sets earnestly to work at it in the right way."

A week or two later he wrote,—

"I suppose you have seen in the *Southern Churchman* the 'Address from Chaplains, Second Corps'? It was written by Mr. Lacy, and is, I think, very good. He has stirred up the chaplains a great deal and infused some of his own energy into them, and is doing a good work."

About the middle of March General Jackson moved up nearer to the front in expectation of an opening campaign, and a stir of anticipation was felt throughout the army. Letters still give the most lively picture of affairs.

On March 16 General Pendleton wrote to his daughters in Lexington,—

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—After a ride of several miles this morning before seven o'clock, I will write a line to go by Major Rogers. He kindly offered to take up a little sugar (thirty pounds) in a bag to you. . . . On Saturday your mamma, Aunt Anne Rose, and Rose left Dr. Anderson's. They went in an ambulance to Mrs. Cooke's. I accompanied them. That evening Sandie came to my camp and Dudley lent him one of the wagon horses, so that he soon joined us. We all spent together there a happy day yesterday. I read the service and made a lecture to the assembled household."

The rumor of movements proved premature, and on April 4 he wrote again,—

". . . You must not be disappointed if your ma and Rose stay longer. My despatches from General Lee indicate that we may be quiet still awhile. Your ma and Rose came to camp to-day in an ambulance, and have dined with me. We go on to Dr. Nelson's presently. The wind blows prodigiously, and I fear rain or snow to-morrow; if the weather permits, we hope to go to the
old Fork Church. Bishop Johns is to preach there. My right arm and hand are nearly helpless from rheumatism."

On the same date Sandie Pendleton wrote of the opening of the spring weather,—

"... Yesterday I was in one place greeted by a cloud of dust. We look for the Yankees every day. They started for this side of the river on the 22d of March, but the snow delayed them. ... We are in fine condition. The army stronger than I have ever known it, and in an admirable state of organization and discipline. The armament and equipment good also. Stuart has lately gotten two Whitworth guns. I wish you could get us one or two more for Hardaway."

The good weather was the signal for Mrs. Pendleton's return home. To her General Pendleton wrote April 15,—

"... I went up day before yesterday, saw General Lee, spent the night at General Jackson's camp, and had a good deal of chat with Sandie. Rev. Mr. Lacy has arranged for a weekly meeting of all the chaplains. It was to take place yesterday at Grace Church. They begged me to be present. I agreed; was there at eleven; a sermon; then business, each as he chose telling of his own work, etc. I was asked to address them, and did so to good purpose, I trust. By unanimous resolution, I was asked to preach to them on the conditions of their work at such time and place as I might designate. I readily consented, and will do it, the Lord being my helper, as soon as I can. While in the church I received a note from General Lee, telling me of a despatch from General Stuart that the enemy, with a large cavalry force, was menacing again at Kelley's Ford, and notifying me to prepare the artillery to repel an attack, as not impossible. ... Colonel Cutts has returned. He says there are quantities of provisions in his part of Georgia and thousands of beef-cattle in Florida. By God's blessing we shall get along sufficiently well, I doubt not, though with hard pinching, owing to the distance between the food and the mouths.

"My arm is better; still very sore, but not so helpless or so
painful. General Lee has been very sick. He is now nearly well."

"Artillery Camp, April 22, 1863.

"... Yesterday afternoon George Peterkin and I rode over to Mr. Wortham's, and I baptized Colonel Alexander's little daughter. He wrote to ask me to do it, and requested I would take a Prayer-Book, as there was none in the house.—Mr. Wortham and his wife being Baptists and he and his wife Presbyterians. The father and mother made the responses; old Mr. and Mrs. Wortham present, and devout. ... I am, D. V., to go up to General Jackson's to address the chaplains on Saturday. Sandie wrote me Mrs. Jackson and child were with the general. How I should rejoice to have you here again! But feel better satisfied you are at home. It is, I feel, more in the way of duty. They needed you there, and we may be summoned off any day. They have put at the lowest point baggage, tents, etc., to be taken by officers.

"We have been faring very smartly since Mol's butter and Charles's bacon came. As he was paid one dollar and fifty cents per pound for it he must be quite rich.

"I send a blank half-sheet as a way of getting you some paper."

Two days later he wrote that pouring rains had prevented his going to the chaplains' meeting, and added, "Bear up cheerfully. We have a Friend on high who will, as we love Him, make all things work together for our good."

During the winter General Lee had so thoroughly fortified his whole line* that General Hooker, who had succeeded General

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* An extract from a letter of Major Pendleton—April 26—describes these fortifications: "The greatest destruction and change in the appearance of the country is from the long lines of trenches and the redoubts which crown every hill-side from ten miles above Fredericksburg to twenty miles below. The world has never seen such a fortified position. The famous lines at Torres Vedras could not compare with them. As I go to Moss Neck I follow the lines, and have 'a ride in the trenches.' These are five feet wide and two and a half deep, having the earth thrown towards the enemy, making a bank still higher. They follow the contour of the ground and hug the bases of the hills as they wind to and from the river, thus giving natural flanking arrangements; and from the tops of the hills from the redoubts for sunken batteries and barbette batteries ad libitum,—far exceeding the number of our guns; while occasionally, where
Burnside in command of the Federal army, had little prospect of success by any direct attack in front. He therefore determined to make a feint upon Fredericksburg and move the main body of his army by the right flank, cross the Rappahannock at the upper fords, and strike General Lee on his left and rear. Accordingly, a large force under General Sedgwick was thrown across the river on April 28, very near the point where General Franklin's grand division had crossed in December, while the main army was marched in the opposite direction. The attempt to deceive General Lee proved futile, as he was kept informed by the cavalry under General Stuart of the Federal movement up the river and of the crossing of large bodies of troops at the upper fords, and arrangements were immediately made to meet and foil their efforts to surprise and flank the Confederate army. To his wife General Pendleton wrote on the 29th of April,—

"By the time this reaches you, you will already have heard otherwise of what is going on at Fredericksburg. I have sent up a good deal of artillery to the front to-day, and all hands march at dawn to-morrow. General Lee telegraphed me the enemy crossing just below the town, as they did before. I suppose they will also come round in large force higher up the river, unless the whole thing is a sham. It is raining, and we shall have a rough time on the march if it continues. The Almighty will, I trust, order in kindness for us, as heretofore."

The Army of the Potomac under General Hooker numbered at the beginning of May not less than one hundred and twenty thousand infantry and artillery, twelve thousand cavalry, and over four hundred guns. The infantry was divided into seven corps,—First, Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh, Twelfth. To these numbers was opposed, under General Lee, a force of less than fifty thousand infantry, artillery, and cavalry.

By nightfall of Thursday, April 30, General Hooker had accomplished the first part of his plan to turn General Lee's position, and had concentrated four of his army corps at Chan-

the trenches take straight across the flats, a redoubt stands out defiantly in the open plain to receive our howitzers, and deal death broadcast to the Yankees, should their curiosity tempt them to an investigation."

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cellorsville.* These were joined next day by Sickles’s Third Corps and Reynolds’s First Corps, giving a force of ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville, besides the twenty-two thousand men under Sedgwick at Fredericksburg.† General Hooker was so confident of success that he issued on the evening of April 30 the following order:

"It is with heart-felt satisfaction that the commanding general announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that the enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

His sanguine anticipations were soon to be signally blasted. General Lee was promptly informed of the arrival of the Federal army at Chancellorsville, and made immediate dispositions to meet and check its advance. Anderson’s division had been sent forward on the night of the 29th towards Chancellorsville, and finding the enemy advancing in such strong force, took up a position near Tabernacle Church and threw up breastworks. McLaws joined him on the right on the morning of May 1. General Lee had now determined to leave Early’s division and Barksdale’s brigade of infantry—nine thousand men—and General Pendleton with the reserve artillery of forty-five guns to confront Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, while he took the rest of Jackson’s corps—twenty-two thousand—and the twelve thousand of Anderson and McLaws against Hooker’s great host at Chancellorsville. This move began early on the 1st of May. At eleven A.M. General Jackson had taken command of the whole force, and the advance beyond Anderson’s intrenched position was begun by Anderson’s division, led by Colonel Alexander’s battalion of artillery. General Hooker had sent forward several divisions,—apparently to seize the heights several miles from Chancellorsville towards Fredericksburg. This force was soon encountered by the Confederate advance, and was constantly

* The Second Corps, General Couch; Fifth, General Meade; Eleventh, General Howard; Twelfth, General Slocum.
† All figures here and elsewhere are taken from the Official Records.
pressed back, with sharp skirmishing of infantry and artillery, upon the main army at Chancellorsville.

The Federal position here was a strong one, and the commanding general, for all his boast of dealing "certain destruction" to his opponent, had intrenched his host with lines of breastworks on the east and south, had ordered up the First Corps to assist it, and in trepidation waited to see what his adversary would do.* General Lee, in the mean time, was examining and consulting as to the best course for discomfiting the greatly superior force in front of him. The country round Chancellorsville was covered with a dense growth of trees and undershrubs, rendering it very difficult to handle troops, and especially unfavorable for the efficient use of artillery.

A direct attack was found unadvisable. But the withdrawal of the Federal advance before his forces had indicated a lack of spirit, and the woods screened his movements from observation. General Lee therefore decided upon the bold measure of again dividing his army for a flank attack. He accordingly directed Jackson, with his corps, to deflect by a road leading southwest from Chancellorsville, and by a détour of fifteen miles reach a point on the right flank and rear of Hooker's fortified position, while he himself with the twelve thousand men of Anderson and McLaws, and twenty pieces of artillery, held the ground in Hooker's front. This passage of troops towards the south was detected by the Federal pickets, and was supposed by General Hooker to indicate "a retreat," and General Sickles, with two divisions and Pleasonton's cavalry, were sent to reconnoitre and ascertain the truth. They attacked the rear of Jackson's column near the Furnace, and were checked by a part of Colonel J. Thompson Brown's artillery and a small infantry support. To engage Hooker's attention, General Lee throughout the day made several demonstrations along the front, and repeatedly opened with artillery along the front and right.†

At three P.M. Jackson and his army had marched fifteen miles, and reached a point several miles west of Chancellorsville, and sufficiently in rear of the enemy to insure the success of his great exploit.

* Hooker's despatches, May 1, Official Records. † Hancock's report.
Howard's Eleventh Corps held the extreme right of the Federal army, and from a hill near by the men could be seen sitting about in groups,—their arms stacked some distance in front,—talking, lounging, and cooking their suppers,—unsuspecting the presence of any enemy in their vicinity. Upon these men so unconscious of their danger, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, an avalanche from a snowless mountain, burst the onset of Jackson's Invincibles: Rodes's and then Colston's divisions rushed forward in attack, making the woods resound with the piercing Southern war-cry. Notwithstanding their long, toilsome march, the men were full of spirit and eager for the fray, and in a few moments the Eleventh Corps, terror-stricken and demoralized, was transformed into a flying rabble, abandoning cannon, caissons, arms, accoutrements, clothing, everything in their headlong flight. Across the fields, over the first intrenched position at Talley's farm, up and over the hill at Hawkins's, where Schurz made a stand for a few moments, pressed the Confederate force. The thick and thorny bushes tear their clothing and their flesh; the difficulty of the way breaks up their lines; now and again they stop to fire into a body of the enemy who do not retreat fast enough; but still they press on eager and undaunted, until, when reaching the earthworks at Melzi Chancellor's, two miles only from Hooker's head-quarters, the whole advance of Rodes's and Colston's men pour in a disorganized but determined mass over the defences, breaking up the enemy, and capturing his artillery and many prisoners. So far the success had been complete, and had daylight lasted an hour longer, the victorious host would doubtless have seized the heart of Hooker's position and destroyed his army. But night had fallen. Jackson's men had marched twenty miles, and fought for three of them; their ammunition was nearly out; their brigade and regimental lines were broken and confused, so that he found it necessary to bring A. P. Hill's fresh troops to the front before attempting the night-attack to which he was inclined. While this change was being made, General Jackson and some of his staff rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position. As the party returned to their own lines, they were taken, in the darkness, for a squadron of the enemy's cavalry, and fired into by the Confederate advance. Two of them were instantly killed and several wounded, among
them General Jackson himself.* Up to this point the nature of the ground and the headlong retreat of the enemy had prevented the use of any Confederate artillery, but beyond Melzi Chancellor's house two Napoleons and a Parrott gun were stationed on the plank road and opened fire, to which the enemy's artillery responded furiously. Shortly after General Jackson was shot, and while he was being borne on a litter to the rear for surgical attendance, there was a second tremendous cannonade from the enemy, which did considerable damage to the Confederate artillery, and wounded severely Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery. General A. P. Hill, Jackson's successor in command, was also disabled by this artillery fire. Brigadier-General Rodes was then the senior officer on the field, and he immediately made arrangements for renewing the attack the next morning, but at the same time, with his characteristic self-devotion, concurred with the other brigadiers as to the wisdom of sending for Major-General J. E. B. Stuart and placing the command in his hands.† Major Pendleton, Jackson's assistant adjutant-general, had already sent one of General A. P. Hill's aides to General Stuart five miles away, and on his arrival on the battle-field, Hill formally turned the command over to him.‡

On the front and left General Lee had so effectively occupied the enemy's attention during the day, and especially after the sound of Jackson's guns announced his attack, that no reinforcements had been sent to the right. Now, about midnight, the commanding general received at the same time from General Stuart information of Jackson's great success, of his being wounded, and of Stuart's assuming the command. In reply, General Lee

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* Several of General Jackson's staff were absent on duty, among them Major Pendleton, who was engaged in ordering forward the rear line. As he was returning to report he learned of General Jackson's wound, and rode off in haste to bring Dr. McGuire, the general's skilful surgeon, to his assistance. He found the doctor, informed him of Jackson's wound, and dropped from his saddle so suddenly that Dr. McGuire thought he had been struck by some stray bullet and killed. Distress at the injury and suffering of his beloved general had so wrought upon him that, as soon as the necessity for exertion was over, the reaction produced such nervous exhaustion as to bring on this sudden spell of fainting. A strong stimulant brought him to, and enabled him to perform the important duties devolving upon him until General Stuart arrived and took command.

† Rodes's report.

‡ Stuart's report.
instructed General Stuart to continue the attack upon Hooker's position, and directed Anderson to support him, leaving McLaws still in the front.

Finding it inexpedient to renew the battle that night, General Stuart allowed the men to rest while he passed along the lines, acquainting himself with the ground and the disposition of the troops.* More artillery came up in the night and was posted by dawn upon commanding positions selected during the night by Colonel E. P. Alexander, who succeeded Colonel Crutchfield in command of the artillery.

At dawn on Sunday, May 3, the attack upon the Federal position was renewed. General Hooker had increased his defences during the night, and his men fought more resolutely than they had done before. But the Confederates had also rested; they were encouraged by their previous successes, and animated by a desire to avenge the injury to their beloved Jackson. The ground now was also more favorable for the use of artillery. A. P. Hill's division in the advance, under General Heth, charged the enemy's breastworks one hundred and fifty yards in their front, drove them out, and carried in the same way a second and third line. Thirty pieces of artillery were concentrated upon the ridge held the day before by the Eleventh Corps, and by their accurate and tremendous fire greatly assisted in the vigorous assault upon the enemy. From point to point, from one intrenchment to another, the impetuous attack of the Second Corps swept on.† As the enemy was driven from one breastwork to another, the Confederate artillery was advanced and engaged the enemy's batteries on the heights of the central position at Chancellorsville. All three of

* Upon assuming command, General Stuart sent Major Pendleton to General Jackson to ask what were his plans and dispositions for the next day. The wounded hero replied that Stuart must use "his own judgment," adding that he had "implicit confidence" in him.

† Of this attack General Sickles says, in his report, "The vigor and tenacity of the enemy's attack seemed to concentrate more and more upon my lines near the plank road and on my left flank. . . . Often repulsed by the concentrated fire of thirty cannon, in a commanding position and admirably served, and by repeated charges of infantry, his unexhausted reserves enabled him to press forward rather in crowds than in any regular formation."

These "unexhausted reserves" were the divisions of Rodes and Colston, which had marched and fought all of Saturday.
Stuart’s lines were now in action. General Lee himself was in their midst, encouraging them by his beloved presence and his splendid coolness in the midst of danger. Twice the assaulting columns on the left of the plank road stormed the works in their front, and were driven out by a flank attack of the enemy. The third attack was more successful, the works were held, and the artillery was pushed forward to their crest; a tremendous fire from the guns and sharp-shooters was opened, and in a few moments—by ten A.M.—Chancellorsville was won. Anderson’s division had before this united with Jackson’s corps and assisted in driving the enemy, while McLaws, on the right, had kept Couch and Hancock, of the Second Corps, from moving to aid the troops opposed to Anderson, and had plied them so effectively with artillery as to inflict upon them very heavy losses.*

The Federal army now retired within a heavy line of intrenchments farther back upon the Rappahannock. General Hooker had been stunned by the concussion of a shell at Chancellorsville, and there seems to have been no head left to the force, which was still more than double that of the victorious Confederates,—with two corps, the First and Fifth, which had not been at all engaged. The woods around Chancellorsville and the house itself were in flames from the shells thrown into them. To care for the wounded men, and especially for the Federal soldiers in the burning house at Chancellorsville, was General Lee’s first object. His attention and General Stuart’s was then given to reforming the scattered and battle-weary troops, with a view to renewing the attack upon the Federal army in its new and strong position. But this movement was prevented by information from Fredericksburg.

On Friday, May 1, General Early had been left with nine thousand men, and forty-five guns under General Pendleton, to hold the position at Fredericksburg, with instructions that if the enemy should withdraw from his front and move up the river, he also should join General Lee with as much of his force as could be spared from his lines. Near mid-day of Saturday, the 2d, General Chilton, General Lee’s assistant adjutant-general, brought in person an order to General Early to send most of his artillery,

* Couch and Hancock’s reports.
especially the heaviest guns, to the rear where they would be out of the enemy's reach, and, leaving one brigade behind as a guard, to move with the rest of his command to Chancellorsville. The objections against this move and the difficulties of withdrawing the troops and guns in view of the greatly superior force of the enemy were obvious. But as General Chilton's orders were peremptory, steps were at once taken to put them into execution. General Pendleton immediately ordered twenty-two of his best guns to move by the telegraph road back to the neighborhood of Chesterfield Depot, and others were made ready to follow, leaving only fifteen in position. General Early committed the defence to General Hays's brigade and one regiment of General Barksdale's, and moved with the rest of his force by the plank road to join General Lee. This movement from their front was perceived by the Federal signal-officers and communicated to their commander, who at once began to take advantage of the weakening of the Confederate lines and made ready to advance in heavy force. General Early learned at the same time of the danger in his rear and that the order under which he had left Fredericksburg was an erroneous one. He therefore reversed the head of his column, and marched back in time to prevent the small force at Fredericksburg from falling back to avoid being captured in the night by the overwhelming force of the enemy, and the defensive line was reoccupied as it had been in the morning. Unfortunately, the artillery sent back under General Chilton's order had proceeded too far to be speedily recalled.

Late in the afternoon of the 2d General Hooker was informed by General Sedgwick that the enemy were evacuating their position at Fredericksburg, as many men, artillery, and wagons were seen moving to the rear. In reply General Hooker said, "Their horses are poor. They cannot but be panic-stricken if you give them a sharp blow in the night."* About the time of this despatch—six P.M.—Jackson struck and doubled up the Eleventh Corps, and produced such consternation in the army and commander at Chancellorsville that General Hooker ordered General Sedgwick to move at once to his assistance, seizing Fredericksburg and its defences on the way and destroying any force which

* Official Records.
might oppose his advance. All this he was to do in the night, and reach General Lee’s rear by daylight.

General Sedgwick did move during the night by the flank to Fredericksburg, the Confederate skirmishers falling slowly back before him, fighting all the way. This change of direction brought the Federal force immediately in front of the line, three miles long, defended only by Barksdale’s brigade and the artillery under General Pendleton. Learning of the demonstration against the centre, General Early sent Hays’s brigade to support Barksdale on the left. Attempts were made to turn the Confederate flanks. That on the right was defeated by General Early, while Wilcox, coming from Banks’s Ford, joined Hays on the left in preventing success there.

Marye’s Hill, the key to the Confederate position, was held by two regiments of Barksdale’s and a part of the New Orleans “Washington Artillery”—the same guns which had defended it so splendidly in December, 1862. Two assaults upon it had already been repulsed. While massing his forces for a third attack the enemy sent a flag of truce, under pretext of caring for their wounded. This was incautiously received by one of the regimental commanders, and, the weakness of the defence being thus ascertained, the Federal column, twenty thousand strong, advanced in three lines against the position occupied by Barksdale, attacking at once on the right, left, and centre. On the right and left they were driven back by the infantry and artillery. At Marye’s Hill a desperate resistance was made, but the defence was too weak in men, and especially in guns, to resist the enormous odds against them,—“ten times their numbers,”*—and were overpowered and captured, losing a large proportion of the infantry and all the guns. To avoid being surrounded, the hills on the right and left of the captured crest were now relinquished. Barksdale and the artillery fell back on the telegraph road, and Hays and Wilcox by the plank road, the enemy following on both roads.

Two miles back from Marye’s Hill General Early halted the force on the telegraph road, which, being joined by Hays's and Gordon's brigades, checked the advance of the enemy in that

* Lee's report.
direction. General Sedgwick then pressed forward by the plank road to join Hooker at Chancellorsville. Wilcox, with one brigade and Lewis's four guns, fell slowly back to Salem Church, disputing every step of Sedgwick's advance.*

Information of Sedgwick's success at Marye's Hill and of his advance to Salem Church, where Wilcox was holding him in check, made it necessary for General Lee to meet and defeat the effort to attack him in the rear. McLaws's division and one brigade from Anderson's were therefore sent to reinforce Wilcox. These troops had a severe contest with the Sixth Corps, which made strenuous efforts to seize and hold the heights around the church. After a sharp struggle the attack was repulsed with great slaughter, and the enemy driven back upon his reserves. Night put an end to the combat. On the morning of May 4 General Early, in Sedgwick's rear, moved back towards Fredericksburg and recaptured the heights in front of the town.† General Lee came from Chancellorsville with the rest of Anderson's division, and a combined attack was made late in the day by McLaws on the right, Anderson on the left, and Early in the rear. The enemy was driven back to the river, and under cover of darkness and a dense fog which settled on the field fell back to Banks's Ford, and succeeded in crossing to the north side of the river in spite of a close pursuit and heavy artillery fire from the adjacent heights. It was now General Lee's purpose to throw himself upon Hooker's intrenched position at Chancellorsville, and McLaws and Anderson were marched back thither. A violent storm prevailed during the night, and when the skirmish-line was thrown forward to assault the Federal army, at daylight on the 6th, it was gone. On the previous day General Hooker had sent a flag of truce to General Lee, requesting "the privilege of sending a burial-party on the field of Chancellorsville to bury the dead and care for the wounded."‡ This request was declined by General Lee on the ground that "the necessities of war forbid

* Sedgwick says of this artillery, "A section of horse-artillery on our right occupied every successive crest upon our line of march and much annoyed our advance."
† General Sedgwick's account of this reoccupation of these works says, "A column of the enemy fifteen thousand strong, coming from the direction of Richmond, had occupied the heights of Fredericksburg, cutting off my communications with the town."
‡ Official Records.
compliance with it.”* This reply made it clear that the victorious Confederate general and army were on the spot and determined to fulfil “the necessities of war,” and General Hooker delayed not a moment in putting his force beyond reach of an attack.

Great as was the Confederate success in the three days’ fighting at Chancellorsville, and afterwards at Salem Church, it would apparently have been complete but for the order by which Early and so much of the artillery were made to leave Sedgwick’s front. Had the heights at Fredericksburg been crowned with powerful guns the Federal assault might have been entirely repulsed, and General Lee left free to drive Hooker out from his second position on the afternoon of Sunday, May 3. As it was, the Army of the Potomac was greatly demoralized and terribly punished. Its losses reached seventeen thousand one hundred and eighty-seven; five thousand of these were prisoners, and four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five from Sedgwick’s corps. There were also captured thirteen pieces of artillery, nineteen thousand five hundred stands of arms, seventeen colors, and much ammunition.

The victory was dearly bought on the Southern side by the loss of ten thousand two hundred and eighty-one men and eight pieces of artillery. The gallant Paxton, brigadier-general of the “Stonewall Brigade,” Jackson’s original command, was killed, and other general officers severely wounded. But beyond all other losses was that of Jackson himself.† The wound received by him on the night of May 2 required the amputation of his

* Official Records.
† A pencil note from Major Pendleton to his mother, written after the pursuit of Hooker was suspended says,—

“Sunday afternoon, May 3, 1863.

While I wait for my horse to be shod I can write to let you know I am still alive and safe after the terrible danger of yesterday and to-day.

General Jackson has lost his left arm at the shoulder, and has a ball through his right hand; doing well. Crutchfield, leg broken below knee. Paxton killed; other losses innumerable. It has been a terrible fight, but glorious victory. I do thank God for life being preserved. General A. P. Hill is wounded. Major Arthur Rogers wounded,—arm broken above elbow. Tell his wife, as he asks it. George Bedinger safe.

“Your fond son,

“A. S. PENDLETON.”
left arm. Fever and pneumonia set in, and on Sunday, May 10, one week after the victory won by his masterly flank movement upon Hooker, he breathed his last. On hearing of his wound General Lee had said, "Any victory is a dear one that deprives us of the services of Jackson for even a short time." His loss to the Confederate cause was felt more and more as time went on. Other commanders were as brave, as patriotic, as devoted as he, but no one was found who united his rare qualities,—his keen insight into the military situation, his immediate detection of the enemy's weak point, daring boldness of plan, swiftness of march, and vehement rapidity of vigorous attack; no one, like him, inspired his own men with absolute confidence in their leader and themselves, and struck dismay and apprehension into the enemy wherever he appeared.

The part borne by the artillery in the Confederate successes at Chancellorsville and against Sedgwick was most important. As at Fredericksburg in December it had done such gallant service in repelling Burnside's attack, so in this campaign did it aid materially in assaulting Hooker and driving his hosts from one stronghold to another. General Lee said of it in his report,—

"To the skilful and efficient management of the artillery the successful issue of the contest is in great measure due. The ground was not favorable for its employment, but every suitable position was taken with alacrity, and the operations of the infantry supported and assisted with a spirit and courage not second to their own. It bore a prominent part in the final assault which ended in driving the enemy from the field at Chancellorsville, silencing his batteries, and by a destructive enfilade fire upon his works opened the way for the advance of our troops.

"Colonels Crutchfield, Alexander, and Walker, and Lieutenant-Colonels Brown, Carter, and Andrews, with the officers and men of their commands, are mentioned as deserving special commendation. The batteries under General Pendleton also acted with great gallantry."

The Union reports also speak of the "accurate," "heavy," "tremendous," "galling" fire of the guns at Chancellorsville; of
thei—"great accuracy and terrible execution;"* and of "very heavy losses from the enemy's artillery;"† and the same strong expressions are used of the artillery fire at Fredericksburg and Salem Church.

NOTE.—The defeat and demoralization of the Federal army at Chancellorsville, following so close upon Hooker's promise of "certain destruction" to his adversary, bewildered and alarmed the authorities at Washington. At 4.35 p.m. on Sunday, May 3, President Lincoln telegraphed to Major-General Butterfield, chief of staff,—

"Where is General Hooker? Where is Sedgwick? Where is Stoneman?"

"A. Lincoln."

To which pregnant inquiries General Butterfield replied,—

"General Hooker is at Chancellorsville. General Sedgwick, with fifteen thousand to twenty thousand men, is at a point three or four miles out of Fredericksburg, on the road to Chancellorsville. Lee is between." . . .

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUMMER OF 1863—INVASION OF MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The Federal army had recrossed the Rappahannock, and the Confederates returned to their old camps near Fredericksburg. Only a day or two was given for rest, and then the work of preparing for another contest began. General Pendleton wrote May 9,—

". . . Sandie and I are both well. I saw him for a half-hour this morning.

"General Jackson is extremely ill from pneumonia, taken by wrapping himself, all wounded and sore as he was, in a wet sheet. . . . General Lee has issued an admirable order,—you will see in print before long,—ascribing honor to God for the great victory, and calling on the army to express thanks in their

* Couch's report.
† Hancock's report.
worship to-morrow. I shall officiate somewhere. All quiet here now, and we are refitting for the next time."

General Jackson died on the 10th of May,* and his remains were sent first to Richmond and then to Lexington, under charge of Sandie Pendleton, his adjutant-general, and Lieutenant Smith, his aide-de-camp. The whole South mourned for the fallen hero. But in Virginia he was specially beloved, and was the idol of the people in the valley, whom he had so nobly defended and delivered from outrage and oppression. Rockbridge County and Lexington looked upon him as the bulwark which shielded them from Northern invasion, and wept for him as the most honored and beloved of all their gallant sons. In Richmond his remains lay in state in the Hall of the Representatives, wrapped in the newly-adopted white banner of the Confederacy, and were visited by many thousand citizens and soldiers. They were then taken to Lexington, where the dying soldier had requested to be buried, accompanied by the military escort, by the general’s widow and infant daughter, and a number of sorrowing friends. The whole population of Rockbridge and the adjacent counties turned out to render all the honor in their power to the man whom they had so loved and reverenced, and whose loss they so deeply mourned. The many wounded and disabled soldiers assembled, and the Cadet Battalion of the Virginia Military Institute, where Jackson had been professor, gave a martial air to the procession which attended the dead hero first to his own recitation-room in the barracks, thence to the Presbyterian church, where he had been a devout attendant, and finally to his last resting-place in the cemetery.

"There was a grand funeral cortège. The soldiers sent to Mrs. Jackson to request to come next the body, and were permitted to do so. That was the most touching part of the spectacle." †

* Sandie Pendleton to his father:

"May 10, 1863, nine P.M.

"My dear Father,—The general died at 3.15 this afternoon. I go to-morrow with his remains.

"A. S. Pendleton."

† Letter from Mrs. Pendleton.
General Pendleton to his wife.

"Thursday, May 14, 1863.

". . . To-day, I suppose, General Jackson's remains reach Lexington for interment, and Sandie will see you all. I could not write after I knew he was going. On Tuesday I met the chaplains and addressed them. Good will, I hope, result. After the services Mr. Lacy took occasion to speak to the meeting of General Jackson's last days. The facts are striking and may well be preserved. At certain steps of the disease he was delirious, and in such states of mind his thoughts seemed filled with military duty. At one time he would exclaim, 'I must find out whether there is high ground between Chancellorsville and the river;' at another, 'Push up the columns! Hasten the columns! Pendleton (Sandie), you take charge of that. Where's Pendleton? Tell him to push up the columns!' When rational, as he generally was, he was all composure and contentment. Soon after he was wounded, when General Lee, fearing he might fall into the enemy's hands, directed that he should be removed to a safer position, he charged Dr. McGuire not to remove him if there was danger to his life from the wounds under the motion, saying, 'I'm not afraid of the Yankees; if they get me, they'll not injure me.' When his wounds had been dressed and friends saw him, he expressed entire contentment, saying, 'God loves me, I know. I love Him, I believe, and He has pledged all things to work together for good to them that love Him. I am sure this is for my good, and if I am not permitted to see how now, I am content to await the full explanation in heaven.' 'You never saw me in a more contented frame of mind than now,' said he to Mr. Lacy; and when asked, 'if it be best for you, how is it with the country?' he replied, 'It is no doubt best for the country also, and that will, by and by, be seen.' Mr. Lacy intended to go with him, when it was hoped he would be able to travel to Richmond and Lexington, and at first he seemed pleased; but after a night he called Mr. Lacy to him and said, 'It would be setting an example of self-gratification to the troops, and you had better stay at your post of duty. I have always tried to set the troops a good example.' His end was perfect peace. A glorious Christian! A noble man! I thank God for intimate
friendship with him, and that Sandie so long enjoyed companionship with so pure, so grand a character. Who will fill his place we do not yet know. Ewell is much talked off. If he can get about with sufficient ease he will no doubt do well. At any rate, Jackson's example will be mighty in animating alike commanders and men. . . . All quiet in our front. The enemy re-organizing,—probably for another great effort. We, too, engaged in refitting. It will in all likelihood be the bloodiest campaign of the war. . . . Our food hard but wholesome,—a little bacon, sugar, biscuits, and water, morning, mid-day, and evening. Our horses, however, feasting on fine clover-fields."

"May 20.

". . . You ask how I did during the heavy rains. Very tolerably. Was out in about the hardest I ever saw, yet did not get wet. My old great-coat absorbed all and kept me dry. Our wagons, tents, etc., had all been sent to the rear, and I had not even a blanket. Did with only one or two hours' sleep in the twenty-four for several days at the time of the fight, and with hardly any food. But this is too common in our army to be thought of."

"May 26.

". . . I have been exceedingly busy trying to distribute justly, and according to the necessities of the service, the captured guns; also equalizing, as far as practicable, the armaments of the several artillery battalions of this army, and securing to the utmost from our means the complete fitness for duty—in the most efficient manner—of all the artillery. It is much the most complex branch of service, and requires ceaseless care and untiring labor. Few men have worked these two years as I have. And yet poor were the reward if the applause of men were my motive! Of this, however, no matter. I am trying to serve God in manifold ways and through some trials. He gives me a large measure of peace of mind, and will enable me, I trust, to do some good to the country, and promote His glory in the upholding of His cause and in the salvation of souls.

"Last Sunday morning I preached at General Semmes's brigade. The congregation was very large. A number of ladies present. In the afternoon I went with Lieutenant Harris and six or seven of my staff to a secluded spot on a stream a mile off—a sweet
place for the purpose—and immersed him. His family are Baptists and he wishes to consult their feelings. It was a solemn occasion. . . . I had sent a sort of report to Bishop Johns, as I could not go down to the Council.* . . . By the way, the field-officers of the old 'Stonewall Brigade' all resign at Colonel Walker's being made their brigadier, and mention three persons whom they would have preferred,—Sandie one of the three! You will be gratified at this. But I fear we are in danger of worldly elation for him, and my prayer to God is not to expose him to vanity, ambition, pride, or worldliness in any form, but to give him an humble, godly, faithful heart.”

On the same date Sandie Pendleton wrote of his own restlessness under the uncertainty as to General Jackson's successor and the reorganizing of the army into three corps,—

"Head-quarters Second Army Corps.

". . . I feel better to-day. I suppose because I am sure now of my status, and though not content, yet intend to make the best of it. I went yesterday to General Lee's head-quarters to ask to be relieved. But he will not hear of any such thing. He disapproves entirely of any change in the general staff, as officers have to become acquainted with the duties and with the command, and change almost necessarily produces confusion and injury to the service.

"Lieutenant-generals have been made by promoting both Ewell and A. P. Hill, and we are to have three corps here instead of two. When Ewell comes up it will be all straight, for McGuire and I will go with him, and probably the rest of the staff."

General Pendleton wrote of the change in the formation of the army, of his son's illness, and other matters,—

"June 1, 1863, near Fredericksburg.

". . . Sandie is quite sick with dysentery. I saw him yesterday flat on his back in his tent. Have tried to get him in a

* The Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia met in Richmond a few days previous.
house near by, but cannot. He may have to go away for a few days. I regret it, as General Ewell has come, and needs Sandie in the position he has so long filled. Three corps now,—Longstreet's First, Ewell's Second, A. P. Hill's Third. I have to adjust the artillery to suit. This is part of my work to-day. In rearranging for these three corps I break up the general reserve, and assign Colonel William Nelson's battalion to General Ewell's corps and Colonel Cutts's to General A. P. Hill's; also make a new battalion, so as to give five battalions to each corps,—making fifteen in all, besides the horse-artillery with Stuart's cavalry. We have about two hundred and seventy pieces with this army, including Stuart's. . . . I had last week a long and pleasing talk with General Lee on the great question of religion. I visited him on duty. He was alone and introduced the subject. He is in earnest. Wept a good deal as we talked of Jackson. He is deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. Bishop Johns is to be up (D. V.) day after to-morrow. If a move occurs of course it will mar his usefulness. The general wants me to aid in rendering the bishop's visit as useful and pleasant as possible."

"June 2.

"Sandie came up in an ambulance yesterday afternoon, and I tried to get him in at old Mrs. Alsop's, who lives within a hundred and fifty yards. But she would not consent. I had a good bed made in my tent, and rendered him as comfortable as could be. Gave him a good cup of coffee this morning, and then he went in the ambulance to Dr. Chandler's, where General Jackson died. I hope he was better this morning, but he is right sick and very weak."

Bishop Johns did visit the army at Fredericksburg, and General Pendleton was informed by General Lee of his arrival at Mr. Marye's on June 3. But the time had come for General Lee's forward movement, and the religious services were much interfered with.*

By the last of May General Lee's preparations for a new campaign were completed, his plans carefully thought out, and

* See p. 293.
his army in a high state of efficiency. The infantry were divided into three corps: the First under Lieutenant-General Longstreet, consisting of three divisions, commanded by Generals McLaws, Pickett, and Hood; the Second under Lieutenant-General Ewell,—the three divisions of Rodes, Early, and Johnson; the Third under Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill,—the three divisions of Anderson, Heth, and Pender. To each of these corps were attached five battalions of artillery, three of which acted with the divisions, while two constituted a reserve. The number of guns with the army—two hundred and seventy—allowed, by act of the Confederate Congress, three brigadiers, seven colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels, and eighteen majors; there were, however, at this time only one brigadier,—General Pendleton,—six colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, and nineteen majors. These were not thought a sufficient number for the efficient command of the artillery force, and General Pendleton did not cease to urge the appointment of the officers allowed, both on the ground of improvement to the service and as well-earned promotion for gallant deeds on many a hard-fought field. By the largest estimate, the number of troops was sixty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-two; of these there were fifty-four thousand three hundred and fifty-six infantry, four thousand four hundred and sixty artillery, nine thousand five hundred and thirty-six cavalry.

On the 3d of June part of the First Corps set out from its encampment on the Rappahannock for Culpeper Court-House. The Second Corps followed on the 5th. Of this move Sandie Pendleton wrote,—

"June 4, Head-Quarters Second Corps.

"Your letter of the 1st, which I got yesterday as I lay on a sickbed at Guinea's, cheered me so that I feel bound to answer it this last evening of our stay around Fredericksburg. In the last week I have been very sick. The excitement of the news of a move, together with the kind nursing of Mrs. Chandler in the same room and on the same bed on which General Jackson died, brought me out, so that I was able to ride in an ambulance up to camp last night. Am to-day right sharp again, though very weak.

"The campaigns of the Rappahannock are ended for one season, I believe. At any rate, we are off for parts unknown to-
morrow, which destination means Maryland, I hope. General Ewell is here in command of the Second Corps, which is diminished by the taking out of one division,—A. P. Hill's. All are pleased with him. His health is pretty good now,* and he seems quite pleased to get back into the field. He manages his leg very well, and walks only with a stick, and mounts his horse quite easily from the ground. And then he is pleased with General Jackson's staff, and of course we are with him."

The Third Corps remained opposite Fredericksburg. Of these movements and of the Federal demonstration at Fredericksburg on the 5th General Pendleton wrote,—

"CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE, Sunday night, June 7, 1863.

"You see by the heading of this where we are. . . . Evening before last the enemy began a furious cannonade just below Fredericksburg. They succeeded in driving off our sharpshooters, laid down their bridge, and crossed. This kept me up till late that night hard at work preparing for them. So Saturday morning by dawn I was at it again, having guns in right position, etc. Having by nine traversed the most important parts of our line, I met with General Lee. We remained till about one. Then it being pretty certain that the move was a sham, General Lee concluded to move himself on his original plan, and desired me to do the same. I broke up camp about three P.M. and started. Got near twenty miles by dark, to the farm of Mr. Lacy. Then encamped. Not a soul of the family there,—only fields and houses and a few cattle. (I was so sleepy last night I stopped, and am now writing just at sunrise, Monday, the 8th.) We got good rest Saturday night, started early Sunday morning, and reached Culpeper by half-past one. I went to Mr. Cole's and got dinner. General Ewell, Sandie, etc., have arrived. I have not seen them. . . . Having assigned the reserve artillery battalions, I have now no special charge, but superintend all the artillery, and direct in battle such portions as may most need my personal attention. This is a better arrangement, I think. My work will be much as it has been, but freer,

* General Ewell lost his leg at Second Manassas.
as none of the petty details of one or two battalions will require my care. We had a pleasant rain on the march Saturday. Hope you have been similarly refreshed. It is singularly cool since,—a fire would hardly be amiss."

Sandie Pendleton to his mother.

"CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE, June 9, 1863.

"... We reached here Sunday morning, and a day less Sabbath-like I have never seen... A despatch has just come from Stuart that a large body of Yankee cavalry has crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly's Ford in our front. An 'armed reconnaissance in force,' I presume. I hope it will soon be over and let us move on. I am anxious to get over into the valley and thence to Maryland. Yesterday there was a grand cavalry review of about eight thousand by Stuart and Longstreet, General Lee and all the other generals. A grand show it was. General Ewell is in fine health and fine spirits,—rides on horseback as well as any one need to. The more I see of him the more I am pleased with him. In some of his traits of character he is very much like General Jackson, especially in his total disregard of his own comfort and safety, and his inflexibility of purpose. He is so thoroughly honest, too, and has only the one desire, to conquer the Yankees. I look for great things from him, and am glad to say that our troops have for him a good deal of the same feeling they had towards General Jackson."

From General Pendleton.

"June 10.

"... It seemed yesterday as if we were to have a battle here. But it proved only a partial engagement. Stuart and his cavalry were approached by a force of the enemy and had a sharp conflict. Our troops suffered seriously, but repulsed the enemy with considerable loss to the invaders. The day before Stuart had a grand review of the cavalry. General Lee asked me to accompany him to it, and I did, and had a ride of it,—some six miles at full run for our horses, down the line and up again, and then had to sit on our horses in the dust half the day for the squadrons to march in display backward and forward near us,
This pageant one day and the next a bloody fight, and many of
the poor fellows laid in their graves or groaning with wounds!"

On the 10th of June Ewell's corps left Culpeper for the valley,
and on the 14th drove Milroy out of Winchester, capturing most
of his force, his artillery, and supplies of every kind. General
Rodes took possession of Martinsburg, twelve miles beyond
Winchester, capturing more prisoners and artillery. Of this
fight and the forward movement of the Second Corps Sandie
Pendleton wrote from Martinsburg, June 18,—

"The victory at Winchester was the most complete of the war
as far as stores are concerned. It far surpasses the defeat of
Banks; thirty pieces of elegant artillery, thousands of small-
arms, vast quantities of clothing and supplies, all the camp and
garrison equipage, every wagon and ambulance with their horses,
are no small prize for our army. But we are not stopping here.
Jenkins, with his cavalry brigade, is already at Chambersburg,—
Rodes's division moving to Hagerstown and Johnson's crossing
at Shepherdstown. We are going to Harrisburg. Horses, cattle,
and stores of all sorts are to be taken at the rate of a dollar
Confederate,—equal to a dollar specie. I am going to get a
horse,—a good one, too. Got some nice clothes from the sutlers
and officers in Winchester. If I can I will get some shoes, etc.,
for the girls, and some kid gloves,—weightier articles I can't
carry."

General Hooker only learned from the repulse of his cavalry
on the 9th of June that the main part of the Confederate army
had moved from his front far to his right. He then threw for-
ward a part of his own army in the same direction; but it was
not until the 13th, when Ewell attacked Winchester, that the
last of the Federal force recrossed the Rappahannock at Fre-
dericksburg, and followed the main body, which fell back towards
Washington. The returns for the two armies for the month of
May show their strength to have been at this time on the Yankee
side one hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and sixteen
infantry and twelve thousand one hundred and sixty-two cavalry,
on the Confederate side sixty-eight thousand three hundred and
fifty-two of all arms. But General Hooker had his greatly superior force concentrated, so that he might have used it at once in any direction; while General Lee's army stretched from Winchester to Fredericksburg, and was separated by two mountain ranges and more than one swiftly-flowing river. On the 14th A. P. Hill marched to Culpeper and thence to the valley. Longstreet and Stuart skirted the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, guarding the mountain passes, until they neared the Potomac, when Longstreet also crossed the mountains and the Shenandoah River, so as to close up with Hill, and follow Ewell, now well over the Pennsylvania line. The relief to the people of the valley was great when they found themselves freed from Milroy's oppression, and they welcomed the Southern soldiers eagerly as their deliverers.

"Hearneville, June 22, 1863.

"You are before this aware of our being in this part of the world, as I wrote of our proceedings since we left Culpeper. . . . They have done well with Ewell's corps, and are now all in Maryland. The rest of us are for the present in this region. . . . Yesterday I preached for Mr. Sutor,—a good and attentive congregation. Generals Lee and Longstreet present. After church I rode to Brother Hugh's. They are well. I gave Gurdon one hundred dollars to lay out in dry goods for you if he goes into Maryland, as he expects to. Made a memorandum from your last letter,—a piece or two of cotton, ditto of calico, ditto of mousseline, assortments of spools, skeins, etc., of cotton, silk, and thread, pins, needles, tapes, buttons, hooks and eyes, etc., etc. I don't know what he will be able to do, and if he gets the things how I can get them to you, but will try." . . .

"June 23.

"Having received orders to march in the morning, I write tonight. I have been privileged to see most of our friends. . . . This afternoon I sent a servant on horseback to Brother Hugh's, and got a supply of the finest cherries you ever saw. Sent some to General Lee and staff, with two nice lemons out of five sent me by an unknown lady near our camp. Major Taylor sent a note of thanks for the present, which arrived, he said, most opportunely, as they were just finishing dinner. . . . We move on towards the Potomac to-morrow. Yankeedom is greatly
MEMOIRS OF

stirred. May the Lord go with us to restrain from evil, uphold in duty, strengthen for efficient service, protect from injury, and guide to victory, justice, and peace!

"TWO MILES NORTH OF MASON AND DIXON'S LINE, BETWEEN HAGERSTOWN AND CHAMBERSBURG,

Friday, June 26, 1863.

"Day before yesterday we marched from Berryville and camped that night at Darkesville,—just where General Jackson had his head-quarters two years ago when we were in line of battle expecting Patterson. Yesterday morning we started at four and proceeded through Martinsburg. Crossed the Potomac at Williamsport last evening and camped half a mile north of the river. This morning we came on through a most disagreeable rain all day, first to Hagerstown, where General Lee got me to see some good Southerner to learn about roads, etc. I went with George Peterkin to see a Dr. Magill. Very much of a gentleman and not less earnest than the most thorough-going among ourselves. He has been fourteen months in Fort Warren, and has met a Yankee mob of five thousand so resolutely with his shot-gun as to prevent their tearing down his house as they threatened. They were all very kind. A number of ladies walked through the mud and rain half a mile to see General Lee. . . . After remaining near Hagerstown some two hours, we marched on and camped, where we now are, in Pennsylvania. Ewell and the cavalry ahead of him have swept along before us, so that we do not see the full harvest of Yankee alarm, etc. Houses are generally shut, and horses, cattle, etc., are missing.

"Our men are entirely forbearing. No private property taken by violence, no quiet person molested. A great exhibition of forbearance after all the outrage perpetrated by the Yankees on our soil and our friends. But it is right, and will tell for good by and by. We will take by authority all supplies needed. Everything at old prices here. And we give only Confederate money at par. Thus far we get nothing but eatables for man and beast. Gurdon got nothing. Stores all shut. He returned me the money. No chance of getting anything while Ewell's corps is ahead. We expect a great battle before long. Hooker must of course meet us somewhere in this country. His men
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D.D.

will probably fight harder than they have done. It will, I suppose, be the severest struggle of the war. God grant it may help us to independence and peace. This country has felt no war. We shall not take vengeance for their atrocious wrongs against us. . . . The Yankee Episcopal minister in Hagerstown told Perkins he supposed General Pendleton had renounced the ministry. 'Not a bit of it,' Perkins told him."

Of their progress northward Sandie Pendleton wrote to his mother,—

"TWO MILES NORTH OF CHAMBERSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,
June 25, 1863.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—As I have spent all the money I have in the world—seventy-five dollars—in buying dry-goods for you and the girls, and expect to send them back to Winchester to Dr. McGuire's this afternoon, I write to let you know the facts and to enclose the bill. Whether my selection is good as to taste I don't know. I think the black one for yourself pretty. Should have bought a silk, but couldn't find any. There are no shoes or gloves in the place, nor, I expect, will any be found on our route. The people along the railroad north of our position run off everything as we advance. But we are collecting large supplies of all sorts, mostly commissary stores, and sending them to Virginia. No violence of any sort has been done to any citizen. No women insulted, or anything done in any way to emulate the behavior of the Yankees in our country. We have passed through a most beautiful and highly-cultivated region, but so orderly has been our march that no damage of any kind has been done, and you would not know that an army had passed at all, much less one which had suffered such provocations to retaliation and the wreaking of private revenge as ours. There is no straggling and the men are in elegant spirits. . . . In Pennsylvania! Rather a pleasant feeling to know that you have a country at your mercy and are magnanimous. The Yankees must feel rascally after their behavior in our country. . . . I am in such a state of excitement that I can't write. I think of you often and wish you were along. We live elegantly. I have gotten nothing for myself except what Milroy furnished, and don't expect to. I send by the same mail one Harper's
The whole Confederate army was now in Pennsylvania, on the west side of the mountains. On the 27th of June General Lee issued, at Chambersburg, an order commending his troops for their spirit and good conduct on their long and arduous march, and forbidding all injury and outrage to persons or property. Up to this time no information had been received as to the movements of the Federal army. General Stuart, with his cavalry, had pushed so far to the eastward, that the crossing of the Potomac by General Hooker—June 25 and 26—threw the Federal army between Stuart's command and General Lee, who was thus left without means of ascertaining the movements and position of his adversary. An advance upon Harrisburg had been ordered, but, on the night of the 28th, information was received that General Meade had superseded General Hooker, and that the Federal army had reached Frederick, Maryland. The Confederate forces were immediately directed to concentrate east of the mountains. Ewell, at Carlisle, and Early, at York, were recalled to join the army somewhere near Gettysburg, towards which place A. P. Hill and Longstreet moved eastwardly through the mountain-passes.

The Northern army, under its new commander, was pressed rapidly on, and on the 1st of July Hill's advance met the Federal cavalry a few miles west of Gettysburg. Whether the encounter was to prove only a skirmish or the beginning of a serious engagement could not, in the absence of cavalry on the front, be ascertained.
ently within its grasp, are not at all within the scope of these memoirs. The whole subject has been fully and freely discussed by able officers who were engaged on both sides. But there is one point, perhaps the most important of all those brought out, upon which General Pendleton's biographer is called upon to speak with the utmost clearness and deliberateness of statement.

The fight begun so unexpectedly on the morning of July 1 proved to be a severe encounter between Hill's advance and the First and Eleventh Corps of the Federal army. With hard fighting the Federals were driven slowly and steadily back. The artillery battalions of Pegram and McIntosh took important part in this attack, occupying one range of hills after another with their guns as the enemy retreated. About half-past two P.M. Rodes's division of Ewell's corps, with Carter's artillery, came upon the scene of action to the northwest. Early's division, with Jones's artillery, also came into the fight shortly after, farther to the east. The battle now raged furiously for a short time, when the enemy was driven through and out of the town with great loss. Brigadier-General Reynolds was killed and over five thousand prisoners, besides the wounded, captured, together with artillery and colors. General Lee reached the battle-field about the same time with Early's troops. General Pendleton, riding with him, was requested to examine the ground and post artillery in good position for hastening the retreat of the enemy. To this end the woods on the right of the Fairfield road were examined, and a road was observed along the ravine back of these woods.*

When the enemy were driven from the town they withdrew to Cemetery Hill, a very strong position on the south, which they occupied, as well as another height farther to the east. These points General Ewell was directed to seize if he could do so without bringing on a general engagement. The near approach of other Federal troops had been learned; the divisions of Heth and Pender; Rodes and Early, were much exhausted by hard marching and severe fighting, and a further attack that night was deemed inadvisable.

* General Pendleton's report.
“It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base, unless attacked,” wrote General Lee in his report, adding that “a battle had become in a measure unavoidable. . . . It was determined to make the principal attack upon the enemy's left, and endeavor to gain a position from which it was thought our artillery could be brought to bear with effect. Longstreet was directed to place the divisions of McLaws and Hood on the right of Hill, partially enveloping the enemy's left, which he was to drive in.”

The reports of Generals Ewell, Early, and Pendleton, written within a few weeks after the battle, stated that the attack by General Lee's right, General Longstreet commanding, was expected to take place at a very early hour on the 2d of July. General Early says, “Having been informed that a large portion of the rest of our army would come up during the night, and that the enemy's position would be attacked on the right and left flanks very early next morning,” etc. “The attack did not begin in the morning, as was expected, and in the course of the morning I rode with General Ewell to examine a position on the left for artillery.” Generals A. P. Hill and Anderson, with their subordinates, corroborate this expectation of early action on the 2d. General Hill states, “The corps of General Longstreet (McLaws's and Hood's divisions) was on my right, and in a line very nearly at right angles to mine. General Longstreet was to attack the left flank of the enemy and sweep down his line, and I was ordered to co-operate with him with such of my brigades from the right as could join with his troops in the attack.” General Anderson's division constituted Hill's right, and Wilcox's brigade held the right of that division. General Anderson says, “Shortly after the line had been formed I received notice that Lieutenant-General Longstreet would occupy the ground on the right; that his line would be nearly at right angles with mine; that he would assault the extreme left of the enemy and drive him towards Gettysburg,” etc.† General Wilcox says, “The brigade now (nine A.M.) took its position in line of battle on the right of the division and the extreme right of the army. . . . From this till two P.M. nothing occurred.”‡ General Wright, in

* Lee's report. † Anderson's report. ‡ Wilcox's report.
Anderson's centre, reports that "About noon I was informed by Major-General Anderson that an attack upon the enemy's lines would soon be made by the whole division."

General Lee's whole army, with the exception of Pickett's division and Laws's brigade of Longstreet's corps, had come up to within striking distance of Gettysburg on or during the night of the 1st of July. General Hood states that his troops "reached Gettysburg at or before sunrise" that morning, and that himself and staff "arrived shortly after daybreak." *

What, then, caused the long delay, so unlike General Lee's usual promptness in the presence of the enemy? He knew that the whole of General Meade's army was pushing up to meet him. Why wait to give them opportunity to arrive and take possession of the commanding positions towards his right? "All now agree," says General Early, "that the fullest success would have attended the effort if the blow had been struck in the morning or forenoon of the 2d, as it should have been, and as was General Lee's purpose." † That such was General Lee's intention General Long, in his recent "Memoirs of General Lee," General Hood, in the letter above quoted, and Colonel Taylor‡ abundantly establish, were there no other testimony.

So long as General Lee lived it could not be becoming for any of his subordinates to break the silence he so magnanimously kept as to his apparent failure to seize the great opportunity before him on the morning of July 2 at Gettysburg; but when their beloved leader passed to his rest their lips were unsealed, and those few survivors who knew felt it their duty to put on record the facts in the case. General Early, in an address delivered on the 19th of January,§ 1872, at Lexington, Virginia, said,—

"In a conference with General Ewell, General Rodes, and myself, when he (General Lee) did reach us after the enemy had been routed, he expressed his determination to assault the enemy's position at daylight on the next morning, and wished to know whether

* "Advance and Retreat," p. 56.
† Southern Historical Society Papers, December, 1877, p. 269.
‡ "Four Years with General Lee," pp. 96, 97.
§ General Lee's birthday.
we could make the attack from our flank—the left—at the designated time. We informed him of the fact that the ground immediately in our front furnished much greater obstacles to a successful assault than existed at any other point. . . . He then determined to make the attack from our right on the enemy's left, and left us for the purpose of ordering up Longstreet's corps in time to begin the attack at dawn the next morning. That corps was not in readiness to make the attack until four o'clock of the next day. By that time Meade's whole army had arrived on the field and taken its position. Had the attack been made at daylight as contemplated it must have resulted in a brilliant victory, as all of Meade's army had not then arrived and a very small portion of it was in position. A considerable portion of his army did not get up until after sunrise,* one corps not arriving until two in the afternoon, and a prompt advance to the attack must have resulted in his defeat in detail. The position which Longstreet attacked at four was not occupied by the enemy until late in the afternoon, and Round Top Hill, which commanded the enemy's position, could have been taken in the morning without a struggle.”†

On January 19, 1873, a year after General Early made the foregoing statement, General Pendleton also delivered a memorial address on General Lee at Lexington, which he afterwards repeated at different points throughout the South and published in the Southern Magazine for December, 1874. In this address, speaking of Gettysburg, General Pendleton said,—

“The ground southwest of the town was carefully examined by me after the engagement of July 1. Being found much less difficult than the steep ascent fronting the troops already up, its practicable character was reported to our commanding general. He informed me that he had ordered Longstreet to attack on that front at sunrise the next morning. And he added to myself,

* The Second and Fifth Corps, with the rest of the Third, came up about seven in the morning. At two P.M. the Sixth Corps arrived, after a march of thirty-two miles from nine P.M. the day previous. General Meade's report.
† Southern Historical Society Papers, December, 1877, pp. 285, 286.
'I want you to be out long before sunrise so as to re-examine and to save time.' The reconnaissance was accordingly made as soon as it was light enough on the 2d, and made through a long distance,—in fact, very close to what there was of the enemy's line. No insuperable difficulty appearing, and marching up, far off, the enemy's reinforcing columns being seen, the extreme desirableness of immediate attack there was at once reported to the commanding general, and, according to his wish, message was also sent to the intrepid but deliberate corps commander whose sunrise attack had there been ordered. There was, however, unaccountable delay. My own messages went repeatedly to General Lee, and his, I know, were urgently pressed on General Longstreet, until, as I afterwards learned from officers who saw General Lee, as I could not at the time, he manifested extreme displeasure with the tardy corps commander. That hard-fighting soldier, to whom it had been committed to attack early in the day, did not, in person, reach the commanding general, and with him ride to a position whence to view the ground and see the enemy's arriving masses, until twelve o'clock, and his column was not up and ready for the assault until four P.M. All this, as it occurred under my own personal observation, it is nothing short of imperative duty that I should thus fairly state.

On the 3d of November, 1877, General Longstreet published in the Philadelphia Times an article on the "Causes of Lee's Defeat at Gettysburg," beginning it with a letter written by himself on June 24, 1863, in which he claimed that he had communicated to General Lee a much better plan for the battle of Gettysburg than that on which it was fought, but generously prefers that all the blame for the failure should rest upon himself. Regretting that he could not in 1877 rest upon that letter of 1863, General Longstreet then went at length into the blunders and failure made by General Lee on account of his disregarding his (General Longstreet's) advice with regard to the Pennsylvania campaign; flatly denied that he was ordered or expected to attack on the right early on the morning of the 2d; assailed Generals Pendleton and Early abusively, and asserted that he had disproved their declaration that he was thus ordered by
letters from members of General Lee's staff. Three of these letters, from Colonels Taylor, Marshall, and Long, simply declare that they individually were not informed of such an order to General Longstreet. Colonel Venable goes further, and falls into the grave mistake of doubting the word of a brother officer because he was not told of such an order. The question at issue was not what the commanding general had said to the younger men who served him so faithfully, but what he had chosen to communicate to his chief of artillery, with serious responsibilities resting upon him, for the coming contest, and who was at the same time his contemporary and life-long friend.

To this attack of General Longstreet upon the veracity of his statement General Pendleton made no reply. He had, in defence of General Lee, affirmed what he knew to be true, and rested calmly in the assurance that, as true, it must ultimately be established. General Early, however, published a full and free reply * to General Longstreet, giving facts and details known only to himself of the events of the night of July 1 and morning of July 2. After giving an account of the conference between Generals Lee, Ewell, Rodes, and himself, mentioned before, General Early goes into the particulars of that consultation: "I then called General Lee's attention to the Round Tops, the outline of which we could see, though dusk was approaching, and suggested that those heights must evidently command the enemy's position and render it untenable,† . . . adding the suggestion that the attack could be made on that side, and from our right flank, with better chances of success.‡ . . . The first mention of Longstreet's name in connection with the attack was in this wise: when General Lee had heard our views, he said, in these very words, which are indelibly impressed on my memory, 'Well, if I attack from my right, Longstreet will have to make the attack;' and after a moment's pause, during which he held his head down in deep thought, he raised it, and added, 'Longstreet is a very good fighter when he gets in position and gets everything ready, but he is so slow.' The emphasis was just as I have given it, and the words seemed to come from General Lee with pain."§

* Southern Historical Society Papers, December, 1877. † Ibid., p. 272. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid., pp. 273, 274.
General Longstreet, in the *Times*, stated that he left General Lee on the night of the 1st "without any orders at all," and that on the morning of the 2d he renewed his protest against making any attack at all, which declarations are strangely at variance with all the reports above quoted, as well as contrary to his own report, which says, "Laws's brigade was ordered forward to his division and joined about noon on the 2d. Previous to his joining I received instructions from the commanding general to move with the portion of my command that was up around to gain the Emmittsburg road, on the enemy's left. . . . Fearing my force was too weak to venture to make an attack, I delayed until General Laws's brigade joined its division." Later denials cannot correct the impression made by this report, written within a few weeks after the battle, that whenever he was ordered up he deliberately chose to disobey the order.

How desperate was the long-delayed attack on the right, how furiously the battle raged, and how the Confederates drove the enemy from his advanced positions, out of the peach orchard and to the base of the Round Tops, other and abler pens have told with full detail. But the crests of those hills, crowned with scores of guns, had not been reached, some of the ground covered had to be abandoned, and of the artillery left by the enemy as he fell back only four guns could be brought off.

On the left, Ewell had been directed to delay attack until Longstreet's guns were heard. During all the long hours of the morning the enemy was occupied in strengthening his already well-nigh impregnable positions. Late in the day Johnson, on the extreme left, carried the works in his front to the foot of Culp's Hill, and Early's troops succeeded in reaching the crest of Cemetery Hill, but being unsupported could not hold it. Night closed with heavy loss on both sides, with the Confederate troops well advanced, but with the strongly-fortified heights from Culp's Hill to the Round Tops still in the possession of the enemy. The artillery throughout the day had done gallant service. The batteries of the First Corps did much towards preparing for the advance of McLaws and Hood, and followed the enemy at full run as he was driven out of the peach orchard. The guns of Hill's corps, in the centre, fired upon the enemy at
intervals to prevent a concentration of the artillery opposed to them and to divert attention from the First Corps. On the left Andrews's battalion, assisted by the four Virginia batteries of Graham, Dance, Watson, and Smith, opened a heavy fire at four in the afternoon, but the contest proved very unequal. The enemy replied from a superior artillery force on Cemetery Hill, and the Confederate ammunition running low, most of the guns had to be withdrawn. Its commander, Major Latimer, here received a mortal wound.

The success of the second day encouraged the hope that an early, vigorous, and simultaneous attack next morning would carry the enemy's positions and secure the victory. "The artillery along the entire line was to be prepared for opening, as early as possible on the morning of the 3d, a concentrated and destructive fire, consequent upon which a general advance was to be made."* "Longstreet, reinforced by Pickett's three brigades (not yet under fire), was ordered to attack the next morning, and General Ewell was ordered to assail the enemy's right at the same time."† That time was "at daylight on Friday morning."‡ At dawn on the morning of the 3d the artillery on the right was posted by Colonel Alexander and visited by General Pendleton. The attack ordered on the left was anticipated by the Federals, who attempted to retake the works occupied by Johnson's division the night before. But General Longstreet was again unprepared. He says, in his paper in the Philadelphia Times, he was unwilling to obey General Lee's orders. After Johnson, on the left, was engaged and could not be recalled, General Ewell was informed that Longstreet would not attack until ten o'clock.§ He was not, in fact, ready for his advance until two p.m., and then, as he himself states, wished to throw the responsibility upon Colonel Alexander as to whether and when Pickett's division should be ordered forward to the assault.

At one p.m. the signal was given for the Confederate cannon, nearly one hundred and fifty, to open fire; and then ensued for two hours the most furious cannonade ever heard on this continent. When the enemy's fire ceased, Pickett's division, followed

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* General Pendleton's report.  † General Lee's report.  ‡ Ewell's report.  § Ewell's report.
by Heth's, advanced to the charge. As they moved forward into open ground the Federal guns burst out again, pouring into them a most destructive fire, to which adequate reply could not be made for want of ammunition. Undeterred by this and by the hot storm of musket-balls which met them in front, the gallant division swept up the height with a steadiness and bravery which elicited the admiration of the enemy. Had they been supported, as General Lee had ordered, the Federal position might then have been seized. But their corps commander not only failed to lead, drive, or order either of his other divisions to support Pickett's magnificent charge, as General Lee had directed and intended, but he went further, and forbade General Anderson of Hill's corps to move forward to assist in the attack, which he was about to do.

In the February number of the *Century Magazine* for 1887 General Longstreet saw fit to repeat, and in some respects to amplify, his previous assumption of superior military wisdom and skill, his carping criticism on General Lee, and his charge of falsehood upon General Pendleton. Many officers have again refuted his assertions on various points. The only further reply to his discourteous and malign attack on General Pendleton necessary here is given in the following letter from Bishop George W. Peterkin, of West Virginia, who was General Pendleton's "tried and trusty aide" throughout the war:

"PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, April 29, 1887.

"MY DEAR MRS. LEE,—In reply to your letter of April 20, asking for my recollections of the evening of the 1st and the morning of the 2d of July at Gettysburg, I write briefly. Of course one occupying a subordinate position, as I did, was not at all behind the scenes. Still, as I stood in a very close relationship to your dear father as his aide-de-camp, and, more than that, owing no doubt in large measure to the general's long friendship for my father, I always thought that he admitted me to much more intimate relations than my mere official position would seem to call for. At all events, I may very properly say that I was his constant companion during the three years of my service on his staff, and that he talked very freely to me of all things connected with
the army and the conduct of the campaign as far as such things came under his observation.

"I will, then, without any further words, state my very distinct and positive recollection as to the matter in hand. First,—and this is perhaps the most important thing,—I went with General Pendleton to General Lee's on the night of the 1st. Of course I did not hear their conversation, but my recollection is perfectly clear as to this, that as we rode away your father said to me that General Longstreet was to attack very early in the morning,—this as coming from General Lee. This statement was made to me in the familiar manner in which the general usually talked with me, because I was his constant attendant, and he was largely dependent upon me for the carrying his orders back and forth. Now, of course, as to what passed between the general and General Lee I do not know, except in the way indicated. Secondly, I well remember how we started early the next morning, so as to go over the ground and be ready to help to dispose the troops (the artillery, of course, specially) when they came up.

"I find in an old note-book, which I kept very imperfectly and irregularly, this entry made at the time in lead-pencil:

"'Thursday, July 2, started very early and reconnoitred the right; troops on left and centre stationary; Longstreet moving; reconnoitred the front. Guided General McLaws to road along the creek bottom towards the peach orchard.'

"In explanation of this entry in my memorandum-book, I would say that my recollection is very distinct that, contrary to our expectation, General Longstreet did not attack early in the morning, but that his troops did not get up until late in the day; and that then, after starting to go directly across towards the peach orchard, it was found (for some cause or other I do not know, unless that by this route the troops were exposed) that they had better go by some other route. I was then sent by General Pendleton (at the instance of General Lee, I think, who knew the general had been over the ground, and that therefore some one of his staff must know it) to guide the column by the route indicated. This I did, riding along with Captain Timothy Dwight, an old college friend. He was on Kershaw's staff, as I remember. I cannot tell about the hour of day, and, without stopping now to look up the accounts, I should say that it must
have been about five P.M. before these troops were in position and began the fight.

"Of course as to causes for delay or anything of that kind, one who occupied so subordinate a position as I did could not be expected to know.

"The bare facts given above I state without attempting to fill up the narrative. I am clear and positive about them. You can make any use you choose of this letter. I may add this, that I find in my note-book this entry for Wednesday, July 1:

"Moved towards Gettysburg through Cashtown; got up to where they were fighting about twelve m.; went first to the centre and then to the right; saw General Ramseur; camped in orchard about two and a half miles from Gettysburg.

"Faithfully your friend,

"George W. Peterkin."

BISHOP JOHN'S REPORT TO VIRGINIA COUNCIL, 1863.

June 3.—I visited the army on the Rappahannock to make such arrangements as might be found expedient to enable my brethren of the clergy to render most effectually such missionary services as were contemplated by the resolution of the last Council. When I arrived the several divisions had received marching orders, and before many hours had elapsed all—with the exception of those brought up in front of Fredericksburg to resist a demonstration of the enemy at that point—had moved for active service elsewhere. . . . On my arrival at Hamilton's Crossing I was met by the Rev. J. McGill, chaplain in the Fifty-second Virginia Regiment, who informed me that in the Rockbridge Artillery company—then encamped in the vicinity, but under orders to march in a few hours—there were several persons anxious to receive confirmation. The necessary arrangements were soon made, and at five P.M., in front of the residence of Mr. Marye, I preached to the members of that brave band, baptized one and confirmed six of their number. Before the next dawn their tents had disappeared, and they were moving to share in the terrible conflicts of the campaign.

During the interval between my arrival and this service I passed some time at headquarters in communication with the honored and beloved commander of the Army of Northern Virginia in reference to its religious improvement, to which his example and counsel happily contribute. If in the life and influence of this Christian general and other eminent officers, his worthy associates in our eventful struggle for civil and religious liberty, we do not gratefully recognize a most significant encouragement to hope for a successful issue, we should be justly liable to the charge of slowness to perceive the tokens of good which have been vouchsafed to us, and criminally delinquent in the gratitude which they should awaken.

June 4.—In company with General Pendleton I rode out to the head-quarters of General Ewell, recently appointed to the command vacated by the lamented General
Jackson. The interview assured me the more that the good providence and grace of God had prepared the way most invitingly for the extension of the Gospel in the army. On the same day, at five P.M., I preached to the Fifty-second Virginia Regiment under an arbor which, though very extensive, did not cover the congregation. The Rev. Mr. McGill, the chaplain of the regiment, reported a goodly number of the men as earnestly inquiring "what they must do to be saved." Whilst we were engaged in the service a courier arrived with orders to march at midnight.

June 5.—At five P.M. I preached, near Grace Church, Caroline County, to the division under the command of General Heth. As our own church was too small, the appointment for our service was made in a large Baptist church near by, but on arriving it was found to be full, and more out than inside. It was deemed best to officiate in the open air. Taking my stand at the rear of the building, with the men seated on the grass and many on the limbs of the surrounding trees, I ministered to as attentive and serious a congregation as I ever addressed. The chaplain informed me that here also many were deeply interested on the subject of religion. I had announced another appointment to preach for them at five P.M. the next day, but again while I was preaching a courier came with the intelligence that the enemy had opened upon our troops at Fredericksburg and were crossing in force below the town. General Heth's command was ordered up. They marched during the night, and the next day, when the hour for my appointment arrived, there was not even a straggler to be found in the vicinity. It was an anxious day. The occasional booming of the guns from the heights beyond the Rappahannock, the discharge of musketry between the skirmishers on this side, and the roll of their drums authorized the anticipation of an early attack. The next morning, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Friend, I rode up to Hamilton's Crossing to see if there would be an opportunity for a public service, and, if not, to be at hand to officiate among the wounded should a battle ensue. We found the troops which had been brought up in battle array, not knowing at what moment the enemy might attempt to advance. All hope of public service was abandoned. Very soon, however, we were called on by Colonel Leaventhorpe, who commanded a North Carolina regiment, and who came to say that he understood I was willing to officiate, and that, though his officers and men had been on the march during the night, they would be thankful if we would conduct service for them. I left him to arrange time and place, and in half an hour he returned to accompany us to an orchard in the rear of the trenches, where his regiment was assembled to unite in prayer and praise and hear the word of God. The Rev. Mr. Friend read the morning service and I addressed the congregation. Our appropriate psalms and hymns were accompanied by the music of a part of the regimental band, which had been accustomed to render such assistance to the Rev. Aristides Smith, who was detained in Petersburg by sickness. We had scarcely closed the solemn exercises when a deputation came to ask for a service in the afternoon. Neither the fatiguing march of the preceding night nor the vicinity of a formidable foe abated their interest in the divinely-appointed means of grace nor detained them from their administration. We may learn and profit by this wholesome example. That same regiment was in the hottest of the fight at Gettysburg, and proved as fearless in the service of their country as they were ready and respectful in the worship of God.
CHAPTER XXXVI.
AFTER GETTYSBURG—BRISTOW STATION—MINE RUN—HOME ON FURLough—COLONEL PENDLETON'S MARRIAGE.

The repulse of Pickett's assault virtually ended this "the fiercest and most sanguinary" battle ever fought in America. The heavy loss in the three days' fight—about sixteen thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners—and the want of ammunition prevented any further attack by General Lee. All day of July 4 he waited for General Meade to advance in his turn.* But no aggressive movement being made, the Southern army withdrew in the night, and fell back across the mountains to the Potomac to protect their supply and ammunition trains.

On July 8 General Pendleton wrote from near Hagerstown, Maryland,—

"After a most laborious and fatiguing time night and day for perhaps sixty hours we reached this neighborhood, and are here encamped, in preparation for another great battle. If the Yankees attack us it will come very soon." . . .

"NEAR WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND, July 13.

"This rainy Monday morning, while we are waiting in expectation of an attack from the enemy, I employ a half-hour in writing. Saturday and yesterday I was laboriously occupied in posting batteries on our lines, giving minute directions to officers, etc. Our army is well posted, and if attacked will, I think, prove victorious. . . . We have had so much rain, it has not

* Sandie Pendleton, as adjutant of the Second Corps, carried the returns of that command to head-quarters in person on the morning of this day. Wishing to be encouraging, he remarked to the commander-in-chief as he delivered the papers, "General, I hope the other two corps are in as good condition for work as ours is this morning." General Lee looked at him steadily and replied coldly, "What reason have you, young gentleman, to suppose that they are not?"

"I never felt so small in my life," said young Pendleton in telling the story. "I lost no time in bowing myself out and riding away, firmly resolved never to hazard any inquiry or conjecture to General Lee again."
been practicable for us to recross the river had it been ever so desirable. And now, although the water has fallen a good deal and a little fording is done, cannon can hardly be driven across without spoiling the ammunition. . . . We are grieved at the fall of Vicksburg, but no less firmly resolved to resist Northern aggression to the end. . . . My health continues very good. By care I manage to discharge a great deal of duty without breaking myself down, and by proper management generally get good rest at night, so that I am, most of the time, fresh for the hard and protracted service incident to my position. By awaking very early I get a good time for prayer and Scripture reading every morning, and have my staff stirring betimes. George Peterkin is my trusty aide,—at all times ready for any work or any danger. One of the truest human beings I ever knew.

"Willie Meade started for Staunton yesterday with his ordnance train. He had in charge the bundle of things John got in my behalf for you in Hagerstown,—I could not properly choose myself. Some of the articles, you will see, are a sort of nondescript refuse,—shoes of strange sizes, hideous dress-patterns, etc. I thought you might do something with them all by way of exchange, if no, otherwise. The cotton, linen, needles, pins, hooks and eyes, buttons, hair-pins, silk and cotton spools, and one or two of the dresses will, I hope, prove useful. Willie was to take the bundle to Mr. Phillips, in Staunton, and get him to forward it safely."

"Near Bunker Hill, Berkeley County, Virginia,
July 18, 1863.

"My last was from near Williamsport, where we were expecting another great battle. The weather being very uncomfortable, the river likely to rise higher, and the Yankees exhibiting an intention of fortifying, so as to hold a small force in our front while they operated elsewhere, General Lee concluded to recross to the Virginia side. This he did on the afternoon and night of Monday, the 13th, and morning of Tuesday, the 14th. The labors of all in responsible positions were great. Mine were herculean. At General Lee's request I started on horseback round our lines about one p.m., Monday, the 13th, and was virtually in the saddle until five p.m., Tuesday, the 14th. In the hardest
rain all night, posting batteries and fighting them on the hills
our side the Potomac, when our army was nearly across, and an
advance of the enemy came imprudently near, about twelve on
the 14th, and having all guns and ammunition secured. I had to
do everything alone during the last ten hours of the time, as
every member of my staff was either broken down himself or
disabled by having a broken-down horse. My horse and myself
were all this while—twenty-eight hours—without food, and I got
no rest for about forty hours. Still, my strength kept up in
good measure, though my horse could scarcely walk when I
reached camp. This recrossing was a great success on General
Lee’s part. The army is recruiting after a very severe campaign.
... We have moved up gradually to this point and are awaiting
developments. Our cause is, undoubtedly, at serious disadvan-
tage just now. The loss of Vicksburg is in itself not very in-
jurious; but Grant’s army being set free to co-operate with
Rosecrans is a serious evil. Our failure at Gettysburg and these
events on the Mississippi will give us a vast deal of trouble. It
is a case in which resort to God for help becomes doubly urgent,
while we brace ourselves to the stern duties of the occasion. ... 
William Nelson lost all his clothes and his servant William when
the Yankee cavalry caught part of Ewell’s train. I have given
him an old shirt, drawers, socks, towels, handkerchiefs, and
collars out of my scant store.”

“July 21, 1863.

“Still at Bunker Hill, I write again. ... I have often thought
how anxious you must all be about us. And indeed you have
had reason. For besides one of the bloodiest battles in his-
tory,—certainly, I suppose, the most tremendous artillery con-
lict ever known thus far on earth,—we have been exposed to a
continuance of weather almost unsurpassed in inclemency again
and again, marching day and night through drenching rain and
mud interminable; our food, too, has been necessarily most
irregular, and sometimes so unattractive as to be turned from by
even very hungry men. Only dry bread, such as camp affords,
and a little poor meat, without condiment of any sort save a little
salt, and no vegetables. This, morning, noon, and night, so
wearies the appetite that the organs well-nigh refuse to perform
their office. Still, by God’s helping, we get along cheerfully
and in very tolerable health. I am myself quite well. Lizzie sent me two days ago a loaf of bread and two or three makings of tea with sugar enough for it. It is very refreshing. But after all, what of all these little trials if God be pleased to bless us in frustrating the wicked purposes of Lincoln and the Yankees. . . . By this time the bundles sent have, I hope, reached you. I have amused myself imagining the looks of horror and merriment with which the girls held up the odd pairs of shoes, and one or two of the dress-patterns sent, not knowing my idea in sending them,—viz., that if they could not be used in our household, they could be exchanged somewhere for things more suitable. The truth is, that amid the solemnities of so much blood and death I hardly felt that it was right to be bestowing much effort upon any earthly vanities or even comforts."

Great indeed had been the anxiety and distress in the household in Lexington, for besides the loss of many relatives and friends, the papers had published the name of General Pendleton as among the mortally wounded,—confounding it with that of General Pender, who was thus unfortunate. By exercising much vigilance the report was kept from Mrs. Pendleton's knowledge until the contradiction of it appeared. And even then the shock of it prostrated her for several days.

General Meade's movements made it expedient for the Confederate army to draw nearer to Richmond.

"CULPEPER, July 24, 1863, eleven P.M.

"From the hour you see I have only a moment to write, having had hard marching and little rest since leaving Bunker Hill on Tuesday. By five P.M. were four miles southeast of Front Royal,—forty-one or forty-two miles. Next day, yesterday, we reached a point eight or nine miles from here, not camping till past twelve at night. No dinner, no supper. This morning about ten arrived here with one corps. The others pressing on. We are pushing on to head the Yankees stirring again for Richmond."

"CULPEPER, July 29, 1863.

"The probabilities now seem that we shall be for some time somewhere between this place and Gordonsville. . . . You are all well, I trust, and comfortable in reliance on God notwith-
standing the unfavorable turn in our national affairs. It is undoubtedly a time to try our faith and fortitude. But God has not vacated His throne, nor will He, except for wise purposes, permit iniquity to triumph ultimately. And if, for such purposes, although impenetrable by us, He see fit to allow our enemies to triumph, we can, I hope, submit to Him even therein, as did our Saviour under the hands of his enemies,—'Not my will, but thine, be done.'"

The Confederate army drawing still farther back behind the Rapidan and a season of comparative rest and quiet ensuing, General Pendleton was able to have his wife and one of his daughters visit him at Orange Court-House, where they were hospitably entertained for several weeks by his cousin, Mrs. Mildred Taylor. How pressing were the material wants of the people of Virginia at this date, cut off from intercourse and trade with the outside world, an extract from a letter of Mrs. Pendleton's makes very vivid. On July 26 she wrote,—

"We have not yet got the bundles, but know they are at Mr. Phillips's. I had something of the same feeling you expressed about buying, when on such an errand as yours. S—— and R—— badgered me into asking you, and it really is a good thing, for we do need clothes. Mr. E. J. Lee came Tuesday and brought the trunk he packed himself. In Confederate funds it is worth a great deal to us all. My portion was four dozen adamantine candles, a gallon of coal-oil, which he brought in a jug in the carriage, a pound of tea, ten pounds crushed sugar, three pounds coffee, three pair of shoes, and a calico dress for myself, but it is quite red, and I shall give it to one of the girls. Then Mrs. Lee brought me a beautiful winter dress and a supply of pins and sewing materials. Sandie sent three pair of shoes, which fit Mary, Lella, and Nancy. Edmund Lee brought Lella a beautiful pair of gaiters. Rose has a pair of Mr. Lee's and I the two other pair. I hope some of us may be able to wear some of yours. All you send will be of use, and most highly valued as coming from you. If you did not get yourself clothes, we will make you some immediately."

Only those who recall the absolute need of the common trifles
of civilized life here mentioned can appreciate the pleasure and relief of receiving a supply of such simple things.

Early in September Longstreet's corps was sent to Tennessee, and about the same time Meade's force was also reduced by sending reinforcements elsewhere. There then ensued what has been called by military writers "a campaign of strategy," or "manœuvres," with advantage sometimes on one side and then on the other. The prestige, at least, was on the Southern side at its close. The three important events in this series of advances and retreats were the Bristow campaign in October, the engagement at Rappahannock Station, and the Mine Run campaign. In the first of these General Meade was forced to withdraw from his advanced position to the heights around Centreville, but in a fight at Bristow Station A. P. Hill's corps lost several hundred prisoners and five pieces of artillery.

On the 7th of November General Meade, who had again advanced, moved across the Rappahannock, and at Kelley's Ford partially surprised a part of Ewell's corps, capturing fifteen hundred men and four guns.

On the 26th of November the Federal army crossed the Rapidan at the fords below General Lee's position. The Confederates moved also so as to strike General Meade's flank and rear should he press on towards Richmond, or confront him on strong ground if Lee's army was the object of his advance. For this purpose General Lee fell back across Mine Run and took a position on the west bank of that stream, where strong fortifications were thrown up to strengthen the natural advantages afforded by the hills above the run. Here they lay for three days, while General Meade brought up his army, cannonaded heavily, and made elaborate preparations for an assault. After waiting thus in vain for the attack, General Lee determined himself to take the offensive on the morning of December 2. But when the day dawned the enemy was no longer there. Finding the Confederate forces so strongly posted and fortified, General Warren, to whom the opening of the battle had been committed, decided that the loss of life would be too great in any attack on the works, and declined to sacrifice his men in what was apparently so hopeless an effort. This terminated active operations for the season, and both armies went into winter-quarters.
Letters from General Pendleton and his son give interesting
details of these events and of army-life during the period of their
occurrence.

Sandie Pendleton wrote August 27,—

"... I got a new commission in Richmond the other day, as
lieutenant-colonel and assistant adjutant-general, to rank from
July 23, 1863. I have reached the end of my tether now, and
shall have to be content with my present grade until the end of
the war. However, it is a high grade and a good position for so
young a man,—chief of staff of the Second Army Corps."

General Pendleton wrote,—

"September 1.

"Last night I rode a few miles to Alexander's battalion and
preached for them. It was a very interesting time. Captain
Parker, a good Methodist, is much concerned for the religious
condition of his men. There is unusual interest among them,
and the meeting was large, attentive, and interesting.

"General Lee has not yet returned. Everything is perfectly
quiet. On Saturday a picnic was held near Montpelier.* Your
ma and L—— were invited with me. I excused myself, as they
were gone. A rain came up as all hands were going to dinner,
and sauvè qui peut soon became the cry. Lawns and silks were
sadly damaged, and there was great scuffling into ambulances,
wagons, and carriages to get shelter, and as for the dinner, it was
well soused with rain-drops."

"September 3.

"... What do you think of my sitting up the entire night,
night before last, reading 'Aurora Floyd'? Sitting with my back
to the front of my tent, I was surprised to find, on finishing the
book and turning round, that it was broad day. I went to bed
and slept soundly about three hours, and got up fresh as a lark
for my usual work. ... How do you find the quiet life of home
after the stir of army associations? A little dull, I fear. I was
at the chaplains' meeting day before yesterday, and gave them a
few words of counsel and exhortation."

"September 7.

"Last night I officiated to a very large congregation—the

* President Madison's home.
scene very striking—in the grand woods, the deepest darkness around. Several light-wood torches raised on platforms glaring on the dense mass of soldiers seated in orderly arrangement on rough seats prepared for the purpose, and a candle or two on the primitive stand where I was. My ride home was rough, extremely dark, partly through dense woods, and quite lonely. It was eleven when I got to my tent. But I had great peace of mind and a sense of God's approving goodness."

"September 11.

"Part of this army has moved. General Lee had a grand review of the Second Corps day before yesterday. A. P. Hill's corps is to be reviewed to-day. . . . Mr. Hansbrough has asked me to assist in the services on Sunday, when Bishop Johns is expected."

"September 14.

"I can send you but a line this morning, having to move forward and post artillery on the Rapidan. The enemy advancing. I preached in church yesterday and administered the communion, the bishop too unwell to come and Mr. Hansbrough sick. Some two hundred and fifty persons communed, several generals among them. General Lee was not there; detained by news from the front."

Of this movement on the front Sandie Pendleton wrote,—

"September 15.

". . . The enemy's cavalry came on in large force and drove Stuart back to the Rapidan, capturing three pieces of artillery. Our cavalry suffered smartly, but did good execution. Our infantry moved out at daylight yesterday, our corps moving down to watch Summerville's and Raccoon Fords. The enemy showed no infantry, but only cavalry and artillery."

Three days later his father writes,—

". . . I was out on the front lines all day yesterday; a ride of some thirty miles. From what I saw I do not judge a fight so near. But messages from signal-stations and from other quarters to-day give notice of a great advance of the enemy, and troops will be moving at daylight in the morning to meet it."
Sandie Pendleton to his mother.

"September 23, 1863, eleven P.M.

"Last Saturday we moved down here from Orange Court-House to Stearn's place, formerly the property of Jeremiah Morton. The house is entirely empty, and I am now writing in one of the fine parlors,—a magnificent room twenty-six feet square, with deep bay-windows, pier-glasses, and marble mantel-pieces, but no furniture except my camp-table and chair. . . . Our corps guards the river to the east of Orange Court-House, Early being at Summerville's and Raccoon Fords, and Rodes and Johnson at Morton's and Germanna Fords, fords west to east in the order named, the first being some eight miles below Rapidan Station and the last near the mouth of the river."

Of General Lee’s move on Meade’s right flank General Pendleton wrote, from near Bristow Station, October 16,—

"... As my last letter notified you, we left our camp near Orange Court-House on the 9th. I had to take that day a very long ride by Gordonsville, to arrange for one of the two artillery battalions, previously stationed near there, being posted so as best to defend that point, if suddenly threatened, and the other marching on with the army.

"While waiting in front of Mrs. Barbour's for the two commanders sent for to meet me there, and sitting on a stile by the gate, I was approached by her daughter, a sweet-looking girl, and urged to go in. I did so, and was amused to find that they took me for 'the commander-in-chief.' They did not appear less cordial when the error was corrected. . . . After a fatiguing march, rendered more tedious by the necessity of taking by-ways through woods, etc., to prevent being seen from the enemy’s lookout posts, we encamped at dark on the 10th.

"By dawn of the 11th we were all once again in motion, and, as we seemed approaching the enemy, General Lee requested me to ride in advance and select positions for the artillery in case of coming upon the Yankees and engaging them. . . . On Monday, near the Rappahannock River, by Warrenton Springs, we found the enemy, and as he began to use his artillery it devolved upon me to press ahead and select positions for our guns. The Yan-
kees were just on the north bank of the river, with considerable force of cavalry and artillery. Our batteries were brought up and posted with care, so that they were ready before the enemy perceived one of them. Sixteen guns opened at once, and the Yankee batteries ran off within ten minutes. . . . On Wednesday, the 14th, about three P.M., A. P. Hill came upon and engaged the enemy. General Lee, General Ewell, and myself, at the head of Ewell's column, sought views of the enemy on our front. . . . Meanwhile, Hill had driven off one body of the enemy, but another had proved too much for a part of his force and captured five of his guns. It was a bad business; somebody's blunder. There was the finest opportunity to capture ten thousand Yankees, with some forty guns, and it ought to have been done; instead of which they took five guns, and after night made good their retreat and completely escaped. . . . To-day has been extremely wet. General Lee is quite unwell from lumbago, with which he suffers very much, so that he could not be out.”

"Near Rappahannock Station, October 19, 1863.

"You see by the superscription that we have come back from Bristow Station. The Yankees have so entirely desolated the region that there is nothing left on which men or animals can subsist. On Saturday, the 17th, besides riding round the lines giving directions to the artillery, I went forward to old Manassas, Randolph Page, George Peterkin, and Charles Hatcher accompanying me. The only house of any kind left there is a dilapidated shanty, occupied by a poor Irishwoman with her children.

"Our route yesterday from Bristow, as did our ride to Manassas, lay by the side of the railroad track. The whole way from Manassas to this point is one unbroken scene of desolation. Not a house left standing! Not a living thing save a few partridges and other small birds! No horse or cow, no hog or sheep, no dog or cat,—of course, no man, woman, or child! In sight of the river, on the north side, stands a house with some out-buildings around. General Lee told me he went there to look at the place. Not a soul remained. Drills, however, and ploughs of most valuable kinds had been piled together in the yard by the Yankees and burned; wagons, carts, and an elegant carriage had been cut to pieces and smashed up with axes; and the negro cabins were in
general reduced to ashes. Such outrage has scarcely ever been perpetrated in the wars of the world. Among other instances of such ruin I noticed a plain place of worship—perhaps Methodist or Baptist—by the road-side, with about half the weather-boarding torn off the walls, as usual, defaced by abominable scribblings which the profane creatures had perpetrated. Bad as are thousands of our people, I do not believe they would thus mock the Almighty by polluting the homeliest structure dedicated to his worship.

"General Lee told me he would not have come back but for the great number of our men barefooted. . . . As the probable close of active operations for the campaign approaches I find my heart literally aching to get home. Oh, for that unspeakable privilege!"

Sandie Pendleton wrote,—

"Morton Hall, November 10, 1863.

". . . Here we are again, having gotten back here exactly one month from the time we left, and are minus about four thousand men and nine pieces of artillery which we had when we started, October 9.

"The papers will have apprised you of the mishap to the Second Corps at Rappahannock bridge on Saturday evening. There were too few men to hold the position, and the enemy made a sudden rush with a tremendous force and carried the works, getting possession of the pontoon-bridge, so that the men had no way of escape. Our troops behaved splendidly, and the Yankee loss was very great. We lost scarcely any in killed and wounded, but about twelve hundred prisoners and four pieces of artillery. On Sunday we took up position in front of Culpeper Court-House and waited all day for the enemy, who did not come on, and on Sunday night we recrossed the Rapidan, where our troops are in their old quarters. I don't think Meade will come on. I earnestly hope General Lee will soon attack him, and let us retrieve our lost reputation. It is absolutely sickening, and I feel personally disgraced by the issue of the late campaign, as does every one in the command. Oh, how each day is proving the inestimable value of General Jackson to us!"

So the days wore on, the generals having to be constantly on the alert, watching Meade's movements and trying to divine his
intentions. The difficulties of their position were many. Of them, as of other things, General Pendleton wrote,—

"There seems much suffering in store for us. The difficulty of feeding our animals where we have to meet the enemy is almost insuperable, and with that difficulty others increase, as feeding our men, whose food horses must draw, and using our cannon, which must by horses be moved from place to place. The immense multitudes the Yankees have been able to import for the war against us have enabled them so far to carry out their barbarous policy of destroying productions in large districts of our country as to render the question of supplies a serious one for the army and the population crowded within our narrowed limits, and the disturbed state of our currency has so inflated prices that multitudes can scarcely command subsistence.

. . . Saturday I had a strange call of duty. In the afternoon a good-looking negro man presented himself at my tent, saying that he came from Colonel Corley, chief quartermaster of this army, in whose employ he was, to ask if I would marry him—the servant—that night about nine o'clock,—the place some four miles off. I felt it right to consent, and although it rained very hard I sallied out, George Peterkin accompanying me, about half-past seven P.M. The rain held up, and we only had the discomfort of a great deal of mud. There was a large negro company,—all quite proper. The groom responded 'I will' at every pause in the interrogatory addressed to him,—the bride signifying assent in her turn by a modest silence. George and I were taken first to the supper-table and did it some justice,—ham, turkey, roast fowl, bread and butter, custard, cake, and coffee (rye) in abundance. The groom offered to pay me for my trouble, but I told him I should be well paid if he and his wife fulfilled their vows and lived happily together. We got to camp again by eleven without any serious inconvenience.

"Yesterday I preached in the church at the Court-House. A large and attentive congregation, including General Lee and President Davis, several other generals, and a number of officers and soldiers, but not many ladies, as the walking was so bad. From the deep quiet and apparent interest and the full chorus with which the closing hymn was sung, as well as on general
grounds of promise, I trust it was not an unprofitable occasion. . . . After the delight I anticipate at being at home for a season before long, the experience of war must be mine for a long time to come. Yankee malice and lust of power and plunder is still unsatisfied; and as Seward has succeeded in cheating the outside world, we have to struggle against it as well as against the Yankees."

In front of the enemy at Mine Run General Pendleton wrote,—

"December 1, 1863,

just before sunrise and before starting out on our lines.

"We have been in line of battle since Friday. The enemy square up against us. We have a good position and everything ready. The enemy holds off from attack, though he may try today. His position also strong, and the country is almost impenetrable from the thick woods. I have frequently seen Sandie. As usual he is busy and useful. My own duties are incessant."

Again, on returning to camp near Orange Court-House, where they had been for some weeks, he told of the failure of Meade's plan:

"It was a remarkable case. We confronted the enemy Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,—the two armies looking, and often shooting, at each other all the while, and being at points of the line less than a half-mile apart, and yet they separated without closing for mortal struggle; the aggressor, who had sought the occasion with a force half as large again as the defender's, backing out and running off from the contest he had challenged. General Lee had just made arrangements for attacking them yesterday morning, when lo! as light dawned, there were no Yankees there! They had retreated during the night."

On the same date, December 3, Sandie Pendleton wrote,—

"Meade's coup was not delivered. General Lee had taken up an advantageous position and awaited attack, which he declined to make. . . . I presume this finishes the campaign here, as the roads will be an embargo upon travelling with wheeled vehicles. I should like, however, to have an opportunity of punishing these
wretches. They behaved more villainously towards the people than ever before,—burning houses and plundering. At every house they took every morsel of food and left the people—women and little children—actually starving,—tore up the clothing and burned all the furniture, and so on in outrages too numerous and horrible to mention. . . . During the late movements here General Early has been in command, and, I assure you, he does admirably. . . . Our men are in fine heart notwithstanding the bitter cold, for Meade's retreat is almost an acknowledgment of defeat."

Preparations were now made for putting the army into winter-quarters, and most of the artillery was drawn farther back and stationed at different points, with a view to procuring forage for the horses.

Sandie Pendleton's marriage to Miss Corbin, of Moss-Neck, had been delayed on account of the impossibility of his leaving his work as adjutant-general of the Second Corps. General Pendleton deferred asking for a furlough for his long-desired visit home, hoping to perform the marriage and accompany the bridal party to Lexington. But as Christmas approached, and there was no telling when Colonel Pendleton could return from the valley, whither he had gone with General Early to head off an advance of General Averill, the general took advantage of a notification from army head-quarters that he could now be spared from his post better than at any other time, got his furlough, and reached his home the night before Christmas. On returning from church Christmas-day, a telegram from Colonel Pendleton informed his father that he, too, had his leave of absence and wished to be married on the 28th. Travelling was so difficult that it was necessary for General Pendleton to leave Lexington at once to join his son in Richmond.

He took his Christmas dinner* at home, and then drove to Staunton in a buggy. The weather was intensely cold and a driving snow falling; but after enduring so much exposure in the field a rough, cold ride all night was not considered when

* Such had become the scarcity of provisions in Virginia that the Christmas pudding for this long-anticipated return home was made of dried cherries and sorghum molasses.
the gratification of his son was in question. As it was, a detention on the Central Railroad delayed the wedding until the 29th of the month, and the wedding party reached Lexington late on the 1st of January, 1864.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1863.

General,—In obedience to your instructions, I have carefully reconsidered all the recommendations for promotion in the artillery service with this army, availing myself of the matured counsels of General Long, chief of artillery of Second Corps, and Colonel Walker, chief of artillery of Third Corps, and of General Stuart, for the batteries serving with the cavalry. The result I have now the honor to report.

The legitimate armament of batteries actually in the field with this army, including those attached to the First Corps and those with the cavalry, amounts to two hundred and seventy-six guns.

At present there is a deficiency of guns in some of the batteries, owing to the fact that Napoleons have not been supplied in sufficient numbers to replace all the six-pounders and howitzers turned in to be recast, and the additional fact that casualties in action and the wear and tear of service have deprived us at this juncture of some pieces and teams, for the replacing of which arrangements are in progress. The existing incomplete number thus produced is two hundred and forty-four.

As all the elements of our organization, companies, battalions, and corps-groups, are based upon the legitimate number expected to be restored as soon as practicable, it is believed to be the proper standard by which to adjust our legal proportion of field-officers.

This number entitles us, under the law, to three brigadier-generals, seven colonels, eleven lieutenant-colonels, and seventeen majors.

We now have on our roll two brigadier-generals, six colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, and seventeen majors,—viz.:


Of the colonels, Crutchfield is understood to be so far disabled for active field service, by the effects of a severe wound received at Chancellorsville, that it is due, equally to the service and to himself, that he be assigned to some position better adapted to his physical condition. His eminent merit and services deserve reward. General Jackson desired him to be made brigadier-general of artillery and to continue in his post of chief of artillery for the Second Corps. This, by General Jackson's death and his own protracted disability, seems to be now precluded; but it is hoped a congenial and useful position may be assigned him, in connection with the defences of Richmond or with some other department of home defence.

Colonel Walton is also a meritorious officer, for whom some other sphere of duty
seems required, in justice to the service and to himself. His junior, Colonel Alexander, is believed to be better adapted to promote the efficiency of the artillery with the First Corps as its chief, and he must therefore be recommended for promotion to that position. In this event, however, it is understood Colonel Walton prefers duty elsewhere. Mobile being mentioned as the locality most agreeable to him. It is hoped the interests of the service may admit of his being thus accommodated.

Colonel Cabell is another estimable officer whom it is best to transfer to another position. His worth as a gentleman, his patriotism as a citizen, and his gallantry as a soldier deserve honorable mention; but it is believed he could render better service in a command requiring less prompt activity than that he now holds. It is therefore respectfully recommended that he be transferred by exchange with Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot to command the battalion of field artillery at Richmond, now under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot, and that the latter be assigned to the command of the battalion with this army, of which Colonel Cabell has had charge.

Of the lieutenant-colonels, Andrews, a most gallant and distinguished officer, ought, in duty to the cause and to himself, to be relieved from field exposure and employed in less trying service, that he may recover from the threatening consequences of a dangerous wound received at Cedar Run nearly eighteen months ago. He is admirably adapted to usefulness in the ordnance department, and it is hoped a position therein may be assigned him with an additional grade. Were it really proper for him to remain in the field, sincerity and merit would together place him first on our list of lieutenant-colonels for promotion.

Lieutenant-Colonel Garnett may, with advantage to the service, be relieved of his command and assigned to other duty. He has proved less efficient in the field than was expected of so well-trained and capable a soldier. It is believed he can be more useful on conscript service than in his present position. Such change for him is therefore respectfully recommended.

Of the majors, Brokenbrough, entitled to praise for extended and good service, is disabled, and will probably long so continue, by the lingering effects of a wound received at Fredericksburg last December. He ought to be relieved of responsible connection with this army and assigned some post of comparatively light duty.

To fill the vacancies thus occurring, and others now existing, I respectfully recommend, on the testimonials of other commanders, as well as on my own judgment, the following promotions,—viz.:

Colonel E. P. Alexander to be brigadier-general and chief of artillery First Corps. Lieutenant-Colonels Carter, Jones, and Cutts to be colonels; Majors Dearing, Eshteman, Huger, Braxton, Pegram, McIntosh, Poague, Beckham, Hardaway, and Richardson to be lieutenant-colonels; and Captains Cutshaw, Jordan, Miller, Stirling, Raine, R. C. M. Page, Watson, McRae, M. Johnson, Ward, Maurin, Moorman, Chew, and Breathed to be majors. Our list of assignments will then stand,—

W. N. Pendleton, Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.

FIRST CORPS.

E. P. Alexander, Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.

Huger's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel F. Huger, South Carolina; Major Jordan, Virginia.

Beckham's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Beckham, Virginia; Major Read, Georgia.
Eshleman's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Eshleman, Louisiana; Major Miller, Louisiana.

Colonel Jones, Virginia.

Lightfoot's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot, North Carolina; Major Hamilton, Georgia.

Haskell's Battalion.—Major Haskell, South Carolina; Major Rielly, North Carolina.

SECOND CORPS.

A. L. Long, Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.

Colonel Carter, Virginia.

Page's Battalion.—Major R. C. M. Page, Virginia; Major Moorman, Virginia.

Cutshaw's Battalion.—Major Cutshaw, Virginia; Major Stribling, Virginia.

Braxton's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Braxton, Virginia; Major Raine, Virginia.

Colonel Brown, Virginia.

Hardaway's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Hardaway, Alabama; Major Watson, Virginia.

Nelson's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, Virginia; Major T. J. Page, Virginia.

THIRD CORPS.

R. L. Walker, Colonel and Chief of Artillery.

Pegram's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram, Virginia; Major McGraw, Virginia.

McIntosh's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel McIntosh, South Carolina; Major Johnson, Virginia.

Poague's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Poague, Virginia; Major Ward, Mississippi.

Colonel Cutts, Georgia.

Richardson's Battalion.—Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, Virginia; Major Maurin, Louisiana.

Cutts's Battalion.—Colonel Cutts, Georgia; Major Lane, Georgia.

With the Cavalry.—Lieutenant-Colonel Dearing, Virginia; Major Chew, Virginia; Major Breathed, Virginia.

In this schedule will be noticed two colonels less and one lieutenant-colonel and three majors more than the literal legal ratio,—an exchange deemed allowable, as two colonels are, on the numerical scale of the law, more than equivalent to a lieutenant-colonel and three majors, and these are needed, as the schedule shows, for the best organization.

General Long wishes his battalions grouped as above, under Colonels Carter and Brown. I concur with him in deeming it a good arrangement, and have provided similarly for the two reserve battalions of the First Corps, on this line, under Colonel Jones.

The best men are believed to be herein presented in such case. At the same time the fairest distribution practicable is made of promotions in the corps respectively and
among the several States. From the First Corps, including a brigadier-general, there are seven promotions, from the Second eight, from the Third nine, and from the horse-artillery four.

These promotions are much needed, and it is believed they will greatly benefit the artillery service. Encouragement to this arm has not been, as it should be, commensurate with that in the others. Even with the recommendations now submitted the number of artillery field-officers will be only about three-fourths of those belonging to three brigades of cavalry or infantry having anything like the number of men, companies, etc., constituting this artillery.

I have the honor to be, general,
Respectfully your obedient servant,
W. N. Pendleton,
Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery.

General R. E. Lee,
Commanding.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

RETURN TO CAMP—SENT TO DALTON TO REORGANIZE GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON'S ARTILLERY.

The month of January, 1864, was passed in Lexington. Long separation rendered doubly delightful the renewal of home pleasures and associations. Old friends extended cordial welcome to the two soldiers, father and son, and to the sweet young bride, and past dangers and future hardships were gladly forgotten in the intense enjoyment of the present happiness. General Pendleton's relations with Rev. Dr. Norton, then rector of the parish, were cordial and fraternal, and he more than once officiated in the church to crowded congregations, preaching in his uniform in lieu of the customary black gown, which had been stolen from the vestry-room.

The family party, united for the last time, dispersed gradually. Mrs. Lee went first, to join her husband in Richmond, where they went to "room-keeping," as houses were not to be afforded, or had, in that overcrowded city. Colonel Pendleton and his bride followed; and the last of the month the general took their place as his daughter's guest. By February 3 he had returned to artillery head-quarters near Louisa Court-House. As the season and the roads rendered any advance of the enemy impracticable,
arrangements were made for Mrs. Pendleton and one of her daughters to join the general for a few weeks.

The constant depreciation of Confederate currency and the advance in prices rendered the question of living daily more serious. During his visit home General Pendleton had been able to make such provision for fuel and food as to insure his family a moderately comfortable winter. But the expenses of his wife and daughter away from home could not be met out of his pay. To provide the necessary funds he determined to sell the theodolite and compass which had, more than once, provided bread for his household. Of these matters General Pendleton wrote,—

"Head-quarters Artillery Corps, near Louisa Court-House, Wednesday evening, February 3, 1864.

"Here I am, snug again in my winter's tent, and about as doleful in the exchange from home and its blessings as a wise man need be. Resolutely have I gone to work, and this in some measure relieves the shock of so great a transfer. Our camp is a pretty good one, and my own tent thoroughly comfortable,—so much so, indeed, that, if the worst comes to the worst, for your accommodation with me, I can readily shield you both from rude blasts within these canvas walls. This, however, I do not anticipate.

"I wrote to you Sunday afternoon from Richmond. That night we went to hear the eloquent Mr. Duncan of the Methodist Church,—one of a course of sermons on charity: 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee.' Divisions, —first, a beneficent action; second, an occasion for Christian charity; third, the extent of fidelity in such illustrated,—'such as I have give I.' It was an earnest discourse from a devout, simple, active, and fearless mind, pleasingly as well as impressively delivered, and calculated to do good. He was extremely severe upon the pretended charities of self-seeking people, as well as upon those of concerts, balls, theatricals, etc.

"Monday morning I visited the commissary-general about Mary, also the chief of ordnance, all to no purpose. They told me the rule adopted in all such cases is to employ refugee ladies, and of them the neediest, without friends or home, are first provided for. Of these there are so many that no room remains for
others. This I could not but admit to be right and proper, although in some instances there has been evasion of it on one side or the other. It will be some disappointment to Mol, but, willing as I was to gratify her in her wish to be independently useful, I really feel better satisfied that she should still be free like the others in our dear home. By God's blessing our means will suffice. They can, by the needle, etc., do enough to give them a sense of something done for themselves and for the common good, and in due time Divine wisdom and goodness may open the way for us to act again all together in some co-operative plan for each. . . . Mr. Brooke will take the theodolite for the Navy Department if it is not more needed in the army engineering department. The price I leave him to determine."

Mrs. Pendleton had been about two weeks at the lodging obtained for her, one and a half miles from camp, when General Pendleton was summoned to Richmond and ordered on temporary duty to Dalton, Georgia.

General Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Army of Tennessee, found the artillery in that army in an unsatisfactory condition with regard to its organization and command, and applied to the War Department, in Richmond, for Colonel Alexander to be sent to take charge of it.* General Lee was unwilling to part with that efficient officer, and General Pendleton was ordered by telegram to Richmond, and there directed to repair to Dalton to inspect the artillery and report on its condition,† and give such advice with regard to its improvement as his experience and proved efficiency might suggest.

Of his work in Georgia he wrote,—

"DALTON, GEORGIA, Friday, March 11, 1864.

"Here I am, just a week after leaving my head-quarters at Louisa Court-House, Virginia, with my work of inspection, etc., here fairly begun.

From Atlanta, where because of trains not uniting we had to stay all day yesterday, we came on last night, and reached here just before day this morning. I had telegraphed from Atlanta

† Ibid., p. 289.
that I would be here, and General Johnston had ordered an ambulance to meet us at the depot, but it either did not do so or was not seen by us. It was raining very hard, as it had done for most of the night, so we quietly waited under the depot roof for daylight. I then found out the general's quarters and walked thither. His greeting was most cordial. George and Charlie,* with Sam and our baggage, were soon sent for, and we were adjusted for accommodation among the rooms of the general's cottage. After washing, etc., we shared breakfast with the general's mess. Very good; real coffee, and butter made from the general's own cow, toast, corn-bread, etc. After breakfast I had a conference with the general, and recommended to him Tom Carter to be brigadier-general of artillery and Dearing to be colonel. He at once telegraphed to Richmond to have them thus promoted and transferred. Beckham is already here, a colonel, and Bondurant a lieutenant-colonel. They early called to see me.

"I made an appointment to inspect at twelve to-day the reserve artillery, constituting about one-third of the whole with this army, and accordingly at that hour sallied out under the guidance of Major Preston, General Johnston's inspector of artillery, and accompanied by Charlie Hatcher. The general had kindly mounted me on one of his fine horses, and one of his aides had supplied Charlie. Lieutenant-Colonel Hollinquist, commander of the reserve, received us in due form at the usual drill-grounds of his three battalions, and I made a minute inspection of every gun and caisson, horse, and set of harness, and of all the wagons and teams, stables, etc. The result was to me quite satisfactory. The horses are in fair condition, the guns, carriages, and harness in very good order, and the *tout ensemble* indicative of intelligence, care, and energy on the part of officers. I am told this is better than the other artillery I have to examine. But, at any rate, so far as it is concerned it is decidedly better than I expected.

"To-morrow Generals Hardee and Hood are to have reviews of the artillery attached to their several corps from ten to two. I saw them both to-day. That will give me a general idea of*

* His aides, Messrs. Peterkin and Hatcher.
the condition of their artillery. But I must next week visit each battalion for itself, and make a minute inspection.

"Then I have to submit certain inquiries in writing, to be similarly answered, to all the battalion commanders. And when my own mind is thus enlightened I shall be able to submit to General Johnston my views respecting the best organization of his artillery, and also prepare my report for department in Richmond. You see I have a good deal of work for two or three weeks. It will take little less time to learn all I wish to learn, and especially to make with the officers such acquaintance as may authorize definite expression respecting them. . . . The candle by which I write is just giving out, so I must stop. Bed will no doubt be very sweet to us, long as it is since we undressed."

"Monday, March 14.

". . . Saturday I attended Generals Hardee and Hood in reviewing the artillery of their corps. Yesterday I stayed in-doors, intending to be present at Methodist worship, but was misinformed as to the hour. I therefore improved the time with Bible and Prayer-Book, Bradley's Sermons, and my little practical commentaries. . . . To-day I employed in inspecting minutely all the artillery of Hardee's corps,—batteries, transportation, horses, camps, etc. To-morrow I shall give for similar work to Hood's corps. This will get me through the actual inspection. Then I have to get in the written replies to my inquiries addressed to commanding officers, and from the whole make up my mind as to things needed for best efficiency. One or two thorough officers are the chief requisite."

"March 16.

". . . We are still kindly entertained at General Johnston's head-quarters. I yesterday finished all my field-work of actual inspection, and am waiting partly for reports from commanders before I can systematize my own suggestions, and also to hear the results of our application for Tom Carter to be sent here as brigadier-general and chief of artillery for this army.

"I have just been to visit Lieutenant-Colonel Bondurant and his wife. He was a captain for a long time under my command in Virginia. D. H. Hill brought him out here to be chief of artillery for his division, first as a major and subsequently for his
corps as lieutenant-colonel. . . . I was out all the forenoon to-day witnessing a grand drill of General Hood’s corps. The weather was cold enough to occasion a good deal of suffering, yet the array was conducted successfully and in a manner quite imposing. You would be, and especially the girls, greatly interested in witnessing such a spectacle. Fifteen or twenty thousand men, including artillery, thus engaged, even with blank cartridges, make an immense show and mighty noise, and give a very tolerable idea of a real battle.”

“March 19, Saturday.

“. . . General Johnston was informed last night from Richmond that Brigadier-General Shoup had been ordered to him to be his chief of artillery. I am sorry they did not promote Tom Carter and send him, as he has been so thoroughly tried and found so efficient. Still, General Shoup has the reputation of being a good officer, and will, I hope, do well. He is a West Point graduate of somewhere about Fitz Lee’s time, was at Vicksburg, and is now at Mobile. His coming simplifies my operations. I shall be at liberty now to leave in a few days.”

“March 20, Sunday night.

“. . . I have been privileged to-day to preach to an immense congregation of officers and soldiers and a few ladies. It was on our Saviour’s agony in the garden. I trust it was a profitable occasion. I felt it so myself. Was aided to considerable freedom of thought and feeling, and the congregation was thoroughly attentive to the end. Since service I have been mostly in my room reading and resting.

“My time here has passed quite satisfactorily. I have carefully examined all the artillery, witnessed their reviews and drills, and submitted to General Johnston my views respecting its best organization and management. He pretty generally approves, and matters will be so far ready for General Shoup when he comes. In one of my letters I described a grand drill and sham battle of Hood’s corps. On Saturday I attended a great drill of all the artillery with Hardee’s corps, which would also have interested you. Mrs. Hardee, a bride of two months, was out on horseback, attended by two or three of the general’s staff. It would not be safe for ladies to be on horseback witnessing even
a sham battle, as very few horses remain unfrightened near musket- and cannon-firing. The day we were out with Hood's the scene was rather wildly enlivened by some half a dozen riderless horses careening frantically over the hills. They had unceremoniously deposited their loads on the ground and made off. One of the dismounted was, I understood, a major-general. Such a fall may not hurt a man, otherwise than in his pride, but a lady would hardly bear it with as much impunity.

"I expect to leave here day after to-morrow,—calling by Charleston on our return for the purpose of taking a look at the gallant city and its defenders. It will delay us but a little, and I hardly feel justified in losing the opportunity, while George Peterkin and Charlie Hatcher are particularly anxious for the satisfaction. The long, long jaunt in crowded cars day and night for nearly a week is anything but attractive in prospect, and will be worse in experience. Still, evils much greater can be endured."

General Pendleton returned to Richmond, and on March 29 laid his report of the artillery in the Army of Tennessee, and his suggestions regarding it, before the President. Full consultation was held with him by Mr. Davis and Generals Bragg and Cooper and the Secretary of War with respect to all he had seen and learned while at Dalton, and it was determined to send him back to Dalton to urge upon General Johnston to make, as speedily as possible, an aggressive movement with his army, so as to distract the enemy's plans and prevent more troops being massed in Virginia.* These and other considerations were to be personally pressed upon General Johnston by General Pendleton. But before taking this step he was sent to the front in Virginia for a personal conference with General Lee on the subject of his proposed mission to Georgia.

Of this and his further movements he wrote to his wife, who had met him in Richmond on his return from the south, and had gone with him to Gordonsville, where they separated, she going home and he to find General Lee:

“Camp near Louisa Court-House,
Sunday morning, April 3, 1864.

... How are you and N—— this morning after your
thrice-trying ride yesterday? I was anxious about you all
day, and could only commit you to the care of our Almighty
Father and hope that you might find the stage tolerably close
against the driving snow. ... Sandie and I duly reached
Orange Court-House. His horse was ready for him; he there-
fore mounted and rode to the quartermaster's and got a horse
for me. Meanwhile I walked through mud and rain to Mr.
R——'s, meeting Sandie on the way. He went with me, and
our kind cousin soon gave us a delightful snack. We then rode
on towards General Lee's head-quarters. There we parted.
Sandie rode on to his own head-quarters and I proceeded to
the general's. They all seemed glad to see me, and General Lee
was particularly cordial. With him I had a conference of two
or three hours, and having concluded I moved to leave. He
urged me to stay, and promised to make me comfortable. But
I had arranged with Cousin R—— to return to their house that
night, and knew it would incommode the general and his staff
to extemporize another bed in camp. Besides, I had Major John
Rogers's horse, and thought it best to return it. Excusing my-
self on these accounts, I rode through the extreme darkness and
reached Dr. R——'s some time after nine. I could hardly have
found my way but for a courier who was sent to guide me through
the woods.

Respecting the question which takes me south, General Lee
fully agrees with the government and with my own convictions.
Appearances now are that Grant is making preparations for a
gigantic effort again against Richmond. If by the course to
which my mission has reference he can be anticipated the most
important results may be achieved. ... Cousin Nette has most
beautiful bread. I engaged her to have for me a fine large loaf
to take on my trip next Thursday. She also put up two tongues,
so that I am thus far provided for. The bread will be rather
stale, but it will, no doubt, be very good. They were all waiting
for me at the Court-House when I arrived, and after a little while
we rode to camp. All here is in statu quo. The whole country
one vast bed of mud."
"RICHMOND, Thursday night, April 7, 1864.

"All this time—since Sunday—I have been unable to write to you. Tuesday I tried to come down from camp in the accommodation train. The running off the track of a freight-train delayed us, and it was past nine when I got to Sue's. Since then my time has been almost incessantly occupied with General Bragg and the President. Now I can inform you as to my proceedings, as the matter has been arranged this evening. I therefore write to-night, hoping to be industrious enough to take my letter to the Central train to go in the mail starting at six.

"The President still thinks it best for me to go, and but for delays to-day I should start to-morrow morning. My orders and other papers did not reach me until ten o'clock to-night,—too late to get transportation and make other arrangements. I shall thus have the privilege of sharing in our national worship to-morrow."

"RICHMOND, April 21, 1864.

"You will be surprised to get from here my first letter written since our detention in Danville on our way south. But I felt sure I would get back before a letter from Dalton would be this far on its way to you. I only stayed there two days, as I intended, and started back Saturday afternoon, having accomplished all I could with General Johnston. Got here last evening about sunset. I have had interviews to-day with the President and General Bragg with respect to the report of my conference with General Johnston and the facts important for them to know. My report will probably be the basis of some early movement on the part of our army in that quarter, as the proposal of General Johnston thus communicated is recognized by the President and General Bragg as now perhaps the best that can be done. It would have been better if General Johnston could have agreed to move some time ago, before the enemy had so far made his arrangements. . . . I had some faint hope of running up to see you for a day or two, but the indications of Grant's operations are too significant of immediate work to render it strictly proper for me to enjoy that privilege. I shall therefore hasten to my post, only staying here one more day to make some arrangements I wish to accomplish."
General Pendleton's first journey to Dalton began just after Dahlgren's raid had alarmed and excited Richmond and all the country around. When, on March 4, Mrs. Lee received a telegram saying that her father and mother would be with her that evening, it became a matter of serious importance to provide suitable food for their entertainment. To restrict them to the customary fare of salt beef, fat middling, and beans was not to be thought of. Exhaustive visits to the markets and provision-stores showed that turkeys at fifty dollars apiece were the only desirable viands in the city. One-half of Colonel Lee's monthly pay went for his three rooms. Fifty dollars was more than a third of the other half, but the turkey was bought. It proved a noble bird, equal to the emergencies of the situation, and by the aid of bean-soup, corned-beef entrées, and the rare luxury of real coffee, graced the dinner-table on the three days of General Pendleton's stay, and gave satisfaction to not a few officers and soldiers who dropped in. Soldiers in those days were always hungry, and always fed by their friends as long as a mouthful of food remained.

One or two amusing incidents of "mistaken identity" occurred during these visits to Richmond. Going down Broad Street one afternoon, General Pendleton was stopped by a tipsy Irishman, who began haranguing and gesticulating violently as he detailed some fancied grievance. The ladies of the party wished to go on. The general, however, stopped and listened patiently for a few moments, then said, "My friend, you are talking to the wrong person." "Why," said Paddy, "aren't you Mass' Bob?" "No," replied General Pendleton. "Look and see if you don't know me." This answer seemed to steady the excited soldier. He came a little closer, peered into the general's face a moment, then gave himself a violent slap on the leg, exclaiming, "I'll swear if it ain't old Artillery!" and with many apologies allowed the general to pass on.

Dr. Minnegerode's prayers at seven in the morning, in the lecture-room of St. Paul's Church, were largely attended. Rising from her knees one morning, Mrs. Lee found the aisle full of people who were pressing up towards the bench where her father was still at his devotions. Divining the cause of the gathering, she said to a lady near her, "That is General Pen-
dleton." "I thought it was General Lee," was the reply, as she moved back. Others, curious to see and speak to General Lee, could not be convinced of their mistake until General Pendleton himself assured them he was not the commander-in-chief.

General Pendleton had been much troubled to find that continued anxiety, the strain of responsibility, and want of accustomed food had told greatly upon his wife's health and strength. In the midst of his pressing duties and long journeys his thoughts were exercised to devise some amelioration of this state of things. From Richmond he had written begging her to take more care of herself. She had informed him of the theft of seven joints of bacon from her smoke-house. In reply he said,—

". . . I regret to learn of the loss of the meat. Seven pieces of bacon at this season are nearly equivalent to one thousand dollars of my pay! We may be thankful it was no worse. My chief anxiety under this and other trials of the time is that they worry you out of appetite, rest, and strength. I beg you for my sake to take the best possible care of yourself. Cherish all the health, strength, and flesh you can by diet not only sufficient but agreeable, even though it cost more. What will property or anything else be to me if you languish or lose health from lack of adequate nutriment? I have thought much of your growing so much thinner, and am persuaded it is due to the failure of a few articles of diet,—tea and coffee and sugar,—in some form of occasional dessert. It may not be practicable fully to remedy this deficiency, but something may be done, and I entreat you at any cost to cultivate your usual good condition by securing a cup of good tea or coffee twice a day and at least molasses occasionally. The children will, I reckon, get along better on slim fare, but at our age nature needs help."

Sandie Pendleton's letters to his mother and sisters continued as regularly after his marriage as before. Late in March he writes,—

". . . The all-absorbing topic here is the bill passed by the last Congress to limit officers to one ration,—the same in kind and quantity as is drawn by the men. The question which interests
us all under this law, which went into operation Tuesday, is how we are to keep a servant and ourselves too. It will be pretty hard squeezing for a while until the negroes learn not to waste."

And again, on April 10,—

"... We are almost drowned out. Rain, rain, rain. The rivers are all out of their banks and the roads turned to streams of mud. ... Everything is getting ready here for the campaign. Both combatants stripping for their work. General Lee's order is out reducing baggage, ordering off women and all visitors, requiring sick and disabled men to be put into hospitals, etc."

Before this time he had settled his young wife in Richmond with Colonel and Mrs. Lee, so as to be within easy communication and in congenial society, and there General Pendleton found her on his second return from Dalton.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO COLD HARBOR.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT was placed in command of all the forces of the United States early in March. The only general who had achieved marked success on their side, he possessed the full confidence of Mr. Lincoln and the whole North, and accepted the responsible post with quiet confidence in his own judgment and the determination to use all the resources of the Federal government in his effort to defeat and destroy the Southern Confederacy. Estimating correctly the immense preponderance of such resources, he began at once massing great armies in front of General Lee in Virginia and General Johnston in Georgia, determined to prevent the reinforcing of one Southern army by the other. General B. F. Butler, with over thirty thousand men, was also ordered to threaten and perhaps capture Richmond and Petersburg on the south side of James River. A large
force under Sigel was to move up the valley of Virginia and cut off the supplies for Lee's army from that quarter.

These different armies were directed to move by May 4. *

The Army of the Potomac, between one hundred and twenty-five thousand† and one hundred and forty thousand‡ men,—General Meade commanding, but General Grant directing its movements,—was put in motion on the 3d of May, and crossed the Rapidan at the fords below Lee's position, turning his line of defence on the right. General Lee was so well posted as to the designs of the enemy that on May 2 he predicted to his officers the crossing of the river at Ely's and Germanna Fords.§ The Federal generals seemed absolutely ignorant of the Confederate movements, and plunged into the unknown and difficult Wilderness country expecting to steal unobserved through its thickets and plant themselves between Lee's army and Richmond. This General Lee did not intend. At the time that the Federal army crossed the Rapidan, Ewell's corps and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps were put in motion to intercept its advance. Longstreet's corps from Gordonsville and Anderson's division of the Third Corps were also ordered forward. Lee's entire force did not exceed sixty-four thousand, little more than half of the lowest number attributed to General Grant.

Moving eastward on two nearly parallel roads, Ewell and Hill were directed to keep abreast of each other and if possible to avoid a general engagement until the rest of the troops could come up. The advance of Ewell's and Warren's corps bivouacked within three miles of each other on the night of the 4th, unaware of their close proximity. Ewell's approach on his right flank was, however, perceived next morning by General Warren, who, supposing it only a small force sent to cover Lee's retreat, attacked about mid-day with some spirit and gained a temporary advantage, but was soon vigorously attacked in turn and driven back with heavy loss. Thus opened the battle which raged fiercely throughout the day. Ewell's corps of fifteen thousand men, on the turnpike, fought the Fifth and part of the Sixth Corps, while later in the day Hill's two divisions, on the plank road farther

* General Grant's report.  † Report of General Ingalls, chief quartermaster.
‡ Swinton.  § Ewell's report.
south, successfully repulsed all the "repeated and desperate assaults" of Getty's division and Hancock's Second Corps.

This was like no previous encounter of the two armies. The dense and tangled growth, the rough ground, the narrow and difficult roads, prevented anything like manœuvring. Concert of action was almost impossible. An officer could scarcely see his men a dozen yards away. Artillery could be used to little purpose; cavalry was as difficult to handle. It was a desperate infantry struggle. Brigade against brigade, regiment against regiment, often company against company. Only at a few points could the Confederate artillery be made available. A part of Nelson's battalion aided Ewell in repelling attack on the extreme left, and a portion of Poague's on the right was, by General Pendleton's orders, put in position in a clearing on Hill's right, and "was effectively used in the bloody repulse given by Heth and Wilcox to a very heavy assault of the enemy."

Night fell upon the bloody scene without decisive result, though the Federal army had been checked in its advance and had lost greatly. Slight breastworks had been thrown up during the day. These were strengthened in the night, and General Lee sent to hasten forward Longstreet's fresh troops. Anderson's division was also on its way from Orange Court-House.

A general attack on the whole front was ordered by General Meade, to take place at five o'clock on the morning of the 6th. The attack by Hancock on the right against the weary troops in his front was for a little while successful. Writing of it as an eye-witness General Pendleton says,—

"... All night Hill, Heth, and Wilcox remained at their posts in the thicket, with their men really under arms, and not only ready for a night encounter, but occasionally exchanging shots with the enemy.

"By those guns I bivouacked that night, and General Lee very near. Early next morning (6th) the fight was renewed by Hill, with his brave division commanders and their sternly-enduring soldiers. Before long, however, they sent word to General Lee—by whose side I was on horseback—that they were much worn,

* General Pendleton's report.
and even harder pressed than on the previous day, and must inevitably fall back if not reinforced. General Lee sent exhorting them to hold on and promising support; he also sent to hasten Longstreet to the rescue. Then, riding to the right gun of the batteries, just in rear of those brave, suffering, and fighting divisions of Hill’s corps, I dismounted, talked with the immediate commander of what must be done, and not only directed him to have every gun loaded with grape, so as to begin sweeping the enemy so soon as our brave boys should get sufficiently clear and the blue forms appear, but I went myself to every gun and repeated the instruction. Not long after, our exhausted fellows came back in numbers, and occasion arrived for the grape from those guns to stem and shatter the hastening blue-coats. It was at this critical moment that General Lee, deeply anxious for the appearance of Longstreet’s column, greeted a score or two of gray boys who rushed double-quick into the little opening occupied by our guns and ourselves. The general called out, ‘Who are you, my boys?’ They immediately cried out, ‘Texas boys.’ The general instantly lifted his hat and waved it round, exclaiming, ‘Hurrah for Texas! Hurrah for Texas!’ By this nearly a regiment had gathered, and at word from the general to form they at once did so. The general placed himself at their left with the shout ‘Charge!’ Many voices cried, ‘General Lee to the rear!’ But he kept his place at the left, square up with the line, repeating, with his thrilling tone, ‘Charge, boys!’ Then a tall, gray-bearded man very near him stepped from the ranks and grasped the bridle of General Lee’s horse near the bit, and said to him, respectfully yet resolutely, ‘General Lee, if you do not go back we will not go forward.’ The general yielded. But the gallant Texans sprang forward with a shout and the enemy’s advance was driven back.

‘Just then General Longstreet arrived, and, after a few words with General Lee, ordered his corps, as the troops were up or should arrive, to deploy in the thicket on each side of the plank road, but more strongly to the right, and to push forward as fast as possible. He himself rode forward on the road. General Lee said to me, ‘I wish two guns to go down that road with Longstreet’s troops.’ I immediately selected two and led them on. It was touching to hear the detachments belonging to those
two guns say to their companions left behind, 'Good-by, boys!'
Within two hundred yards, perhaps, we came up with General Longstreet in the road, bleeding profusely and insensible. Getting ahead of his troops he had turned back, and being imperfectly seen by his men on the left of the road, there depressed, and supposed to be one of the enemy, he was, like Jackson, shot by one of his own men,—the ball ploughing through the front of the throat and embedding itself in his left shoulder. With difficulty we got him into an ambulance and sent him—dying we supposed—to the rear."

Previous to this unfortunate occurrence Longstreet's troops had attacked Hancock on the left flank and were driving him successfully from one position after another. General Longstreet's fall occasioned some confusion and consequent delay, so that when the attack was renewed in the evening the enemy was found too strongly fortified on his original position on the Brock road to be dislodged. But Hancock's attack had failed, Burnside's in the centre had failed, and Warren on the Federal right had been struck on the right flank and driven in, with a heavy loss in killed and captured. So far the success and prestige were on the Confederate side.

On the 7th the Federal army refrained from attack, and Lee's men lay behind their breastworks and watched it. General Lee, divining the next move,—

"The general chief of artillery" (General Pendleton), "under instructions from the commanding general, reconnoitred positions on the right, and caused a road to be opened by portions of the artillery to facilitate a rapid movement in that direction."*

General Grant, meanwhile, determined to push on and put his whole force between the Confederate army and Richmond, and on the night of the 7th the Federal army marched for Spottsylvania Court-House, fifteen miles to the southeast, on the main road to Richmond. General Stuart having informed General Lee that the enemy's trains were in motion towards his right, preparations were made again to head General Grant, and what

* General Pendleton's report.
has been termed "the race for Spottsylvania" began. Mr. Swinton says that "by an accident" the Confederate infantry reached there before General Warren's troops. General Pendleton tells a different story: "About dusk of the 7th," he says, he "was directed by the commanding general to send to General Anderson, who had succeeded to the command of the First Corps, a staff-officer who could guide that general along the new road cut out that day;" that he "went himself to General Anderson, described the route, and left an officer as a guide. Here a circumstance occurred which should be specially noticed. General Anderson stated that his orders were to march by three next morning. He was preparing to start at eleven that night. Those four hours anticipated proved of incalculable value next day,"* when Anderson got up in time to assist Stuart's cavalry in driving back the head of Warren's advance. By diligence, not "accident," the important junction of roads and choice of position was gained on the morning of May 8 at Spottsylvania; and an effort made that same evening by the two corps of Sedgwick and Warren to turn Anderson's right and dislodge him was repelled with heavy loss. Ewell's corps, "after a distressing march through intense heat and thick dust and smoke from burning woods, reached the Court-House just in time"† to assist Anderson's corps in this, their second heavy encounter with the enemy that day.

The 9th of May was passed in skirmishing, intrenching, and posting the artillery, here destined to prove more effective than it could be in the Wilderness.

On the 10th the Federal army made a series of attacks all along the lines in front, while Hancock's corps, passing round their left, endeavored to gain the Confederate rear. These efforts were everywhere repulsed with great loss. Only on one point, near Ewell's left, a heavy column of the Sixth Corps broke through the first line held by Dole's brigade, capturing several hundred men and some guns. But the advantage was only temporary. The troops at hand pressed eagerly up, and the assailants were driven out of the intrenchments, leaving many dead on the ground. Here, as before in the Wilderness, General Lee

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* General Pendleton's report.  
† Ewell's report.
rode to the head of Gordon's troops prepared to lead the charge. This time the gallant Gordon seized General Lee's bridle in remonstrance, while the men cried out, "General Lee to the rear!" General Lee again yielded, and Gordon led the fierce charge which swept the Yankee intruders out of the works and re-established the Confederate line.

On the 11th General Lee was informed that the Federal army was preparing for a move still farther to his right. He therefore directed the artillery on the front line to be withdrawn where the roads were difficult to follow in the darkness of night, so that the army could move at any hour. The guns defending a salient on Ewell's front were therefore sent back, their route being a very narrow and intricate one. Against this very point, thus weakened, Hancock's corps was to be thrown at daylight on the 12th. Brigadier-General Edward Johnson, commanding in the salient, during the night perceived the massing of troops in his front, and the artillery was ordered to return to the lines. The assault, however, was made at daylight, under cover of a dense fog, before the guns could get into position. An immense column swept across the open space in front of the salient,—there was no artillery to mow them down,—rushed upon the works, and by force of numbers overpowered and captured Generals Johnson and Stuart, with upwards of two thousand men and twenty guns. It was the work of only a few moments. Through the breach thus made the Federal troops "poured in immense numbers," but the Confederates had quickly rallied to the threatened point. So fierce, so desperate, was the fighting, so resolute the endeavor to drive back the fresh bodies of assailants, so many men fell dead in their efforts, that the space within the salient was piled with dead bodies, and has been known as the "Bloody Angle." From dawn till far into the night this murderous struggle was maintained. The assailing force was unable to derive the hoped-for advantage and penetrate the second line at the base of the angle. The Confederates could not drive the enemy from the apex of the salient, though they penned him up and mowed him down within its walls. On both sides artillery was used with great effect, and the musketry fire was so severe as to cut down an oak-tree twenty-two inches through, in rear of a Confederate brigade.
MEMOIRS OF

To the right and left of this furiously-contested point the assaults of the enemy were everywhere repulsed "with very heavy loss of life." (Swinton.) To this result the steady and vigorous fire of the artillery greatly contributed. After twenty hours of this continuous and exhausting "hand-to-hand" battle, both sides were weary of the strife. The Confederates occupied a fortified line across the base of the salient, which had been constructed during the day, and the Northern army was in no condition for further attack. In one of the hottest moments of this desperate fight General Lee had again taken the head of a column prepared to rush into the thickest of the battle, and had been again prevented by the eager cries of the men from leading them into the deadly danger.

After the carrying of the salient and capture of General Johnson's men and guns on the morning of this bloody day, the Yankee army had nothing to boast of. Their losses there and elsewhere along the line were so great that for five days after the battle General Grant manœuvred and waited for reinforcements from Washington. These days of rest were of great service to Lee's men, who could then recruit their weary bodies and profit by the welcome rations taken from the knapsacks of the enemy dead along their front. A strong force was thrown against the line in rear of the "bloody angle" on the morning of the 18th, but was repulsed with heavy loss, mainly from the fire of thirty pieces of artillery on Ewell's line. This last attempt satisfied General Grant that it was hopeless to attempt to dislodge General Lee from his strong position, and on the night of the 20th of May—having received forty thousand fresh troops from Washington—he once more moved towards the right,—"sidling" towards Richmond.

While the two great armies had thus grappled each other for two weeks, events of great moment were taking place in other parts of Virginia. On the 6th of May General Butler landed his force, thirty thousand strong, at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, threatening both Petersburg and Richmond.

About the same time General Sigel advanced up the valley of the Shenandoah with ten thousand or twelve thousand men.

On the 8th of May General Sheridan was ordered to attack the Confederate cavalry, cut the communications with Richmond,
proceed to James River and communicate with General Butler, replenish his supplies there, and return to the army. From the time that Lee's army plunged into the Wilderness it was lost to the knowledge of the outer world. General Lee's brief despatches of the fighting there did not reach the government in Richmond until the day after they were sent. The cutting of the railroads and telegraphs by Sheridan at Beaver Dam Depot and Hanover Junction isolated Lee and prevented intercourse with Richmond for several days. What the anxiety felt there by the government and people was cannot be told.

General J. E. B. Stuart and his gallant command had thrown themselves in Sheridan's way and stoutly contested his advance. Their opposition at the Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, was effectual in delaying them until the local force in the city and some brigades from Ransom's command in front of Butler could be brought up, and the defences on that side the city be properly garrisoned. But this fortunate rescue of the capital from Sheridan's unexpected dash was bought by the death of the gallant Stuart himself, who was mortally wounded in the fight at Yellow Tavern and died in Richmond the next day. Stuart's death was a severe loss to the Confederate army,—the greatest it had experienced save in that of General Jackson.

Sheridan's daring attempt on Richmond was the greatest danger to which that city was exposed. Butler was easily "bottled up" by the greatly inferior force opposed to him, and Sigel defeated at New Market by General Breckenridge with about one-fourth of his numbers. In this action the Cadet Battalion from the Virginia Military Institute—all of them mere boys—took an important part, leaving eight of their number dead on the field.

After the Wilderness battles General Pendleton wrote in pencil to his wife,—

"On the Plank Road, Sunday morning, May 9.

"Before sunrise I scratch you a hasty line to let you know God has thus far spared Sandie and myself and those nearest to us. We have had hard fighting and an important success. But there is nothing yet really decisive. Important movements on foot to-day. . . . I have gotten through my devotions this
morning,—remembering it is Whitsunday. May the Blessed Spirit be with us all and abundantly given to our people, and, indeed, throughout all the earth!"

Again, on the 17th, he wrote,—

"Although I do not know how a letter can be sent to you, I will get one ready with the little time I can take this day. On Saturday morning I sent George Peterkin to Richmond to have for me a confidential conversation with the President instead of giving him my views by letter, as that might have fallen into the hands of raiders. George took down a letter to Sue, which she was to send you as soon as possible. No fighting of importance for some days. Grant seems to have enough of it at this point, and appears to be trying to slide on a little eastward. If he does, we shall of course head him again.

"We have great cause for thankfulness in that the enemy has so far been repulsed and our lives have been spared. We have all been many times in the extremest dangers of hot battle, yet almost as by miracle not one has thus far received a scratch. Such protection from the hand of God ought to render us personally and more thoroughly devoted to His holy service. Besides so many perils, we have a good deal of real hardship. Short rations, little sleep, constant labor, and more or less anxiety all the time. Still, the spirits of officers and men are wonderful. Everything is braved and borne not only with resolute determination, but with the most cheerful good humor.

"The constant rains add much to our difficulties, exposing the men all the time to wet and mud, and rendering the roads almost impassable. In common with some other officers in responsible position, I had last night a long ride through as bad roads as I ever travelled, exploring a new position to head Grant off if he move that way. The night before I was out all night, putting some guns in position to meet an attack reported as likely to be made on part of our lines. I manage, however, to get along pretty well, and feel this morning quite fresh. Grant is in the mud too, and will find it next to impossible to move till we have some dry weather. . . . Stuart's death is very sad. He is indeed a great loss to us,—next to Jackson. I thank God he died as a
Christian. . . . I frequently see Sandie; he is well, but generally worn down and sleepy.

In the letter to his daughter referred to he had written,—

"Sandie had two horses killed under him."

On Lieutenant Peterkin's return Mrs. Lee had written to her father of affairs in Richmond,—

"You, of course, know of the cavalry raid upon the railroads and attempt against the city. With them on this side and Butler below we were really a beleaguered city for some time, and the booming of cannon and rattle of musketry could be heard in various parts of the city. . . . I will gladly send your letter to mamma as soon as possible. But no mails have left the city in any direction since the Yankees landed on the south side, as the post-office clerks were ordered out with the other city forces. Mr. Lee is acting on General Ransom's staff, and has done a great deal of hard riding. He has been out all night several times, and this evening has gone to Drewry's Bluff. General Beauregard is in command across the river and has his headquarters at the bluff."

From Spottsylvania General Grant moved on the 21st to the North Anna River, and from that point onward still to the east until, after crossing the Pamunkey, on June 1, he occupied the memorable battle-field of Cold Harbor, northeast of Richmond. Everywhere he had found Lee's forces in his front. At the North Anna, and again on Totopotomoy Creek, the two armies had confronted each other for several days. But, though severe skirmishing occurred at both places and a sharp cavalry fight took place on the 28th near Hawe's Shop, the Confederate positions were so well chosen and so strongly defended by infantry and artillery that General Grant had nowhere ventured to attack them.

The old battle-ground at Cold Harbor reached, with Lee's army between him and Richmond, with the Chickahominy behind it, the "sibling" process was no longer practicable. To destroy the Confederate army and to take possession of the Confederate capital were the two avowed objects of his campaign. Hitherto all his efforts to effect either had proved futile, and unless he proposed
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withdrawing to James River and his gunboats, as McClellan had done, he must now once again try the issue of direct battle. To this end he massed his troops against the Confederate lines in heavy columns for the attack. The positions of the two armies were the reverse of those occupied by McClellan and Lee in 1862, and the disparity in their numbers much greater than it was then. Some slight advantage was claimed by the Federal commanders in preliminary actions on the 1st and 2d of June, and the whole army was ordered to a desperate attack on the very early morning of the 3d. The assault was made fiercely and resolutely along the whole front, and was met by such a deadly fire of musketry and cannon that the assailing force literally melted away. Thirteen thousand of them lay dead and wounded in front of the breastworks, behind which the Confederate loss was not more than as many hundreds.* At one point, in front of Hoke's brigade, not one of that command was killed, while the ground in their front "was literally covered with the dead and wounded."† This decided defeat, accomplished in a brief time, virtually terminated the campaign north of the James. The Federal troops declined to move when ordered to renew the attack later in the day. General Grant asked a truce to bury his dead, and for a short period the fighting was over.

The campaign had lasted thirty days. Desperate battles, weary marches, constant exposure and hardship, had been the experience of both armies; but the excitement of success, the energizing consciousness of victory, had everywhere encouraged the hungry, ragged, weary, and foot-sore Southern troops. But the diminution of their numbers in the loss of many of their bravest and best men and officers was beginning to tell heavily on their numerical strength, and to confirm General Grant in his purpose to overcome them at last "by mere attrition." We have seen that General Lee had about one-half as many men at the Rapidan as General Grant brought to attack him. The various reliable authorities on both sides, with all the data at their disposal at this late day, put down the Federal loss during the campaign at sixty thousand men,‡ that of General Lee at twenty thousand. Grant had been

* Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," p. 487.
† "Four Years with General Lee," p. 135.
‡ General Humphreys says sixty-one thousand four hundred.
reinforced during this time by fifty thousand men and Lee by only fourteen thousand four hundred. But Grant had still a reserved force larger than Lee’s whole army to draw upon,* while boys and old men were the only “reserves” left in the South, and General Lee was obliged to send detachments in a short time to protect other parts of the State.

Although comparatively useless in the thickets of the Wilderness, the artillery of Lee’s army had done gallant and effective service on every battle-field thereafter, checking the enemy’s advance when moving from place to place, and contributing nobly to the victories at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor. General Pendleton’s report† of all those operations gives a full account of the marching and fighting of the battalions and companies in detail.

Extracts from letters make the events of these days very vivid:

“N E A R H A N O V E R J U N C T I O N, S u n d a y, M a y 2 2 , 1 8 6 4 , 1 1 . 3 0 A . M.

“. . . We found yesterday that General Grant had slipped off from our front at Spottsylvania Court-House, and under cover of woods, etc., had travelled a considerable distance towards Bowling Green. In this state of facts General Lee concluded that if he attempted to head Grant off at some point more distant from Richmond than this he might not be in time, and the force which might slip by could possibly surprise them in Richmond on the north side, while Beauregard is attending to Butler on the south side. We therefore headed yesterday morning for the front, marched till half-past two this morning, then rested a couple of hours, and came on here this morning, getting here by about nine o’clock. Under one of General Breckenridge’s staff tents I have, through the kind hospitality of two or three of his officers, enjoyed a refreshing lunch and delightful nap. Now I am sitting on the ground, in the shade, at Sandie’s tent, with my back against a pine stump, and writing this on my knee. The particular encouragement for writing now is that Sandie expects to run down to Richmond to see Kate, and he can get a letter for me in the post-office so as to insure your getting it before very long. Whether you have received any of my numerous letters during

* Report of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, United States.
† This report is too long for insertion here, but may be found in full in the United States War Records.
this busy campaign I really cannot tell, as I do not at all hear from you. ... Our whole army is just arriving and bivouacking about here. The sun is hot, but there is a pleasant breeze. ... Oh, how I do long for relief from this uncongenial life! though I am willing to endure to the end at the call of duty for so just a cause. I was asked to preach on this line to a part of Longstreet's corps for this morning, and engaged to do so, provided no military hinderance prevented. But the hinderance, as you see, occurred, so I have to spend the Sunday very differently. It has been as much as I could do to lift up my heart heavenward, from time to time, during the morning. ... General Lee told me this morning he had just heard from Mrs. Lee that Mrs. Hill Carter died about a fortnight ago of pneumonia."

"May 25, 1864.

"... During a lull in fighting I employ time now in writing again. It is now three P.M., and I am sitting on the ground in the yard of an humble dwelling a hundred or so yards from the railroad depot,—a score or two of officers and their attendants being loungers near. As I wrote you we headed off Grant here. He came after, and we have had some sharp skirmishing; but as we have taken a good line and fortified it strongly, he does not attack. His men seem to have vastly less fight in them than when they first encountered us in the Wilderness. ... General Lee is quite unwell to-day. A little rest and good diet will soon restore his usual vigor, we trust. He is unceasing in his care and labors, and is animated by a most cheering Christian trust. I think he has grown most perceptibly in grace and in the knowledge of God during the past year, and is altogether a most superior character. He expresses full assurance that the Judge of all the earth will do right, and entire submission to His holy will, or rather to His appointments, for himself or the country. This is my strong conviction. The Lord may not see fit to deliver us as we pray, but if not, He will cause the wrath of man to praise Him, its remainder He will restrain, and through sorrow or joy He will make it ultimately work for good to all who love Him, and among them ourselves, if such be our hearts. ... We have had a serious time as before. Night before last I was out the entire night, aiding in choosing our line and adjusting
positions. And all of every day it is the same thing, with occasional experience of cannon- and musket-balls very close. Through all, however, the good hand of God carries me safely thus far and my health is very good." . . .

"ATLEE'S STATION, May 28, 1864.

"... We came here from the Junction yesterday,—the enemy having slipped off again and having turned up, according to report, down in this direction. We have not come squarely upon his force to-day, but felt part of it with skirmishing. He crosses at Hanover Town and gets nearly on McClellan's track. . . . I have some anxiety about the Yankees getting to Lexington while the troops are all here defending the capital and crushing Grant. But committing you all, as well as myself, to God's covenant goodness, I am strongly hopeful. . . . Can one of the girls manage for me a pair of summer gloves? These are in shreds." . . .

"Sunday, May 29, 1864.

"... I visited a house or two after the Yankees left, near the Junction, which had been in their hands. Such destruction you never saw. May the Lord forbid them ever reaching your home or any other large portion of our land!" . . .

"NEAR MECHANICSVILLE, June 1, 1864.

"... Feeling not quite so well this morning, I do not start out as early as usual, and have an opportunity of writing a few lines. . . . On the whole Grant has shown great tenacity of purpose, but he has only reached, with a loss of half his army, the very position he might have started with without the loss of a man. . . . I spoke of not feeling quite well,—a little languor from fatigue, in part, and in part from sameness of rather indigestible diet. I shall keep more quiet to-day in the shade, and do my work chiefly through the members of my staff. General Lee is nearly well again. He rides along the lines in a little carriage. I trust, my darling, you are all comfortable. Send letters for me now to Sue's care,—Box 1118. I can send in to her every day. For myself, I cannot think of going in yet, even for an hour. No letters from you to myself since that by Ed. Moore." . . .
"Near Gaines's Mill, June 4, 1864.

"My darling daughters, Sue and Kate,—I write a hasty line this morning to relieve your anxieties about my recent indisposition. By God's mercy I am entirely relieved. Two days of considerable fever gave me proportionate trouble, but prompt medical treatment and a quiet day on my camp-bed were rendered effectual to the removal of disease, and I am now fresher than before, have recovered my appetite, and feel quite strong again. Indeed, I was able yesterday to ride twenty miles without half the feeling of weariness I have experienced before. Last night I slept well, and this morning, after taking the liberty of rising later than usual, I have eaten a hearty breakfast. There was heavy fighting yesterday, resulting greatly in our favor. The enemy lost immensely. We miraculously little in proportion. In one or two instances a battery or so of ours suffered very severely. Lieutenant-Colonel Poague's battery had such experience. He himself seriously wounded, I fear. . . . But on the whole the day was wonderfully in our favor."

On the 13th Sandie Pendleton wrote in pencil on a torn piece of a note-book,—

"Near Spotsylvania Court-House.

"My dear mother,—After the most terrific fight of the war we, pa and all, are still safe. . . . Though I had two horses killed under me I am still unhurt, I thank God." . . .

Across this fragment is scratched in haste,—

"I have this morning declined to be made a brigadier, as I think I can do more good where I am."
CHAPTER XXXIX.

SUMMER OF 1864—HUNTER'S ADVANCE UP THE VALLEY—SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Richmond was as grateful to the preserving army of Lee in June, 1864, as she had been two years before. But there was more of sadness, more consciousness of the danger still threatening, than there had been then. General Grant had been compelled to desist from attack, but he had not retreated as McClellan had done, and had declared his intention to fight it out on that line. The two armies were so close that incessant vigilance was demanded on the part of officers and men, and little opportunity was given for accepting the hospitalities of the city.

Colonel Lee had been ordered, May 17, from his volunteer work on General Ransom's staff to proceed to Staunton, to command the post and organize the reserves in that part of the valley. His wife and Mrs. Sandie Pendleton remained at their rooms on Grace Street. Here, from time to time, they were happy to receive General and Colonel Pendleton, besides giving shelter to friends detained in the city by the cutting of the railroads.

The anxieties of the time were greatly increased by the state of affairs in the valley. Sigel had been succeeded in command of the invading army by General David Hunter,—one of the few Virginians who raised, their hands against their native State. As the troops under Breckenridge had gone to reinforce General Lee, there was only an improvised force to oppose the Yankee advance. An engagement not far from Port Republic resulted in the death of the Confederate general and the defeat and partial demoralization of his command.

Hunter had been directed to move to Lynchburg via Charlottesville, destroying the Central Railroad as he went. To prevent this, General Breckenridge with two thousand five hundred men was sent from General Lee's army to occupy Rockfish Gap and defend Charlottesville and the railroad. Not caring to engage this force in the mountains, Hunter advanced by Staunton and
Lexington. Near the former place he was joined by the cavalry under Crook and Averill, by which his force was increased to twenty thousand. The progress of this army was marked by devastation and destruction. The few men in the country joined the home-guard or took refuge with their cattle and horses in the mountains. It was impossible to destroy all the growing crops, but mills and dwelling-houses were burned, captured soldiers shot, provisions seized, and outrages of various kinds wantonly committed. In Staunton, Colonel Lee and the post quartermaster succeeded in saving all the government property. At Lexington there was nothing belonging to the Confederate government, but the valuable buildings of the State Military Institute and Governor Letcher's house were burned. A sudden move in the night, occasioned, it was supposed, by the news of Sheridan's defeat by the cavalry under General Hampton at Trevillian's Station, prevented the execution of an order issued to burn General Pendleton's house with several other residences. The mails were everywhere interrupted at this time, but General Pendleton held daily intercourse with his daughters in Richmond by courier, and sent frequent letters to be forwarded to Lexington so soon as and however it might be practicable.

"June 9.

"Although I have no idea how a letter can now be conveyed to you, I prepare one. Language cannot express the concern I have felt for you all since it became known that the Yankees were likely to reach Staunton and Lexington. My trust is strong in the overruling care of the Almighty that He will not permit you all to be cruelly injured. . . . Here matters are more quiet. Grant has been so shaken in the nerves of his army, if not in his own, that apparently he must get some rest. We are waiting to see what he will try next. . . . When am I to hear from you again? And how can you hear from us? Sue writes me that she has communicated with you through private hands. That will be a comfort to you."

"Near Gaines's Mill, June 12.

". . . For a week past we have been wholly uncertain as to the fate of Lexington, and you may suppose how deeply anxious I have been. To wait upon God, committing you all to His supreme care, was all my resource. . . . Brother Hugh made his
appearance with Bob Nelson most unexpectedly day before yesterday morning. They arrived in time for breakfast. All being quiet on the lines, I was a little later than usual, and so met them. Brother Hugh gave me your letter,—a real treat,—and told me right fully about you all. . . . About five in the evening of that day Sandie, John, George Peterkin, Charlie Hatcher, and myself rode into the city. Sandie and I spent the night at Sue's, Brother Hugh and myself lodging together. Sue had her couch in the parlor. John and Betsy stayed at Dr. Williams's. . . . Things with us remain much the same. Both armies entirely quiet, except sharp-shooting and a few cannon-shots every day. . . . I have never been more in prayer than during this campaign. Generally, indeed, during the storm of battle my mind is earnestly engaged in supplicating God's mercy upon our army, country, and cause, with special mention of our dearest ones. It is an immense relief to the spirit amid the perils and anxieties of such critical scenes thus to lay hold of unerring wisdom, infinite power, and unfailing goodness. I marvel how rational creatures can forego so great a privilege. Indeed, there are very few who have not been impressed during the war by the support which praying men derive from their intercourse with heaven. I hope to be privileged to attend worship somewhere this morning. . . . You would hardly know me. I had my hair and beard trimmed the other day in Richmond. A great relief, and I don't look quite so old."

Early's corps—eight thousand strong—was sent on the 13th to meet and foil General Hunter. Learning at Charlottesville that the Yankee force was advancing on Lynchburg, General Early stopped at Charlottesville, embarked his command on the Midland Railroad, and arrived at Lynchburg in time to defeat Hunter's design to capture that city. The Federal army withdrew in the night, and though followed a considerable distance and losing heavily in wounded and prisoners, finally escaped through the New River and Kanawha Valley.

The interruption to the mails continued for several weeks. General Pendleton had almost daily intercourse by letter, however, with his daughters in Richmond. On the 18th he wrote from near Chaffin's Bluff,—
"We are off again. Grant has taken all his army to the south side. We go to meet him as usual. I shall be in Petersburg some time to-day. You will not be able to hear from me as constantly as for a week or two past. I do long for intelligence from Lexington, but wait the Lord's will, hoping for the best."

On the 22d he wrote his wife, enclosing the letter to Mrs. Lee to forward in any practicable way,—

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

"Remote as is the prospect of getting a letter to you, I cannot longer refrain from at least writing, in the hope that some way may be found by which it may be conveyed to Lexington. Day before yesterday I received a brief telegram from Sandie, dated Lynchburg, 18th, saying he had just heard from you,—'all well,' —but no particulars of how you fared from the Yankees. I have been all the while as deeply anxious about you all as my trust in our all-faithful Divine Father and Saviour admitted. Sue wrote me a few days ago she had seen General Lee's family, a friend of whom had been in Lexington seeing about their silver at the time the Yankees approached; that he was at our house several times, and, indeed, saw you just before the Yankees arrived, and that you were all wonderfully calm and unterrified. Thankful I hope I am for so much encouraging intelligence from you. Still, I am anxious to learn how you are now provided,—whether they left you subsistence or whether they took your meat and flour, killed your cows, destroyed your garden, etc. The atrocious villany with which they thus war upon defenceless households would be incredible were it not so universal with them; and even with the constant recurrence of such outrages, they so falsify in their reports, and the outside world so receives their statements, that it will be difficult to have the truth recorded in history, or to make mankind believe that a people calling itself Christian could perpetrate such enormities. In Prince George they have let loose their negro soldiers to indulge at pleasure their brutal passions, and the result beggars description. Rev. Mr. Platt and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Meade, who had there
a happy home, have stated to me some of the facts. . . . My duties have been engrossing, yet you have been constantly in my thoughts. Waking and sleeping my heart is with you. Since we came over here on the 18th, Sue has not been able to communicate with me so regularly. There we passed notes every day. I am going to send a courier over to-day. . . . We are all well. Amid all the exposure of every kind God has graciously preserved me, and my health is good. We have also rations sufficient and are reasonably comfortable. I am camped on the north side of the Appomattox, as are Generals Lee and Beauregard, though most of the troops are on the south side. The enemy's chief effort is from the Appomattox, on the south-east, round beyond old Blanford Church, towards the Weldon Railroad. . . . On Sunday I was able to get late to church. Platt preached. He came to me afterwards and begged me to preach for him at night. I did so,—on the text from the second lesson in Titus, 'That blessed hope.' The gracious Spirit helped me, I believe. Monday and yesterday I was all day on the lines, adjusting batteries, etc. At times all is quiet as if no armies were here, then again the whole air is filled with noise of strife, and the earth fairly trembles under the thunder of battle."

"June 25, 1864.

"Hoping there may be now communication open with Lexington, I indulge myself in writing to you again, intending to send a courier to Richmond early in the morning with this letter accompanying one to Sue. He goes by the early train,—three or four A.M.; will return in the afternoon, when I hope for tidings from you. Indeed, I cannot rest until I know what your condition is since the ravages of the Yankees. . . . We are in all this interruption and anxiety bearing a portion of our share in the great public distress resulting from the war. I have not expected, nor can I say I would, as a matter of principle, desire, too much exemption from the common experience of trouble connected with our great resistance of wrong. Anxiety, sympathy, privation, etc., disturb me as they do others. But if they come as incidents in the path of duty, surely I ought not to wish to be without my share of them. Only I would suffer alone, if I could, and spare all of you, my beloved ones. You, however, would hardly con-
sent to that... If no military hinderance prevent, I am to preach for Gibson to-morrow morning. General Wise expressed himself very warmly to me about my sermon last Sunday night. He said the text did him good: 'That blessed hope.' He thanked me, and spoke at length of sins, struggles, and faith. Said he 'would not give up his faith in Jesus for all the world besides.' Yet says the devil makes him kuss sometimes. A strange but interesting man. The war has greatly humbled him, he says. He finds himself a poor creature, whereas he thought a good deal of himself before.'

How much cause there had been for anxiety about the defenceless household in Lexington, and yet how they had been mercifully preserved from serious injury, is best told by letters written immediately after Hunter's army left, by Mrs. Pendleton and her daughters:

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, Wednesday, June 15, 1864.

"... The Yankees have come and gone. The stand made on Saturday, June 11, by McCausland and the cadets and the burning of the bridge delayed them until four P.M. Then they came in by Mulberry Hill, crossing the river near Leyburn's mill,—crowds, crowds, crowds! I had often wished, if a battle was to be fought, that I might be near to hear. And I did hear! McCausland fired, and the wretches shelled the town for hours. Shells fell everywhere in town,—in Colonel Williamson's yard, into Mr. John Campbell's house, into Miss Baxter's house. One struck Colonel Reid's front door and almost struck his daughter A——; one fell in the garden here; one struck somewhere near us, as several small bullets were found in the upper porch here and at Captain Moore's.

"When they came, great was our consternation. Mary and I sat on the portico as they poured into town. After crowds had poured up the plank road after the cadets and filled the fields at Mulberry Hill, they began to rush into town. Colonel Reid's yard filled with them, and one clambered over the fence with a revolver in his hand. He was one of the most ruffianly I saw. Jack came to call me, saying, 'He wants milk.' My heart beat so I almost heard it. I prayed for courage and prudence, and when I saw him I became calm and felt no more fear of the
wretches. I gave him buttermilk. He said he had orders to search, and I said, 'When your officers come they may search, but you shall not!' He quietly withdrew. In a few moments I was called to see five at the kitchen door. I asked what they wanted. 'Bread.' I said, 'Go out of this room' (the big dining-room) 'and I will give you all I have.' They asked for meat. B. Gwynn had given me a shoulder of bacon from the commissary's and I had had it boiled. I desired Charles to bring it out and cut it for them. 'How do you feel about this war?' said one. 'I should think by this time you would know how every Dixie woman felt on that subject;' I replied.

"After I had got rid of them I resolved to go to Hunter to demand protection from the wretches. I could not learn where General Hunter was, but went to the provost-marshal, an Irish brute, a Captain Matt. Berry. Mr. Johnson introduced me as 'Mrs. General Pendleton.' He asked, 'The wife of the one who surrendered at Vicksburg?' 'No,' I said; 'he is a general with General Lee.' He set Mrs. Letcher's house on fire with his own hands, putting the lighted matches into the drawers with her clothes. I came up the street with the promise of a guard, and found a mounted one in the yard. Captain Moore had brought one up with him who seemed civil and kind. Mary told me how the man here, Wilson, had sworn at her for saying, when he undertook to tell of the force they had, 'You have not mentioned all the generals in the valley: Breckenridge and Pickett are there.' I went to the gate and said, 'Hear how that man swears, and, Northern man as you are, you must know that is not proper.' Smith, Captain Moore's guard, said, 'I will try to come to you myself,' and about ten P.M. he came, saying, 'I have the honor to be your guard to-night and while I stay in the city.' While I was away a man broke open a barrel of flour in the dining-room. Wilson sent him out and kept them all off, or sent them out while he stayed. We sat in the portico all the time, and as they would walk up the lane or come in the back way I would go to meet them and stand quietly before them.

"We all slept in my room, and I had pleasant rest. Sunday morning both my guard and Captain Moore's were here. I gave mine breakfast on the porch, and said, 'At eleven o'clock I am going to read the Episcopal service, as I do every Sunday while
we have no church open.' Wilson went away, but Smith stayed on the porch, and I read my prayers for the President of the Southern Confederacy. Before this I had been told they would burn this house, and went again to find Hunter. But Frank heard on the street they would not burn either Colonel Preston's or mine, so I returned. At that time the Institute, Colonel Williamson's, and Colonel Gilham's houses were blazing on the hill, and Mrs. Letcher's below. After I came up the street, Mary and I were in the garden, looking at the burning buildings, and spoke to Dr. McClung, who was passing. Three Yankee officers rode up and asked if this was Mrs. Pendleton's. Dr. McClung said, 'Yes;' and I stepped forward and said, 'I am Mrs. Pendleton.' They said they came to see if I could sell them strawberries. I said, 'I had in other days had strawberries, but, by the ordering of a merciful Providence, this year they had not borne.' They asked some other questions and rode off.

'That afternoon a lieutenant and six men came to search. I stepped forward. He came to search for 'arms and munitions of war and provisions.' I said, 'I will show you all I have.' 'Men, stay,' he said. 'I should think that one man was enough to go with an unarmed woman,' I said. And then we went into every hole and corner. I had part of a barrel of flour and the one the wretch broke open Sunday morning,—the guard had made him give back the flour,—a water-bucketful; but, of course, I shall not use it,—also ten pieces of bacon, two bushels of meal, and some salt. We went into the empty cellar, into the garret, into all the rooms. He looked,—would not see into the wardrobes,—and on the whole behaved well. Mary showed your old uniform coat, which saw all the fighting from Yorktown to Second Fredericksburg, asking if it was contraband. He looked at it, said you had been in the 'regular' army, and went away, doing the polite by saying, 'You live among flowers.' I felt more relieved than I can tell, for Philip Page's trunk was in the locked room, and under the porch were two guns and one buried in the cellar, and in the loft over the wing were two cadets' great-coats and a haversack (captured at New Market) stuffed with cadets' clothes, with five pairs of shoes tied to it, and a pair of boots. These things were brought here by the boys the night before they left, and we were asked to keep them. My cows were not brought
up Saturday night, and Sunday night I went to the guard at Captain Moore's, saying I wanted my cows. He offered to go for them. I made Charles go with him, and he separated them from the 'government cattle' in my lot. They have been in the yard ever since, eating up all the roses and treading on the verbenas.

"Monday about mid-day Wilson came over to say, 'I want the key to your cellar to search it: there are guns under your por-
tico, and trunks of cadets' clothing.' I had the key brought, and they (for my guard, Smith, who was kind and went for the cows, and Mr. Pole's guard were along) called for the pickaxe and went to work: dug up one gun and found the others. They were told of them, by whom I do not know, but I have my suspicions. They asked Frank 'what he wanted with the pick on Friday morning?' Now, who told them? Jack did not. Wilson is a brute when angry, and swears frightfully, and so I could not keep them from going into my places. Then into the garret they went, and there stood the trunk, which they took down to the provost-
marshal. As they were bringing it down-stairs Mary said, 'You will return the private effects of the poor boys, I hope?' Wilson said, 'We only want the uniforms.' 'Do you suppose,' said I, 'that those poor children had any uniforms but what they had on?' 'Poor children!' said he. 'They gave us hell at New Mar-
ket.' This he had told us twice before, and 'they killed 'nough
of our boys,' he said, repeatedly. Mary went to see the provost-
marshal about their getting the trunk, and told of the guns and my not knowing of them till they were all put away, and asked for a written order if they were to be taken. He gave it, and ordered her to raise her veil and let him see her face. She lifted the veil and turned from him. While they went down with the trunk Mary and Lella got down the haversack, put on their hoops, and hung over them three cadet jackets and a pair of pants; Rose also hung a pair of pants over her hoop. The great-coats we threw out on the roof of the kitchen, so that they could only be seen from one window in an empty room, and then you had to look well out to see them. The boots and shoes were hid in the hearth, in the stove-pipe, and behind the pamphlets in the study. While this was going on Wilson came into the yard and asked his usual question, 'Any soldiers in this yard?' To keep him from going to the back of the house, where I feared he
might hear moving or see through the closed blinds, I began to talk to him, and for three-quarters of an hour kept him quiet. When the girls came down I slackened my fire and he left. Smith then had to search again, and into every hole and corner except the loft he went,—under the beds and into the trunks. He did not like it, for he had some feeling; but we made him do it, and then give us a certificate that all had been searched. As he was searching I said, 'Is this a pleasant business?' 'No, madam.'

"Night came again and a report that they would go in the morning, and to our inexpressible relief, as soon as we were awake, we found them in motion, and by eight A.M. they were all gone.

"They were like the Israelites in Moab,—on all the hill-sides and on all the roads. I walked from front to back door all the time, not in the least afraid of them, and thanking God for being kept from fear of evil. I saw only the officers I have mentioned.

"The men asked your name repeatedly. Once I said, 'I shall not tell you.' 'Are you ashamed of him?' he said. 'No. I am proud of him. You can ask your generals; they know who he is.' I suppose I heard Wilson say twenty times that if he had power he would burn this house, and yet he would come and sit on the steps and talk and we have to reply. He told at Captain Moore's that 'we were the d—dest rebels he had met.' These guards all belong to 'Camp H, Twentieth Pennsylvania Cavalry,' and were detailed as provost-guards. I hope all our friends will look out for them and punish them. I do not wish Smith killed, but I should be charmed to hear he was captured. I had an untold horror of the house being searched again for the Yankee overcoats. When they were bringing down the trunk, Wilson shook his fist at me and said, 'Mind, you treat these niggers good,—they is as free as you is.' I said, 'Do you suppose my negroes had to wait for you to tell them they were as free as I am?'

"I do not believe so wicked an army ever existed, at least in modern times. At Colonel Reid's they were like wild beasts,—took all the meat, flour, lard, onions. (They took all my onions.) From Colonel Preston's took everything,—stripped the farm,—but his negroes took the stock around and brought a good deal of it back. They robbed Mrs. Letcher of eight barrels of flour
and all her meat. The two barrels of flour left her were burned, and as they took everything from the old lady, Mrs. Letcher told me she breakfasted Monday on dry bread and water. Some one had sent her flour. Colonel Williamson lost almost everything, and Colonel Gilham a great deal. They would not let Mrs. Letcher take anything from her house except a few clothes. Lizzie took up the crib mattress and the provost-marshals put it back in the fire.

"Matt White is said to have killed one of their men, and they took him out to Mrs. Cameron's and shot him in the back with eight bullets. He is to be buried this evening. God be praised for delivering us from our cruel foes so far! May He never let one of them return except as prisoners!"

"Sunday, June 19, 1864.

"...To our great delight Colonel Edwin drove up about two P.M. yesterday. To know how glad we were to see him you must be a defenseless woman and have been subjected to what we were. My horror of the American Yankees is great, but of the African Yankees! it is impossible to express it. One came into the kitchen Sunday morning and introduced himself as 'colored gentleman from head-quarters.' I ordered him out, and after about the third resolute assurance that he could not and should not stay there, he went away, saying, 'Them's coming, and of my color too, that will go where they please.'

"Much as I have written to you, I will be obliged to wait to see you to tell of all that the enemy did.

"Old Mr. Lee came in yesterday from Buchanan, where he had gone on the Yankees coming here, in the following original style: an old Yankee horse left behind, an old side-saddle, which he found on the mountain near Buchanan, a rope bridle, his carpet-bag hung over the pommel of the saddle, and he sitting sideways. They threw shell into Buchanan, attempting to get at McCausland, and burned Mr. Anderson's fine new house. In Bedford County they robbed Mrs. Robert Allen of everything. A little drummer-boy, touched by compassion, asked Mrs. Christian to give him a bag and he would get her some flour. He filled a pillow-case for her, which she hid under the bed. Such wretches never lived before, I believe."
Nearly three weeks had passed after the Yankee occupancy of Lexington before General Pendleton's anxieties about his family were relieved by news directly from them, then he wrote,—

"NEAR PETERSBURG, Tuesday night,
June 28, 1864.

"Rose's letter to Sue, giving an account of your experience under Yankee insolence, reached me yesterday. I am indeed thankful that you were so providentially guarded from injury. He who hears and answers prayer has not been unmindful of the petitions constantly urged in your behalf. I hardly dared to hope you would come off so easily. That you are not rendered uncertain about subsistence from day to day is to me matter of deep thankfulness. You will, I suppose, have bread enough until the new wheat can be rendered into flour, and then your supply will, I hope, be ample. Your meat will hold out some time. The garden will yield a good deal, even though the drought, which is parching the fields here, should shorten your growth of vegetables. Your cows will give you milk and butter enough to add materially to your comfort, and the sugar, which you will get with Sue and Kate, or soon after, will help you with a daily cup of tea and occasionally in other ways. Should the molasses and other things get on from Augusta,* as they may when we can repress these raiders, you will have additional comfortable food. On the whole I am very grateful to God that you are in proportion so well provided for."

While events had been thus harassing in the valley, General Grant had begun the series of alternate fortifyings and fights which finally resulted in the complete investment of Petersburg and the consequent abandonment by the remnant of the defending army. To follow in detail these battles, raids, and ever-encroaching occupancy of important points by Grant's army would be impossible. The most important of them must, however, be

* When in the South, General Pendleton had made arrangements to purchase for his family one hundred pounds of Georgia sugar, a half-barrel of molasses, and some cotton cloth. These things could not be had in Virginia, and this small quantity cost fourteen hundred dollars,—more than a third part of his pay. The difficulty of transportation was so great that the sugar reached Richmond only just before this time,—the molasses and cotton did not arrive until midsummer.
noted, and General Pendleton's part in the heroic and desperate defence set forth. This is done here, as before in the narrative, mainly from his letters.

An attempt was made to seize Petersburg—then defended by only a small force, two thousand four hundred, including heavy artillery and militia—on the morning of the 15th of June before reinforcements should arrive. General W. F. Smith, with a force of sixteen thousand men, advanced against the fortifications so inefficiently manned. The artillery in the redans was so gallantly served that the Federal commander inferred it must be largely supported by infantry, and so desisted from immediate assault, waiting till more troops came to his assistance. Just before sunset he charged and carried a part of the line in his front. Hancock's Second Corps came up soon after this, and a forward movement of the combined forces could have overpowered the feeble garrison in their front and taken possession of Petersburg. They, however, rested satisfied with the success gained, and during the night the force defending the city was strengthened by the arrival of Hoke's division, which had marched eighteen miles from Drewry's Bluff. General Beauregard also withdrew most of the force confronting Butler at Bermuda Hundred for the safety of Petersburg. A new line in rear of the works captured the evening before was taken up by these fresh troops, and the opportunity for taking the city without a desperate contest was lost. General Grant was, however, resolved to take possession of the place before Lee's army could be brought to its relief. To effect this a great part of his army was thrown again and again, during the evening and night of the 16th and all day of the 17th and 18th, against the Confederate position. Outnumbered four to one, the force under Beauregard stoutly resisted these repeated and desperate efforts to overpower them, and though forced at some points to abandon the outer line of defences, invariably retired to strong intrenchments nearer the city. Speaking of the result of these four days of assault, General Grant says, "The attacks were renewed with great vigor on the 17th and 18th, but only resulted in forcing the enemy to an interior line from which he could not be dislodged." * In these

* Grant's report.
four days the Northern army lost ten thousand men, a number equal to that of the defending army.*

The Confederate lines in front of General Butler, north of the Appomattox, had been occupied by his troops when the division holding them was sent to Petersburg. Pickett's division, from north of James River, had, however, driven out Butler's men and re-established the Confederate lines on the night of the 16th. Not until the 18th of June did General Lee become satisfied that Grant with his main army was in front of Petersburg, to which point he moved his own forces as rapidly as possible. Several days were passed by both armies in strengthening their positions, and General Pendleton was occupied in examining the ground with General Beauregard and placing batteries where they might most effectually damage the enemy.† The works necessary for the protection of these guns, and along the entire line, were constructed under a constant and severe fire from the enemy's artillery and sharp-shooters. The hostile lines were in many places very close, and at some points so near the city that shells from the mortars frequently fell there.

As soon as General Grant had his force sufficiently protected to prevent danger from sudden attack, he began a series of movements designed to "envelop Petersburg towards the South Side Railroad."‡

On the 23d General Pendleton wrote,—

"We had an important success yesterday in charging a portion of the line,—capturing near two thousand prisoners, four pieces of artillery, etc."

This was an attack by Mahone upon the left flank of the besieging army, extending itself for the purpose of taking possession of the Weldon Railroad. The same day a cavalry force of six thousand men under Wilson and Kautz set out to destroy the Weldon, South Side, and Danville Railroads. General W. H. F. Lee, with a comparatively small force, though unable to prevent the cutting the roads, attacked and harassed the

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* Humphreys's "Virginia Campaign," p. 224.
† Pendleton's report.
‡ Grant's report.
raiders; a militia company drove them back from Staunton River; General Hampton fought and drove them one whole day. Turning at last to escape by Ream's Station, where they expected to find friends, they were met by a body of Confederate infantry and routed by Fitz Lee, losing twelve pieces of artillery, a number of wagons and ambulances, and a thousand prisoners. The destruction of many miles of railroad, though temporary, added to the discomfort and difficulty of supplies in Richmond and in Lee's army, and so far was a material aid to the Federal plan for wearing out the Confederate resources.

General Pendleton wrote, June 28,—

"There is a good deal of artillery firing every day and continued skirmishing, with no important result on either side. The enemy shells the city more or less every day. The people of the place, ladies and all, bear this outrage upon their pleasant homes with great fortitude and dignity. The two armies are so fixed in their attitude of reciprocal defiance that I have not as much labor in daily rides upon the lines as is requisite when positions are continually changing. Grant's present locality so screens him from advantageous approach that we can hardly attack him without extremely heavy loss."

"July 4.

"On Friday morning, 1st, I ran over by railroad to Richmond and saw them all. Sue was so sick that I deemed it a duty to get to see her, especially as I had all things in readiness in my department and there was general quiet on the lines. It was delightful to meet them all. After a pleasant night, oven-like though the heat was, I came off early Saturday morning. I hope they got off to-day and will soon be with you. . . . I feel very much for the people of Petersburg. They are obliged to leave homes through which shells are crashing, and encampments of them in the neighboring woods are not infrequent."

"July 9.

"The armies are simply hurling defiance at each other night and day from their trenches, and receiving from each other missiles of all sorts, from a Minié bullet to a seventy-pound mortar-shell, so that there is a continual sense of insecurity to life,
especially when any one approaches or leaves the trenches. At the same time the heat is stifling, the drought extreme, water not easy to get, even on our side, and the weariness of continual watching most trying indeed. . . . A drier, more terribly dusty, season I think I have hardly ever known. The very earth seems parched. This is particularly trying to our horses. . . . At one of my batteries there were some casualties yesterday, one of which I feel very sensibly. Lieutenant Reese, of Ross's company, Cutts's battalion, a fine young man, who was with us the first winter at Centreville and whom I have seen a good deal of, was struck by a thirty-pound Parrott shell and instantly killed. . . . I send you a small package of turnip-seed for which I gave only two dollars and a half! . . . I hope to attend Gibson's church to-morrow. Two shells have struck it, so there will not be many people."

"July 15.

". . . Our food is very costly, though sufficiently rough. The ration furnished is not half enough, and what is purchased costs somewhere about one hundred dollars a month for each. Coffee has now given out, and we are like the old woman who lived upon 'victuals and drink,'—bread, bacon, and cold water our support. But to beat the Yankees and gain our independence I would submit to vastly more."

"July 20, 1864, Wednesday.

"Your letter of the 15th reached me yesterday. I wrote that day, too, to Mary. It did not occur to me that it was the anniversary of our wedding-day or I would have addressed the letter to you, in thankfulness for the ten thousand blessings which through heaven's mercy you have been instrumental in conferring on me these thirty-three years. The singular concurrence of day of week and month in this anniversary, occurring as it does only at intervals, and so few people choosing to be married on Friday, might have reminded me. But I suppose the peculiarities of my situation interfered with those associations which might have called to mind an event the most important and the happiest of my life. Next to the unmerited visitations of grace, which have given me hope of heaven, and possibly to the sacred influences of my early home, ought I to value you, my wife, as God's gift for my eternal good, as well as for my earthly happi-
ness. Indeed, I have abundant reason to feel assured that, much as I owe to that early home, and wonderful as have been the gracious movements of the Spirit on my mind, you have been made the instrument to enable me to profit by them to the moderate extent I have done. . . . The long separations caused by this war are indeed a sore trial,—hardly an hour passes but I long for you and home.”

“July 22, Friday.

“The enemy is unusually silent. Two days ago I passed along our lines within very short musket range of thousands of Yankees and yet not a shot was fired, although our men and the Yankees, too, were walking about with indifference all along the respective lines of breastworks. After my observations had been made, and Charlie Hatcher and myself were riding away, some cannon-shots were fired, and one or two passed over our heads. I was shocked to notice two ladies in a carriage, which passed along a road just back of a very exposed front of our line. For the last five weeks it has been worth any man’s life to ride there on horseback,—almost to appear on foot. Yet these girls seemed to have no more idea of danger than if there were no war in the world. We all repeated the saw, ‘Where ignorance is bliss.’ Happily, no cannon, mortar, or musket was fired at them.”

“Friday, July 29.

“. . . Grant, as you may see by the papers, is beginning a new manœuvres,—sending a large part of his force to the north side of James River. He seems to have surprised the troops over there supporting my old battery day before yesterday, or those troops did not behave as well as usual.* . . . My idea is that Grant does not intend a bona fide attempt on Richmond at this juncture; but as he has, by means of his pontoon-bridge near Bermuda Hundred, defended by his gunboats, a shorter line to and fro than we have via Drewry’s Bluff, he will try to draw General Lee over there, and then suddenly recross all his force to the neighborhood of Petersburg, and make a concentrated attack either on the line near the town or on that across the

* Four guns of the Rockbridge battery were captured.
peninsula between the James and the Appomattox. . . . I was out till midnight last night getting off some artillery to accompany the troops to the north side. We have all along had a good deal there, but General Lee wanted more, and sent for me to advise about it near bedtime. The Yankees were throwing mortar shells at the time, and causing thereby quite an imposing scene, as luminous curves would appear in the sky, terminating in a lurid flash with loud report. One of these burst near Lieutenant-Colonel Poague's tent, a short distance behind the lines, and sent a fragment through the tent, though injuring nobody. As I rode back alone, having sent George Peterkin and the courier who attended me to carry orders to some batteries, I perceived one of these comet-like missiles advancing apparently with precise direction to the spot I occupied in the road. A ready spur sent my horse twenty steps beyond the line of danger, and I was as safe for that time as you were in Lexington. So easy is it, when one is on the alert, to avoid one of these projectiles. Of course when many of them are flying at the same time it is not so easy. We have on the lines a number of bomb-proofs,—square pits dug in the ground and covered over with logs and earth. Under these the men lie when mortar shells are flying and no other fighting is going on. The day before I was last out on a part of our lines some men were lying under one of these not sufficiently strong, when a large shell fell on it, broke through, exploded, and killed three men and wounded four. The next morning when I visited the place I found it perfectly easy to step out of the way of a similar shell."

The conjecture here expressed as to Grant's intended return to Petersburg during the absence of a great part of the defending army proved correct. Recrossing most of his troops to the south side, and springing a powerfully-charged mine under the Confederate intrenchments, he hoped and confidently expected to surprise, overwhelm, and capture the defences of Petersburg and take possession of the city before General Lee could reinforce the thirteen thousand men left to hold his works there. How signally the enterprise failed and the vastly superior force—sixty thousand—brought up against the fortifications was repulsed and defeated is told by General Pendleton the day after:
"Head-quarters Artillery Corps, near Petersburg, Sunday, July 31, 4.30 P.M.

Again this Sunday afternoon I delight myself in writing to you, and the more so because of a peculiar joy we all feel at a most important success here yesterday, and because also of a feeling of thankful satisfaction which I experienced from the services of this morning. The success of yesterday will prove, I believe, one of the most important of the campaign. You have seen intimations in the papers about Grant's undermining our lines. It has been suspected, and we have had countermines made to try to ascertain the fact and foil the Yankees if it were so. Nothing of the kind was discovered. Notwithstanding, at daylight yesterday the enemy sprung a mine on a projecting point of our line, blew up a battery of four guns, and engulfed a number of men, how many is not yet exactly known,—perhaps over a hundred. Of course they were on the *qui vive*, while our men were still dreaming out their last nap for the night. The Yankees, therefore, had it all their own way for a little while, and rushed into the gap by hundreds. Before a great while, however, General Elliot, of Fort Sumter fame, who commanded the brigade there stationed, formed his men and held the Yankees at bay. I did not hear of the occurrence till breakfast-time. Immediately after breakfast I mounted my horse and, accompanied by George Peterkin and a courier, rode to the field near the scene. There we met General Lee and staff, also lately arrived. Dispositions were promptly made for a charge upon the Yankees to drive them back. This brought on a furious cannonade from, I suppose, a hundred guns on their side. Under this fire Peterkin and I walked to the front along a covered way,—that is, a ditch with earth thrown up on both sides to protect persons walking in it. At a certain point we had to leave this and cross an open space swept by cannon-shot of every kind, from ten-pound rifle to sixty-pound mortars, shells, etc. In the battery to which we went it was the same. Two of those sixty-pound shells fell and burst within ten feet of us, but we were preserved then, as later under bullets and all the multiplied dangers of battle. Our men behaved most gallantly, and drove back the Yankees at a run, killing a large number, capturing over four hundred, and recovering all of our line except the chasm, which could not be at once approached,
and was filled with crowds of the enemy, negroes as well as whites. A pause now ensued, and arrangements were made on our side for another charge, to kill, capture, and drive back all the other adventurous Yankees and regain the remainder of our works they held. I came out, therefore, to examine another battery, some three or four hundred yards to the left of where I had been, and sent George Peterkin with a message to Colonel Walker about certain guns in an important position. On the way I met Colonel Weisiger, who had commanded Mahone's brigade in the charge and been wounded. I got him to mount my courier's horse and thus get to a hospital or his quarters. This left me entirely alone, and I felt, liable as I was to be shot, I might lie on the field and no one know where I was. Returning, I met Lieutenant-Colonel Huger, just from a battery nearest the chasm. He was just visiting a gallant artillery officer—Major Gibbs, of South Carolina, a brother-in-law of General Alexander—brought an hour before from the field dangerously wounded. I accompanied Huger, and found poor Gibbs had received a Minié ball just below the neck, breaking the collar-bone, etc. I hoped it was not dangerous, but on full examination the surgeons found an important artery cut and deemed the wound almost fatal. His wife was expected in Richmond yesterday, on a visit to him from the South. I hear to-day he is doing well, as is General Elliot, who was shot a little lower, through the upper part of the lungs.

"When the second charge was made I was again on the lines. As before, the Yankees met it with a furious cannonade and with heavy skirmishing all along the lines, but to no purpose. Our troops drove them like sheep, at a run,—killing a great many and capturing more than in the first charge,—regaining all of our works. Never was there a poorer failure than the Yankees, in this attempt, or a nobler achievement than ours. Grant had sent a large force north of James River to compel us to send a force to head them off. He then suddenly drew back his men on a shorter line for this great attack. And yet it was wholly frustrated, with a loss to them of some twelve hundred prisoners, including a brigadier and several colonels, besides perhaps two hundred negroes, seven or eight hundred killed outright, and how many wounded we do not know. Three thousand is a moderate esti-
mate of their loss; ours barely a thousand all told, notwithstanding the immense advantage given them by the mine surprise. I spent a most laborious day, hot as it was. Our officers and soldiers acted most nobly. General Lee, as usual, directed with consummate judgment. I doubt whether another army in the world could achieve such a victory with such a shock to begin with.

"I could to-day return thanks with all my heart. I was partially engaged to preach to-day to a portion of the artillery; but, as I wrote you, some of it had to be moved, so that I was in doubt about holding service for the remnant at the designated point. This morning, however, a note was handed me from Mr. Shippin, informing me that Mr. Platt would not hold service, as for some Sundays past, in his yard, near General Lee's headquarters, and begging me to do so. I immediately replied that, if the wish were participated in by General Lee and his staff, I would, but that without an intimation to this effect I should not feel authorized to accede to his request. Very soon a note returned from Colonel Taylor expressing the wishes of all parties for the service, and I went. The service was profitable to me, and I hope to others. I preached from the first lesson,—Numbers xxiii., part of 10th verse,—'Let me die the death of the righteous,' etc. I experienced freedom of thought and expression, and the audience was continuously attentive. The day has been extremely warm, some say the hottest of the year thus far. It is now, however, cloudy and cool, a slight sprinkle of rain having already fallen."

"Near Petersburg, Tuesday, August 2, 1864.

"... You will have seen mention in the papers of General Meade's having sent a flag of truce to get permission to bury his dead near our lines. It was granted, and from five A.M. yesterday till nine there was no firing anywhere along the works. You would all have taken interest in visiting the scene of the explosion and fight, as hundreds did. The chasm made by the mine is enormous, and the masses of earth hurled out scores of yards are almost as large as houses. Some of these masses are almost as hard as rock. One cannon, carriage and all, was thrown nearly, if not quite, a hundred yards. Dead negroes and Yankees lay literally in piles in and around the chasm, all slaughtered by our cannon
and by the infantry in their impetuous charges. Lying in the hot sun Saturday and Sunday, they were disgustingly decomposing when the work of burial was undertaken yesterday morning; and it was instructive to notice the loathing with which the Yankees took up and bore to the ditches prepared the offensive remains of their African soldiers, while the living negroes would half lift, half drag, their putrid brethren. Altogether it was, indeed, a sickening scene. . . . My good soldier, Major Gibbs, is doing well. His wife is expected from South Carolina this evening. His father is already with him. General Elliot was suffering much this morning, though they have hope for him."

CHAPTER XL.

EARLY'S ADVANCE INTO MARYLAND.

The force sent to foil Hunter's design on Lynchburg had frightened him off and driven him to retreat through West Virginia. A despatch from General Lee to General Early at Lynchburg, dated June 18, informed him of Grant's movement on Petersburg, and advised him "strike as quick as you can, and if circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan." So soon, therefore, as Hunter made off, Early turned his face towards Staunton preparatory to a rapid march into Maryland. The most direct route lay through Lexington. Great was the pleasure of that lately outraged community on receiving their deliverers, and Mrs. Pendleton had the great happiness of having her son with her for a few days. In after-years she frequently recurred to the unalloyed pleasure and perfect confidence of intercourse in this, which proved to be his last visit home. Writing of it at the time to her husband and daughter, she says,—

"Sunday, June 20, 1864.

"Sandie, who came in poorly Friday in advance of Early's army, leaves us this afternoon for Staunton, and thinks he may be able to get a letter to you. Yesterday I was comforted by
the batch of notes you had written Sue and Kate up to the 17th. Your letter written this day fortnight also reached me yesterday. I thank God for the peace you feel, and trust it may be His holy will to keep you from all evil of body and soul.

"Sandie has had dysentery, but is quite relieved, he says, by the vegetable diet and buttermilk. Mr. Norton returned Thursday, and we were all so glad to have him back. He will have no service this afternoon, which we rejoice at, for it is so hot; it will be much more agreeable to stay with Sandie quietly than to be in a fuss about not going to church and not staying with him.

"General Early's army all passed through yesterday. Friday night Mann Page, Lewis Burwell, Dr. Coleman, and Henry Douglass stayed here, and yesterday morning they, Colonel Pitzer, of General Breckenridge's staff, General Gordon, and S. Wilmer, breakfasted here, and eat raspberries, of which we had our first dish.

"Before breakfast we went down to see the Stonewall Division pass. As I went in the hotel door Mr. Johnson introduced me to a distinguished-looking man standing just inside,—'General Breckenridge.' I took his offered hand and hoped he had not breakfasted that I might have the honor of his doing so with me. He had breakfasted, and I invited him to come and get some raspberries. He said he would do so between ten and eleven. All the morning passed, and about two the most polished-looking man I have seen came with General Breckenridge's regrets that he could not be here. He was Major Stoddart Johnston, Sandie says.

"Just before dinner yesterday Nelson and R. Jones came in, then Sandie's chum, Colonel Allen, then Colonel Nelson and Wilmer. These all dined with me on cold ham, lettuce, and rice. How I did wish for you! But as you are doing your duty I am content. I felt when the Yankees were here that not only you but every minister in the Confederacy ought to be fighting."

To Mrs. Lee she wrote at the same time,—

"Sandie will put this scrap in his letter. I write to thank you and Kate for your kindness in sending me your papa's letters,—the first direct intelligence from him for more than three weeks.
We were, as you may suppose, delighted to see Sandie. He is now much better, and will, I hope, soon be well. You have before this gotten some of our letters telling of the Yankee doings. I hope we are thankful for this great deliverance. Kate, Anne Rose, and yourself will all be here soon, we hope. Can you bring my sugar? If not, you are likely to drink sugarless tea."

Moving rapidly down the Shenandoah Valley, Early's army crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, drove Sigel into the intrenchments on Maryland Heights, and then hurried forward towards Washington. At Monocacy Bridge, near Frederick, Maryland, General Lew Wallace with ten thousand men opposed the crossing of the Confederates. A sharp conflict ensued, in which Wallace was routed with heavy loss, and the victorious army hastened its march on the Federal capital.

The alarm and consternation produced in the North by this invasion of Maryland and demonstration on their capital was very great. The Southern army was magnified to thirty thousand or forty thousand men, and fears were entertained of the capture of both Washington and Baltimore. To defend these cities, the Sixth Corps from Petersburg and part of the Nineteenth from the far south were hurried to Washington. Finding the fortifications there too strong to be attacked by his small force,—never more than twelve thousand,—Early fell back and recrossed the Potomac in safety.

"This campaign is remarkable for having accomplished more in proportion to the force employed, and for having given less public satisfaction, than any other campaign of the war. . . . By glancing at the operations of Early, it will be seen that in less than two months he had marched more than four hundred miles, and with a force not exceeding twelve thousand men had not only defeated but entirely dispersed two Federal armies of an aggregate strength of more than double his own, had invaded Maryland, and by his bold and rapid movement upon Washington had created an important diversion in favor of General Lee in the defence of Richmond, and had re-entered Virginia with a loss of less than three thousand." *

Writing to his father of this movement, Sandie Pendleton said,—

"Of our general route through Maryland you already know, but to account for our failure to enter Washington it is only necessary to call to mind the fearful heat of the 11th of July. The dust was insufferable, and men dropped out of ranks by hundreds from sheer exhaustion, so that when we reached Frank Blair's, in front of the works, about three o'clock on that Monday, there was not a tithe of our men in fit condition for work. The fortifications of Washington are tremendous,—every hollow and gully swept by artillery fire from three-inch rifles and Napoleons, thirty-pounder and one-hundred-pounder Parrots, as the distance varied. And besides the militia there were ten thousand veteran reserves there, while the Monday's trains from Baltimore brought the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps. Our force amounted to about nine thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry,—Bradley Johnson being off north of Baltimore,—so, after lying all day in front of Washington, it was undoubtedly prudent to withdraw, and I think it showed good management to come off so well."

From Leesburg General Early moved back into the valley, and at Snicker's Ferry and the old battle-field of Kernstown was most successful in defeating the forces under Averill and Crook. In the last of these engagements a number of prisoners were retaken who had been captured at Winchester on the 20th in an unfortunate effort made by General Ramseur against the enemy.

Writing of these movements to his father, Colonel Pendleton says,—

"BUNKER HILL, August 1, 1864.

"We are encamped just where we lay after the battle of Sharpsburg. It is too terrifically hot for active operations, and both sides have to keep comparatively quiet. Life must be almost unbearable where you are, and I expect, though we get no accounts of it, that there is much sickness. How did the ration of fresh beef we sent down taste? I wish we had more to send. . . . We punished the Yankees soundly at Snicker's Ferry, and
again at Winchester last Sunday, the 26th. We went on down to Martinsburg and stayed there a couple of days, and then proceeded to Williamsport and crossed a party of cavalry, which went to Hagerstown and burned a large quantity of stores. At the same time (Thursday) we sent two brigades of cavalry,—two thousand one hundred strong,—under McCausland and Bradley Johnson, to Chambersburg with orders to return via Cumberland, bringing out all the cattle, etc., possible. They were also to collect one hundred thousand dollars in gold or five hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks to reimburse Alexander Boteler, Andrew Hunter, and Ed. I. Lee for the burning of their houses, and in default of the payment their instructions were to burn the town. The wantonness of burning those three houses was perfectly diabolical, and I trust we may have the opportunity to repay Hunter for it. His men hardly suffered enough at Winchester the other day,—they ran too easily. The rout was as utter as that of Banks. Our demonstration this time has brought the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps to Harper's Ferry."

A few days after this General Early again crossed the Potomac and took a position between Sharpsburg and Hagerstown. The boldness of this move caused the appointment of General Sheridan to supersede Hunter in command of the forces opposing General Early. Sheridan was reinforced from Grant's army and immediately began active operations. Early recrossed the Potomac into Virginia and fell back slowly up the valley, followed by the greatly outnumbering enemy. At Fisher's Hill he offered battle to Sheridan, but that general, instead of attacking, retired towards Winchester. General Early pursued and attacked the retreating column, drove them through Winchester, and captured several hundred prisoners. Lieutenant-General Anderson about this time joined Early with Kershaw's division, increasing the Confederate force to some twelve thousand men. Sheridan's army at the same date numbered forty thousand, ten thousand of which were excellent cavalry. During the latter part of August and first half of September the two armies skirmished and manoeuvred, the Federal object being "to prevent the Southern army from gaining the rich harvests of the Shenandoah Valley,"

* Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," p. 556.
while General Early endeavored to keep as many troops as possible engaged against him so as to reduce the army operating against Petersburg and Richmond.

After the explosion of the mine at Petersburg there was a cessation of actual assaults. Both armies strengthened their defensive works, and as General Grant extended his line on either side from time to time in his effort to surround Petersburg, General Lee was forced to oppose him with equally prolonged fortifications. When Anderson was sent to Early's aid a second attempt was made against Richmond on the north side of the James. At the same time a movement was made to take possession of the Weldon Railroad on the left, southeast of Petersburg. On August 6 General Pendleton wrote,—

"... Here we have nothing new. The opposing armies are strengthening their works and reducing force for operations elsewhere. ... The weather is so very warm and dusty that I really feel indisposed for any exertion beyond the necessary duties of my office. These, to be sure, are quite serious every day. First, a number of administrative papers to be attended to every morning relative to the working of our whole artillery organization; then almost every day some part of the line to be visited, guns to be put in position, works to be examined, etc.; and when anybody, from the commanding general down, wants information touching artillery matters, the chief of artillery has to be referred to. Nothing objectionable in it all. On the contrary, so much the better. But in extreme heat like this it about uses up one's available energies."

"Thursday, August 18.

"... You see by the papers, if you get them, that Grant is trying another dodge, making a real effort below Chaffin's Bluff. General Lee has been over there all the week; others of us have to remain here to secure these lines, and artillery is of the first importance for the purpose. To-day the enemy made a little move again on the Weldon Railroad and tore up a small portion. Hearing the firing, I rode in that direction. It was only a few regiments, easily met and driven back. Heavy rain did not allow them to burn the cross-ties. ... We are living roughly now, but it keeps us all in good health. Only two meals a day, and they
such at times as you could not help laughing at: a few scraps of the fattest bacon, fried, some fried apples, and bread,—corn or wheat. Corn and tomatoes we sometimes get for dinner. Yesterday and to-day we have had a little of the valley beef. How do you all fare? Hardly well enough, I fear, to keep your bones covered."

"Monday, August 22, 1864.

"... I was quite unwell Saturday and yesterday, lying in bed at Mr. Lynch's, whose house is only a hundred yards or so from my camp. It was a slight attack, brought on by indigestible food, attended, however, with fever. Mr. Lynch had kindly invited me, in case I should be sick, to come directly to his house, and accordingly early Saturday morning, having been right sick all night, I walked over and soon went to bed. They have been very kind, and now I am relieved of all disease, though am hardly strong enough to be out on the field to-day, as I otherwise would be, for arrangements are in progress for more severe work. The movement of the enemy towards our right, briefly mentioned in my last, turns out more serious than then seemed. We have punished them seriously, but with some loss to ourselves, and yet they hold the Weldon Railroad in force and strongly intrenched. ... We had rather the enemy should not hold that road, as it is our most convenient route for obtaining Southern corn and other supplies. His effort on the north side of the James was a complete failure. ...

"I hope my report of Colonel McDonald's case to General Lee and the President had the effect of causing Crook to be at once ironed and celled in just retaliation, as I especially asked that such measures of just severity might be promptly adopted as might compel the enemy to relax his cruelty in this case as in others. Certain it is that soon after my letter such measures were adopted in Colonel McDonald's case." *

* Colonel Angus McDonald, who was upwards of sixty years old, and much disabled with rheumatism, had been captured by Hunter and taken to Wheeling. On August 5 Mrs. Pendleton had written her husband, "I must tell you of a letter Mrs. McDonald received last night from Colonel McDonald. He wrote with his manacled wrists from the jail in Cumberland. On the 9th of July he was handcuffed and thrown into a cell seven feet by ten. A little girl brought him a Bible, and she took the letter out for him. It is supposed she furnished writing materials. On the back of the letter
"August 26, 1864.

... A good success here again yesterday evening. Two thousand prisoners and eight pieces of artillery captured on the Weldon Railroad some miles south of the city."

This was the engagement at Reams's Station, where A. P. Hill drove Hancock from his intrenchments at that point, inflicting heavy loss upon him.

"August 31, 1864.

... My ride to-day is to be to the heavy battery at —— on James River. From some facts mentioned to me yesterday by Colonel Baldwin, our chief of ordnance, I think it necessary to examine at once into the state of things there. The chief difficulty is ague and fever prostrating the men. I was yesterday along the lines where we have reason to believe that the enemy is mining again with a view to another blow up. We are tunnelling also, and can, I think, foil them. ... You would be interested to witness the mortar shelling sometimes at night. The shells with their fuses burning appear like small stars moving through the sky, and some of them are thrown to such prodigious height that they seem as if aimed at the very stars. When exploding high in the air the noise of their disruption is deafening. The Yankees throw some as large as thirteen inches in diameter, weighing when filled about two hundred and fifty pounds. These make a report like thunder when they burst. Frequently they strike the ground without bursting, and then the depth to which they penetrate into the hardest soil is astonishing. I had measured day before yesterday several of the enormous cavities they had made and they were eleven feet deep. One of them falling on a man would literally, in Scripture language, 'grind him to powder.'"

"September 12.

Matters quiet here now. ... I had yesterday fine congregations and most attentive. There seemed to be a good spirit prevailing. What a privilege it is thus to minister to men in things pertaining to God! Saturday, George Peterkin and I were

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is a note saying that if the little girl gets the letter to Mrs. McDonald he binds himself and his heirs to pay her five hundred dollars. He wrote on the 15th of July. It is horrible to think of."
shielded again by the Almighty arm. Visiting an exposed point near the enemy's canal across Dutch Gap, we escaped a shell by perhaps the sixth part of a second. It exploded just behind us and very close. A moment later for us, or earlier for it, and we must have been struck. I desire to be daily more grateful and devoted."

CHAPTER XLII.

DEATH OF COLONEL SANDIE PENDLETON.

The extension of Lee's defensive line to face Grant's aggressive movements on both sides of James River necessitated the recall of Kershaw's division from the valley, which was followed in a few days by the disastrous battle of Winchester on September 18. Early's force of eight thousand five hundred infantry and less than three thousand cavalry was attacked by Sheridan with more than three times their number. A panic seized a part of the hardly-marched, weary, and worn Confederate force, and an overwhelming defeat was the consequence. Early fell back to Fisher's Hill, from whence he was again driven on the 22d.

Defeat and disgrace was something new to the officers and men who had fought and marched and gained victory after victory under General Jackson. In a desperate effort to rally a retreating skirmish line on the evening of the 22d, Colonel Sandie Pendleton received a mortal wound through the body, and had to be left at Woodstock in the enemy's lines, where he died on the 23d.

The career of this beloved son and gallant young officer has been incidentally given in the preceding chapters of this memoir. Endowed by nature with unusual powers of acquisition, a clear, logical mind, and retentive memory, his mental attainments were remarkable from childhood. Of a joyous, elastic disposition, and a generous, ardent, but well-controlled temper, and a charming courtesy of manner, he was everywhere popular among his associates. The wise and watchful training of his father and mother had not only been directed to his intellectual and moral culture, but also to his healthy physical development, so that
from a delicate child and boy he had become a robust, stalwart man. The medallist of his class at Washington College in his seventeenth year, he passed with honor the examinations for a master's degree at the University of Virginia previous to joining the army in 1861, after a two years' course and several months before he was twenty-one years old. Stonewall Jackson, who had known him as a boy in Lexington, appointed him on his personal staff so soon as he joined the army in 1861. From that time—first as ordnance officer and aide-de-camp and afterwards as adjutant-general—he was intimately concerned in the handling of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Of its long list of hard-fought battles that of Second Manassas was the only one in which he was not engaged, being at that time sick at home. This military training at head-quarters, added to an intuitive knowledge of character and great personal courage, soon made him a man of mark among his brother soldiers. Three efforts to make him a brigadier-general were unsuccessful, because he set aside his personal ambition to serve his country where he believed he could be most useful.

It was the habit of General Jackson, when any question arose as to the personal characteristics and capabilities of any individual or body of men in his command, to refer the matter to young Pendleton, saying, “Ask Captain Pendleton. If he don't know, nobody does.” On one occasion, when the tired adjutant was summoned from his bed after midnight to decide whether a suspicious person were an authorized scout or a spy, the general added, “He is the only man I ever knew who always woke up in a good humor.” A fact which had been noted from his cradle.

Having ratified his baptismal vows in confirmation at the age of sixteen, he presented from that time the attractive character of a sincere, active, earnest, healthy-minded young Christian. His design before the war had been to enter the ministry, and he frequently expressed his intention to carry out that purpose when peace should return to his country.

How greatly beloved this noble young man was in his home has been seen in the course of this narrative. The tidings of his mortal wound came with crushing force. He had been so often
shielded in the midst of danger that his friends had come to believe that he bore a charmed life and was destined to come off unhurt. Information of his being shot and left behind by Early's retreating army reached his sister, Mrs. Lee, in Staunton, where she was with her husband. No amount of money or persuasion could procure a conveyance to take her down the valley to pass through both armies and minister to his dying hours. She had therefore to remain in Staunton and communicate the sorrowful intelligence to her mother, who reached there shortly after the receipt of the telegram announcing her son's condition. Mrs. Pendleton was on her way to Petersburg, where she had been invited by General Pendleton's kind friends the Lynches to come down and pay him a visit. Instead of continuing her journey she returned at once to Lexington, accompanied by her daughter, to carry the mournful story to the other sisters and the anxious young wife. Language would fail to tell the sorrow of the stricken household. And the anguish of each heart was increased by the thought of the loving father cut off in camp from home sympathy and consolation. How great and yet how submissive was that father's grief extracts from his letter home tell:

"RICHMOND, Saturday night, 10.30 P.M.,
September 24, 1864.

"MY BELOVED WIFE AND CHILDREN ALL,—It has pleased God to permit a heavy grief to fall upon us. Our dear Sandie, so severely wounded and far away, where we not only cannot minister to his comfort, but cannot learn of his actual condition.

"The uncertainty and suspense render the trial perhaps even more distressing. From the weight on my own heart I can judge somewhat what you all feel. But what precious mercy we have along with the bitter sorrow! There is a perfectly wise and kind Father watching over and ministering to our beloved in his distant suffering, a sympathizing Friend and great Physician attending unceasingly by his bed of pain, and a sustaining Comforter ever with him to soothe his spirit with sweet influences of peace. He is a child of God, a servant of Jesus, a partaker of the Holy Ghost. It cannot but be well with him. . . . Oh, how it extracts the bitterness from affliction to know that it is ordered by our Almighty Father as part of His boundless plan of right-
eousness and love! . . . Shall we not, therefore, submissively bow under His dealings? 'Father, not my will, but thine, be done.'

"To the mother's heart I speak first. God may take to Himself our precious boy. Often as we have failed in our duty to that dear child, the merciful and gracious Lord has enabled us to rear him to be under grace an honor to us, a joy to his sisters, a treasure to his wife, an ornament to society, and a Christian hero in his country's service. It may be hard to give him up, should it please the Master to take him to Himself, but shall we murmur? Shall we so look upon earthly and perishable interests as to grieve intensely over disappointment there, and fail to appreciate the priceless blessing granted us in such a child, and in the heavenly hopes we can cherish as we remember him? My darling love, I have thought of this, our dear child, as if now removed from us, with the precious little Robin we buried in his infancy, and our sainted Lucy, transplanted, as an opening flower in the sweetness of early bloom, to the garden of the Lord, with them and with our mothers and others beloved in that home, that presence, and that likeness where all are satisfied forever. . . . If it be the Lord's will to take him, never will my heart cease to feel the sorrow that on earth I shall see him no more, but not then for an instant would I wish him back. . . . Would that I could be with you all for a season now! . . . We must wait in spirit together upon the Lord. I go back Monday morning. Shall probably preach for Peterkin to-morrow."

This letter was written from Dr. Peterkin's, in Richmond, and the resignation expressed in it was manifested to all around him. The conversation turning upon his suspense as to his son's condition, he said, after a pause, "I know he is in God's hands. If He sees it to be best for him and best for us He will restore him. But if He sees best He will take him to Himself. Either way, God's will be done." He then left the room. Mrs. Peterkin, struck with the peculiar tenderness on the part of the young men on his staff towards General Pendleton, asked if they had any certain information. "Yes," they said; "we know his son is dead, but we cannot bear to tell him." Great sympathy was evinced by all for his grief, and General Lee gave him a fur-
lough of two weeks to go to Lexington. On reaching home he found some of his family buoyed up by a report that Colonel Pendleton was not dead, but recovering. The false hope thus cruelly encouraged was ere long proven to be unfounded, and the mournful particulars of Colonel Pendleton's last hours communicated to his wife and family by Mrs. Dr. Murphy, of Woodstock, at whose house he died.

Multitudes of brave men met their death with unshaken fortitude, but this dying soldier manifested also the submissive trust and resignation we have seen his father exhibit. In the midst of his intense suffering he frequently exclaimed, "It is God's will; I am satisfied!" And when informed by the surgeon—his intimate friend, Dr. Hunter McGuire—that his wound was mortal, he insisted that the doctor should not remain with him in the enemy's lines, but should fall back with the army, where he could be of so much service. He then sent messages of love and consolation to his wife, his parents and sisters, and other friends, expressing for them and for himself absolute submission to God's will. Mrs. Murphy and her daughters were untiring in their care for him. The Federal surgeons proffered any aid in their power, but he was beyond human help, and passed away on the evening of September 23. On the 28th of the same month he would have completed his twenty-fourth year. His body was laid in the Lutheran graveyard in Woodstock, and his grave kept covered with flowers until the latter part of October, when it was removed to Lexington and buried in the cemetery there.

Whatever comfort sympathy and appreciation of the dead soldier could give was lavished upon the sorrowing family. From every quarter—from generals, officers, and privates, from citizens, bereaved parents, and prisoners by flag of truce—came letters of condolence. General Ewell in his to General Pendleton sent an extract from his report of the Spottsylvania campaign:

"Lieutenant-General Jackson should be hardly less remarkable for his brilliant campaigns than for the judgment he almost invariably showed in his selections of men.

"It would be difficult, without personal knowledge, to appreciate Colonel Pendleton's great gallantry, his coolness and clearness of judgment under every trial, his soldier-like and cheerful
performance of every duty. On one occasion I expressed a wish to recommend him to a vacant brigade, but he declined, thinking his services more valuable on the staff."

General Pendleton returned to camp the middle of October. During his absence the enemy had captured Fort Harrison on the north side of James River, but had failed to take Fort Gilmer, commanding the fortifications at Chaffin's Bluff. An effort to extend his works on the left at Petersburg had also been defeated, with severe loss. From this time, indeed, to the close of the year there were only one or two important fights between the two armies lying so close together, though there was continual skirmishing and a gradual extension of the enveloping intrenchments. The success of his general plan satisfied the Federal commander-in-chief to rest in comparative quiet before Lee's army, and leave Sherman and Thomas in the South and West, and Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, to carry out the part committed to them,—desolating the country and cutting off any possibility of supplies for Lee's army. Intercourse and aid from the outside world was also to be prevented by the capture of Fort Fisher, defending the harbor at Wilmington, North Carolina, the only port remaining to the Southern Confederacy.

General J. E. Johnston in Georgia, having felt compelled to fall back from place to place before Sherman's greatly superior army, had been relieved from his command in July, and his army turned over to General Hood. Hood, in his turn, was outnumbered and utterly defeated by Thomas in Tennessee, while Sherman's army, without let or hindrance, laid Georgia waste, fulfilling literally the description of the Hebrew prophet, "The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them."*

Disaster after disaster also befell Early's command in the valley. From the first it had been opposed to three or four times its own numbers. The men were worn down with marching and fighting, and destitute of the bare necessaries of life. Weary, hungry, ragged, and foot-sore, we must not censure them too severely for their eagerness to obtain the spoils of the Federal

* Joel ii. 3.
camp at Cedar Creek on October 19, after having surprised and routed the force stationed there. Nor is it surprising that, when in their turn attacked, they became panic-stricken, and in their headlong retreat lost guns, prisoners, arms, and, worse than all, their self-confidence and prestige. After this victory Sheridan proceeded to burn, devastate, and destroy everywhere with the most ruthless hand, and when his barbarous work was done, congratulated himself, his superior officer, and his country upon his pitiless prowess. The future historian must class Sherman in Georgia and Sheridan in Virginia with Turenne in the Palatinate, and marvel that, with all the advancement of science and free thought, the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century should have given to the republic of the United States of America the same brutal policy and relentless execution of vengeance as was enforced by the French despotism two hundred years before.

Amidst all this disheartening defeat elsewhere the army at Petersburg continued to maintain a dauntless front, though its numbers were constantly depleted by sickness and the casualties of battle, with no possibility of increase, its hardships and deprivations ever becoming greater and greater, and its labors incessant and exhausting.

Of the progress of events from week to week General Pendleton will tell. His own part in the continued defence and the evidences of his spiritual advancement in those days of trial and bereavement will also be best learned from his letters.

"HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY CORPS, NEAR PETERSBURG,
Sunday night, October 16, 1864.

"I wrote you a hurried letter yesterday morning giving a brief account of my journey and arrival at camp. After sending it I rode out to examine into the condition of the artillery on the lines here. My ride was long. Everything appeared well. The enemy has extended his lines several miles west, and ours have been correspondingly stretched in that direction. They are well adjusted. . . . This morning I devoted to preparing my sermon, and just before ten started with Barnwell, Cooke, and Dandridge for Pegram's quarters, five miles off. A large congregation was assembled. They seemed devout and attentive, and God's blessing, I trust, was granted. As agreed yesterday, we stayed to dinner. On
returning I found notes from George Peterkin and Dudley taking it for granted I would move over to the north side of the James, but one also from General Lee saying he thought it advisable for me to remain in charge of the artillery on our lines around Petersburg. This, therefore, I shall do; but as everything seems quiet just here at present, I must ride over in the morning and see General Lee, there being some matters in which it will be well for me to consult him.

"Pegram talked with me about our beloved Sandie. He was with him at the University; told me he was universally admired and beloved; said his devout Christian spirit was conspicuous then; that he was the most influential student at the institution, taking the lead in all good works."

"October 16.

"Although it is late, and I have had a busy day, I must indulge myself in writing. I got back this evening from the north side of the James. Yesterday I rode along our line to the river; crossed at Chaffin's; dined at General Lee's head-quarters. Today we examined the lines over there; very safe, I think. My staff all back here with me. It is now some time past ten, and mortar shelling is making the region re-echo."

Among General Pendleton's private papers there was found, after his death, a correspondence relating to the dining at General Lee's mentioned above. The notes are given here as strikingly characteristic of the two writers:

"Head-quarters Artillery Corps, October 19, 1864.

"My dear General,—I have been so disturbed by an omission which occurred when I had the privilege of dining with you day before yesterday that I feel bound to write a brief note of apology, if it were, as is not unlikely, a misunderstanding of my own. It was the failure on my part to ask a blessing at the table. I expected to do so, and awaited your request to that effect, but did not notice one by sign or word. I may, however, have overlooked such intimation from you, or you may have taken for granted I would without it say grace. Or you may have for the time forgotten my sacred office under the military relations in which we commonly meet. In such case, however, you would, I suppose,
have officiated yourself. At any rate, there was, I infer, some misunderstandings; and although not one of the more important matters of life, I would not have it pass on my own part unexplained.

"Let me also for once take occasion so far to lay aside the restraints of military etiquette as to assure you of the sincere personal friendship which I feel for yourself, and the fervent prayer with which I more than daily commend you to God's gracious guidance and blessing.

"Believe me most truly your friend,

"W. N. Pendleton.

"General R. E. Lee,

"Commanding Army Northern Virginia."

"Chaffin's, October 21, 1864.

"My dear General,—I have received your note of the 19th. I had expected you to ask a blessing on our table, and turned to you with that view. It was my fault, I think, in not making a more pointed request, which I should have done. Finding you apparently preparing to take your seat I failed to request your office, and, as is very frequently the case with me at our informal camp meals, offered a silent petition of thanks.

"I reciprocate in the fullest manner your feelings of friendship, which has always been to me a source of pleasure, and am deeply obliged to you for your fervent, pious prayers in my behalf. No one stands in greater need of them. My feeble petitions I dare hardly hope will be answered.

"Very truly yours,

"R. E. Lee.

"General W. N. Pendleton,

"Commanding Artillery, Army Northern Virginia.

"Unofficial."

To his wife he wrote constantly of their son.

"Thursday night, October 20, 1864.

"This day has, if possible, brought our dear child and you all more vividly and constantly before me. It was this day four weeks that he received his death-wound. . . . Our fallen nature finds it hard to realize how blessed they are whom God pre-
pares and takes to Himself, and how peacefully we may walk with Him even in sorrow while waiting all the days of our appointed time. . . . To dwell on the loss and on the trying circumstances of his removal, as there is some natural tendency in my mind, would so accumulate grief as to render it painful beyond expression and unfit me for duty. Such indulgence, therefore, I know is not right. . . . It seems to me you may, as I try to realize myself, find pleasing solaces in many natural scenes. The sweet blue heavens speak of where the beloved of our hearts is now rejoicing; the lovely landscape, with its varied beauties, tells of scenes far more exquisite in which his ransomed spirit from henceforth delights, and where we may hope to join him in sacred joy." . . .

"Sunday morning, October 30.

"The movements of the enemy here on Thursday and Friday prevented my making the engagement for service with some troops as I intended. . . . The satisfaction of having our dear son's remains suitably disposed where they will be likely to remain undisturbed, and where ourselves and others who valued him can visit his honored grave, is a cause for thankfulness. But the incidents connected with that removal and reinterment could not but be to you all a reopening of the sources of sorrow, while the denial to myself of the privilege of sharing with you this sad tribute to our beloved has been to me a hard sacrifice of domestic to public duty." . . .

In the next extract given we learn that he wished a sketch of this beloved son to be prepared, and also how so very many of his papers and letters were preserved.

"November 6.

"About our dear child's memoirs you must all do just what you severally feel able and inclined to do. Among my vast piles of papers left with Cousin Mildred Taylor at Orange Court-House, when we marched on this campaign the 1st of May, there are all the letters he wrote me from time to time for the last two or three years up to the present campaign. I wish to have all those packages taken home as soon as I can, and then the dear child's letters all gathered out, examined, and used as may be best." . . .
"November 28.

"I am rejoiced that you have arranged for a supply of wood. It is very wise, costly though it be. Wood for our poor fellows on the lines is a great problem. No wagon can approach them, and yet it takes a vast deal. Think of men wet and cold, with precarious fire, without good shelter, and liable to be shot at any hour day or night! Yet they get along surprisingly. I was both pleased and pained in my walk along the trenches yesterday. Am off again presently. . . . How my heart does cling to you all! Our dear Sandie seems as much in my thoughts as the first week of our mourning, and with an inexpressible sense of loss. He comes before me in many different scenes: as in his boyhood, student life, and in the army; when he and I went to Moss Neck; as he stood before me with his beloved bride; as we were at home together last winter. But I must try to think more of him as rejoicing in the Master's likeness and presence, and awaiting us all there. These habitual thoughts of him are directly connected with you all. My life is, as it were, a double one,—with you in spirit, here in necessary business and bodily presence."

"Thursday night, December 8.

"I occupy a little time to-night in writing. I had to be so hurried this morning because General Lee had sent for me. I went over, and learned from him of certain movements of the enemy which required corresponding arrangements on our part. My share in them kept me out all day. Part of the time was under pretty severe mortar shelling. . . . Must tell you of my trip to Richmond to meet Sue and General Edwin. Her letter did not reach me, but yours of Friday came in time to enable me to take the cars at 2.30 P.M. on Monday. I thus reached Richmond some time before them. From Mrs. Bransford's, where I promised to stay, I went to the train and met the travellers. The next day we were a good deal together, though each had something special to do. I saw the President and Secretary of War. The President quite sick with neuralgia. Tuesday night I stayed at Dr. Williams's. The travellers had to be off yesterday morning at seven,—so we had breakfast at 6.30. I accompanied them to the cars, and took leave as the train started, commending them to God's gracious care. . . . The President
talked with me about our dear son. Said what a loss he was to
the country as well as to us. If this world were all, or chief,
what a strange dispensation would be the removal of one every
way so superior! But in view of the heavenly world to which he
is exalted, it is no longer perplexing. That fine disposition,
those noble endowments and attainments, and the consecrating
grace which rendered him through the Mediator acceptable to
God, find freer and happier scope in the blessed sphere to which
he is advanced. Sure of this, we can combat the sadness, and
find more than comfort in the certainty for him and the hope for
ourselves."

"December 14.

"The movements to which I have alluded in my recent letters
have pretty much subsided, without much result on either side.
The enemy made a great effort to destroy the Weldon Railroad,
but were so pressed by our forces that they did but little damage,
—tearing up some ten miles of the track, though burning no
important bridge. We hoped A. P. Hill might destroy the col-
umn thus engaged, but either we were too slow or the inclement
weather rendered it impossible. The enemy returned and so did
our troops. There is still, however, some excitement along the
lines and everybody kept on the alert."

"December 17.

"I send Mary Williams's note, giving the joyful intelligence
that Sue and General Edwin got out from Wilmington safely." *

"December 19.

"At present everything looks quiet here, although there is
random cannonading every day and picket skirmishing day and
night. On Friday, while George Peterkin and myself were on
the lines examining an important point, a severe cannonade broke

* General Edwin Lee had been sent to Canada to carry out some instructions pri-
ately given him with regard to matters believed to be of much importance to the
Southern Confederacy. Feeble health prevented his doing active work in the field or
the trenches, but it was believed that his sagacity and prudence, combined with his
readiness of resource and absolute fearlessness, rendered him capable for the work
assigned him. He was therefore given a sick furlough, and directed to proceed to
Montreal and obey the verbal orders received in Richmond. He was permitted to
take his wife, if the officers and crew on one of the blockade-running vessels would
let her go,—some of them being superstitiously averse to having a woman on board.
out, and though no shots came very near us, one of our artillery officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Moseley, was instantly killed by a shell, which took off his head, and several soldiers were wounded at the same time.

"Thus it is, and will probably be all winter.

"Yesterday morning the Yankees fired one hundred guns, and some of them called over to our pickets boasting that Sherman had captured Savannah. I take for granted it is so. It is a serious blow to us and will give much trouble. Sherman ought to have been effectually dealt with on his march, and this might have been but for Hood's ill-judged circuit into Tennessee. The President was, I learn, as much amazed as everybody else at that strange manoeuvre of Hood's, and shocked to find he had left all Georgia at Sherman's mercy. The removal of General Johnston will turn out, I fear, a very great and lasting injury to us, as he would certainly not have committed this blunder. The breach between the President and himself is too wide, I am afraid, to be healed. . . . After all, however, none of these special losses need cast us down. If we are right, as I believe, God will in the end bring good out of the struggle, whether He gratify us or not in the particular form of the result. And while I greatly desire the full achievement of our independence, I am willing to leave the issue to supreme wisdom, meanwhile trying to do present duty as far as I can see it."

General Pendleton was greatly desirous to get home for a few days at Christmas, especially to baptize a little grandson born after his father's death. Finding it impossible for him to obtain leave of absence at that time, he wrote,—

"Thursday night, December 22, 1864.

"You will all be grievously disappointed, as I am, that I cannot get home. General Lee says the enemy is so active everywhere that he deems my absence inexpedient. Language cannot describe my feelings of distress under the privation, and especially that I am debarred the privilege of formally dedicating that dear little Sandie to God in His own ordinance of baptism. . . . I had saddle-bags packed and everything ready to start, only awaiting the furlough from General Lee on his return from
Richmond, where he had been for a couple of days, when his note came desiring to see me. I went. He wishes me to inspect to-morrow the heavy batteries at Chaffin's Bluff. So I have before me that cold ride, for it has turned very cold. That, however, is a trifle. As I cannot get to you, duty here is best, no matter how uncomfortable."

Christmas-day brought him additional bad news. Writing home on that day, he says,—

"May the Infinite mercy commemorated this day fill our hearts with peaceful gratitude amid the trials in which the season finds us! Surely we are blessed with abundant privileges still, though it has pleased God to lay His hand upon our joys. . . . Yesterday I was engaged all day in carefully examining the works at Chaffin's,—so important if the Yankee ironclads come up through their canal. About seven P.M. we returned to camp,—fifteen miles. As our cook had gone home I had poor prospect for supper, and sent to Mrs. Lynch to be so kind as to give me a little bread. Immediately one of the boys came to insist on my going there to supper. On getting back I found two letters, one from a major of artillery asking of me Christian counsel, as being, to his feeling, chief of artillery in that respect, as well as in the military relation; the other from Walker's daughter Nannie, begging me to aid them in a great distress. The Yankees have been there and carried Walker off. He is quite infirm and could not ride on horseback, so had to walk, she says, about thirty-six miles, which he could illy do. The wretches! Will not God visit them for such abominations? I will write to Mr. Ould, but exchanges are not made for citizens thus abducted."

In a visit to Richmond a few weeks before he had met this beloved brother, and had written of him, "Walker and I slept together. He has hardly a gray hair in his head, and altogether he looks from six to ten years younger than I, but in point of activity and vigor he is considerably behind me."
"Monday morning, December 26, 1864.

"Having written yesterday I should not do so again, but as this is a day of special significance to me in my highest relations, I feel drawn to a special communication with you. I am to-day fifty-five years old, and the remembrance brings up the past with its privileges and its sins, its joys and its sorrows, and points to the future with its trials and mercies, its uncertainty and end. The most amazing fact that strikes me in the retrospect is that so much favor has been granted to one so unworthy."

The letters of this period are short, and usually written hurriedly, on account of the pressure of office-work during the time not spent in riding and inspection on the lines.

The narrative of the events of 1864, as connected with General Pendleton, cannot be better brought to a conclusion than by quoting a paragraph from his official report for that period:

"In the whole of the eventful campaign of 1864 the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia bore a distinguished part, and in every portion of the widely-extended field of operation rendered signal service. . . . It has everywhere and at all times proved reliable, how great soever the emergency. In the wildest fury of battle, under ceaseless harassment and exposure from sharp-shooters and shelling on the lines, on the toilsome march, amid all the hardships of the trenches, through summer, fall, and winter, and when steadily breasting the tide of reverse against friends unnerved or overpowered and foes flushed with triumph, the brave officers and men of this branch of our army have almost without exception exemplified the very highest virtues of Christian soldiers battling for their faith, their honor, and their homes."

The members of his staff at this time were Captain Dudley D. Pendleton, assistant adjutant-general; Lieutenant George W. Peterkin and acting Lieutenant Charles Hatcher, aides-de-camp; Captain John Esten Cooke and Lieutenant E. P. Dandridge, assistant inspector-generals; Major John G. Barnwell, ordnance officer; Dr. John Graham, surgeon; Major John Page, quarter-
master; and of them he reports, "It is but just that I should say they have uniformly discharged their duties with faithful alacrity and to my entire satisfaction."

CHAPTER XLII.

OPENING WEEKS OF 1865—SHERIDAN'S ADVANCE UP THE VALLEY.

1865 opened with gloomy prospects for the Southern cause. Sherman's devastating "march to the sea" had cut off all possibility of aid from the Gulf States in the way of either men or supplies. The troops which were constantly forced to fall back before his host were consequently disheartened and demoralized. Hood's unfortunate advance into Tennessee only added to the discouragement and loss everywhere so distressing. Upon Lee's army around Petersburg seemed to hang the only hope for any prolonged struggle and ultimate success. That army was now, as never before in its severest experience, suffering for food, fire, and clothing. Every day also added to the hardships and difficulties of the people of Virginia, and many a brave soldier felt his heart fail him at the knowledge that his wife and little ones were in absolute want. Sheridan's wholesale pillage and wanton destruction of everything in his progress through the valley of Virginia had left that fair region utterly impoverished and the inhabitants reduced to destitution,—unable to provide for their own necessities, much less to send any material assistance to their defenders.

For a while the severity of the winter kept the armies in front of Petersburg comparatively quiet, but the utmost vigilance was required to defend the long lines of intrenchments around Petersburg against sudden assault by the overwhelming numbers of the besieging army. The artillery was in constant use day and night, and General Pendleton's work in superintending and directing that arm of the service was incessant. With the opening of spring active operations must be resumed, and the almost impossible task of getting horses in proper condition and men in sufficient numbers to serve the batteries in the field weighed heavily upon him.
His personal anxieties that his family might be kept in some comfort were also increased by the information already referred to, that his beloved brother Walker had been captured at his home in Richmond County by a marauding expedition up the Rappahannock, which had committed many outrages,—burning houses and hauling off old men to prison. Dr. Pendleton's infirm health had for years unfitted him for active exercise, and the knowledge that he had been forced to march many miles at the point of the bayonet, was subjected to hardship and cruelty he was so unable to stand, and that his wife and daughters were left without support or protection, was an additional trouble to his loving brother. No definite information as to the whereabouts and circumstances of the prisoner could be obtained, and when, after several months' detention, he returned home, he was so absolute a wreck, both in body and mind, that he could give no satisfactory account of his sufferings and experience. But they killed him. He died in a few weeks, without ever comprehending the fact of Lee's surrender and that the cause, to which he was an innocent martyr, had failed.

Where incessant vigilance was demanded from every one, it was impossible for General Pendleton to leave his post of duty. He therefore made arrangements for his wife and daughter to pay the visit to their kind friends the Lynches, which had been so sadly interrupted by his son's death. Mrs. Pendleton had received into her household in Lexington her nephew, Frank Page, and several other boys, sons of relatives and friends, who wished to attend the grammar school at Washington College. These youths were a protection and help to the family of ladies, and their presence in the house enabled the mistress to be away for a while, and she and her daughter Mary went to Petersburg towards the last of January.

General Pendleton's letters shall again speak for him.

"January 2, 1865."

"A happy New Year to you all in a spiritual sense, if under affliction it cannot be so in an earthly sense. We cannot expect

* The letters of this period are not only very short, on account of incessant work and interruptions, but have dropped to pieces, or become almost illegible from the wretched materials used.
to retain our earthly blessings, and may well find our chief happiness in those which are spiritual and unfailing. . . . It is very cold, but my tent is comfortable. As I listen to the picket-firing at night, and sometimes at all hours of the night, I deeply feel for the poor fellows there meeting death in one of its most distressing forms. Several have been found frozen to death at their posts when comrades went to relieve them,—one reason, no doubt, insufficiency of nourishing food."

"January 10.

". . . We have had here last night and to-day an extraordinary rain. Such an outpouring from the skies has not occurred, I think, for two years. You have probably had your share in Lexington. I have thought of you and of the leaks in the roof. How do you get along with them? Yesterday brought me a letter from Walker's daughter Nannie, of the 2d. They had not heard from him, and had no expectation of his being released."

To his daughter, Mrs. Lee, he wrote,—

"January 11.

"Your letter from Nassau of December 16 reached me last week, and gave me great pleasure from the assurance that General Edwin and yourself were thus far safe. I had not suffered much from anxiety on your account, as somehow I had the feeling you would be taken care of. Still, it is a comfort to hear that you are so far at least safe from Yankee outrage. The perils of the sea are, in my estimation, as nothing in comparison with even a moderate risk of falling into their hands. . . . You must try, my daughter, and enjoy your foreign sojourn, so far, at least, as not to lose the benefits of it intellectually as well as physically. The sadness we all feel at the untimely removal of dear Sandie, although natural, ought not to be indulged, because it is too far a selfish condition of thought and feeling. We are almost as sure of his being, through the all-sufficiency of his Saviour and ours, in heaven as we are that so blessed an abode has been prepared for God's servants. And this assurance, rightly cherished, may well authorize the most cheerful state of heart we can cultivate.

"At home they have, besides the sorrow which we all thus feel, the additional cares growing out of your absence, General Edwin's health, my absence and exposure, and their helpless
state without any adequate male guardian at hand, and yet they seem right cheerful. They were all well when your mamma wrote. The baby, she says, improving rapidly."

Of this beloved little grandson Mrs. Pendleton had written,—

"The baby grows amazingly, and is certainly very sweet and intelligent-looking, and jumps almost out of your arms. I shall be curious to see what turn of mind he is of, for the chief objects of interest to him are things, not persons. He springs at the mantel-piece and doors and curtains and spreads his broad mouth as if charmed. He will be a natural philosopher, I expect, and not a philanthropist."

"January 12, 1865.

"My darling Lel,—Although I have time this morning for only a hurried letter, I must write and address it to you, as your proper turn. Yesterday I went to General Lee's on business, and although nothing was said about my getting home at this time, I become satisfied that it is best for me not now to think more of it. The burden on him is so heavy that those on whom he at all leans ought to help him to bear it as well as they can.

"I want your ma and Mol to come now as soon as they can, having a due regard to you all at home, as well as to my happiness in their society. I reckon they had better come by Staunton. If butter can be gotten, Mr. Lynch wants to buy some in Rockbridge. He will not stand on price much. I reckon all that can be gotten up to forty or fifty pounds he would like to have, provided it can be bought. They had better take with them a good supply of provisions for the way, so as to save expense while keeping comfortable. Tell your ma I don't want her to delay about my clothes. Indeed, I am rather inclined to think it best not to have the cloth cut yet awhile. I reckon she had better bring all the letters, etc., bearing on our beloved Sandie's memoir. Any of his to me not sent home are in the packages of papers I took home last winter. I trust, my daughter, the rest of you can be comfortable while your ma and Mol pay me this visit. I would not selfishly take them from you, but it will be right and proper, I think, for us all. To-day is a sweet, bright day after an immense rain. I never saw more water fall in the same time. The streams are very high, and that is the
reason why I shrink from the canal route for them. The reason why I am so hurried is that I have a great deal of office-writing to do now. Have already this morning written three business-letters, and was up last night past twelve on my report of last year's campaign. Your ma has never mentioned getting the remittance I sent her for your brother Edwin in behalf of Mrs. McDonald. I suppose it arrived safely,—two hundred and fifty dollars the amount. I would send her a check for their trip, but I suppose she has funds since the return of the boys. If she has not she must borrow, and I will remit it immediately. The butter for Mr. Lynch need not be paid for until she gets down and she gives a check. This is a poor letter for you, my dear,—so many little details of business,—but the case being as it is there is no remedy."

"January 18.

"Before this reaches Lexington you will have seen the report of another disaster to our cause in the fall of Fort Fisher. Whether Wilmington will fall remains to be seen. By looking at the map you will see that Wilmington is some distance from the sea, while Fort Fisher is on a point of the beach jutting out at the mouth of Cape Fear River, which is said to be obstructed and pretty strongly defended. The chief advantage of the town to us, now that blockade-running from it is cut off, consists in its being the point of junction of one or two of our railroads. But we still have an interior line. This interior line from the South by which we get corn, especially for our army, passes through Danville and Greensborough and Charlotte, North Carolina, and Columbia, South Carolina, to Kingsville, and thence to Branchville, South Carolina, where it meets the railroad between Charleston and Augusta; and it is this point, Branchville, towards which it seems Sherman is directing his steps. His getting it will cut us off from railroad communication with Georgia and the States beyond and give us still more trouble. . . . All this, my daughter, I write that you may see on the map what is going on."

From these letters we learn that whenever the weather and the constant duty of the men in the trenches permitted a congregation to be gathered, General Pendleton was glad of such opportunity to preach. When such ministration was impracticable he attended
church in Petersburg, where he was always urged to take part in the service.

Mrs. Pendleton and her daughter, accompanied by Mrs. John Page, spent several weeks at Mr. Lynch's, receiving great kindness from their hospitable hosts. The house was distant from General Pendleton's tent only a few hundred yards, and about two and a half miles from Petersburg. Two roads led to the city, and it not infrequently happened that when driving into town they would find the bridges too dangerous from fierce shelling and be warned by the pickets that they could not pass. In wet weather the mud kept the armies stationary, and when a freeze hardened the roads it also froze up the rivers, and so prevented the approach of the gunboats, which frequently shelled Lee's lines near the James and Appomattox Rivers. On such occasions Miss Pendleton took several long rides to points on the line too much exposed in ordinary for such a venture. The appearance of the country—everywhere torn up by trenches and earthworks, and of the abandoned dwelling-houses riddled by shot and dismantled by the soldiers—was sad and desolate in the extreme.

The Lynches were rich people, accustomed to exercise a bountiful hospitality, and desirous to extend every comfort to their guests, but the utmost that they could provide was fare more indifferent than any but war-times would have made endurable. Corn-bread, black-eyed peas, and bacon were the staple articles of food, with an occasional fowl, a dish of dried apples, and some homely dessert compounded with sorghum molasses. The rations served to men and officers were a little coarse corn-meal—too coarse to be palatable and too scanty to allow of sifting—and a very diminutive piece of fat bacon.* In the case of officers this scant provision was divided at once, and half of the meal and meat given to the negro servant. Often there was no salt to season the wretched meal. Those troops which were stationed immediately "on the lines" had a small ration of coffee, and as General Pendleton was constantly on the front he got his share, and this furnished the only coffee for the Lynch household. Miss Pendleton happened one morning to see the breakfast car-

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* Not over a quarter of a pound.
ried into Captain John Esten Cooke's tent,—two batter-cakes and a snow-bird!

During this visit General Pendleton was many hours of each day out on the lines, constantly riding from point to point giving supervision to artillery matters, besides discharging a great amount of office-work, but he was able to spend the evenings at Mr. Lynch's, and always concluded the day with prayers. Mr. Lynch used to say, "General Pendleton is a good enough Presbyterian for me when he gets on his knees."

On Sunday, February 5, having accompanied his wife and daughter to Dr. Platt's church, that gentleman called upon him to assist in administering the Holy Communion. General Robert E. Lee also was at church, and took a seat in the pew beside Miss Pendleton. Towards the close of the sermon a note was brought to him by an officer. He read it, but made no move until the communicants were summoned to the Holy Table. To the surprise of the congregation, General Lee was the first person to go up to the chancel-rail. Having received the sacred elements, he remained a moment on his knees, then arose, returned to his seat for his hat and gloves, and passed quickly out of the building. Sad news had thus hastily summoned the devout commander. An advance of the enemy on the right had seized the Confederate position on Hatcher's Run, and the gallant General Pegram had been killed in a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to dislodge them.

The unsuccessful errand of the Peace Commissioners, who had been sent about this time to confer with Mr. Lincoln and ascertain whether there were any possible terms on which an honorable peace could be established between the warring sections of the land, greatly dashed the hopes and anticipations of many persons in the South. Scarcely any, however, were willing to submit to Mr. Lincoln's demand for unconditional surrender, and Mr. Davis's spirited proclamation aroused anew the patriotism and zeal of the Southern army and people. To take advantage of this revived enthusiasm, and to extricate his destitute and diminishing army from the destructive cordon within which Grant was endeavoring to enclose it, General Lee was now desirous to with-

* The distinguished novelist and historian.
MEMOIRS OF

draw secretly from Petersburg and, abandoning the defence of Richmond, at least for a time, to establish the army towards the southwest in the hill country, where the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee would prevent its being surrounded, and where he could gather to it many detached bodies of troops at present of little avail.

Of this contemplated withdrawal of the Southern army General Pendleton wrote in 1873,—

"Weeks before his forced evacuation of the Petersburg lines our resolute but discerning commander, finding that his force could not be strengthened as he desired, reached the conclusion that it was unwise longer to remain there, and silently made arrangements for getting away. The artillery arm, for the management of which I was, under him, chiefly responsible, being in such movement most difficult of withdrawal, I was sent for by the general, and received from him confidential disclosure of his plan and corresponding instructions. . . . In accordance with instructions looking to such an endeavor the artillery was, as far as possible, at once mobilized."

The enemy's success at Hatcher's Run added another proof that it would not be much longer possible for the ill-fed and depleted army of defence to hold out against Grant's legions. For days—in sleet and snow and rain, exposed to pelting storm as well as leaden hail—the Southern soldiers were under arms and that almost without food. There was "no meat" reported the Confederate commissary.

To carry out this plan for change of base General Lee directed the accumulation of provisions at other points, especially Amelia Court-House, and sent thither all his surplus material.* Looking forward to such a move, it was expedient to send away all visitors from the vicinity of the army, and Mrs. Pendleton and party left Mr. Lynch's, and his family quickly followed, having no mind to stay where it was unsafe for other ladies to remain. After a brief stop in Hanover County, Mrs. Pendleton and her daughter took the cars for Staunton, where they arrived on the evening of

* Long's "Life of Lee."
February 29, to find the little town in dire alarm and distress. Early's small force at Rockfish Gap had just been dispersed or captured by Sheridan's powerful cavalry, and the whole valley lay at the mercy of that ruthless invader.

Staunton swarmed with paroled prisoners and the advance-guard of the enemy, whose whole force was approaching. For fear of capture all male citizens and horses had taken refuge in the mountains, and there was no possibility of getting on to Lexington. Stay at the hotel was equally impracticable, and Mrs. Pendleton's dilemma would have been alarming but for the great kindness shown her by the family of Rev. Richard H. Phillips. Mr. Phillips had been compelled to leave, but Mrs. Phillips took her friends to her house and made them as comfortable as the troubulous time and their own anxieties permitted.

General Lee's intention to leave the trenches at Petersburg was overruled by the Confederate authorities in Richmond, and so while Mrs. Pendleton was cut off from communication with her family for two weeks, although only forty miles away, her husband heard from them regularly. From his daughter Rose he learned of private difficulties as well as public calamities harassing them. A thief had, on a stormy night, ripped off the back of the smoke-house and stolen almost the whole of the supply of bacon, the only meat they had to depend upon for feeding a family consisting of six white females, four school-boys, and seven negro servants, several of the latter being old and infirm.

General Pendleton did not know of his wife's detention in Staunton, while she, on her part, remained ignorant of the loss of her precious supply of meat. Writing March 2, 1865, General Pendleton says,—

"Deeply have I felt for you the last six hours, since getting Rose's letter telling of the robbery last Thursday night. When I first learned of this loss I felt dismayed, for I could not think how you could be supplied again. But further consideration has quieted my mind, and I have already taken some steps towards your relief. I have written a letter jointly to Mr. James White, Mr. Tutwiler, and Mr. Steele, requesting their friendly agency towards having you all supplied with meat and with the addi-
tional flour you will need. I tell them I will pay either in Confederate money or in current funds after the war what they may agree upon as proper. . . . My chief anxiety now is lest you should so harass yourself as to break down your health again. . . . Dear Rose! How she suffered from the feeling of responsibility at this loss! But she did her best. My love to them all. How I wish I could have the darling baby in my arms!"

On March 12 his daughter Rose wrote,—

"The stage from Staunton has not yet come, and it is thought will not be in before to-morrow night. I wrote you that mamma had sent me word to send for her. I sent the boys to inquire for any sort of a vehicle, and they could procure none, and, even if one could have been gotten, the cost of going and coming from Staunton would have been very nearly, if not quite, four hundred dollars. So on the whole I think it is a great deal better to wait until a way is opened. I have heard of no opportunity to send them a letter, and we hear nothing from them. I don't think mamma has ever heard of the loss of the bacon, and am very glad your letters are here to comfort her when she does hear of it. The whole county is suffering in the same way. I am very much afraid the gentlemen you wrote to will not be able to procure the bacon for you here. There has been a meeting held to contribute supplies for General Lee's army. The people will, I think, be much more disposed to contribute liberally than they would have been some time ago, for they are in a state of uncertainty about the coming of the Yankees. This county has been very heavily drained to feed General Early's army for many months."

On March 15 Mrs. Pendleton announced her safe arrival at home, having been obliged to leave her baggage in Staunton. Her letters of the next few weeks show her desire to lighten her husband's anxieties about her means of subsistence:

"The gentlemen you wrote to have all called to say that they will do anything for me. Mr. Steele said he was going about to hunt up provisions for General Lee's army, and would see what he could do. . . . I am not yet entirely out of meat, and I can
get eggs occasionally for six dollars. Butter is twelve dollars. I am mistress of about five and a half barrels of flour and about twenty bushels of corn, so that present necessities are provided for. As soon as the weather will permit I shall have the garden done up. Where do you think I expect to get garden-seed from? The Lunatic Asylum! They gave me peas and snaps and promised me cabbage-plants."

Through the liberality of a friend, who had heard of the great loss sustained by General Pendleton's family in the theft of their provisions, the general received from a fund sent over by an English sympathizer several English guineas. These he immediately transmitted to his wife by the hand of his friend and neighbor, Colonel Reid, who carried up the precious gold in a pill-box in his pocket. The knowledge that she had even a small quantity of gold was a comfort to him, and he gave her many hints and directions for making her garden and lots as productive as possible, and in one of his last brief letters from Petersburg, March 22, says,—

"Colonel Thomas Carter goes to Lynchburg in the morning, and I send by him a package of garden-seed to Colonel William Nelson, for the latter to send to you by some safe person. Fifty dollars for these seed."

CHAPTER XLIII.

EVACUATION OF PETERSBURG—SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

Sheridan's cavalry, flushed with success, were believed to be directing their course via Gordonsville to Lynchburg; a number of field-guns, for which there were no horses, had been previously sent thither, and now a force had to be detached from Lee's army to man these guns and protect the town. On the morning of March 7 General Pendleton was directed by the commanding general to send men enough to Lynchburg to man six or eight guns, to report to Colonel Carter, who had been
sent up to take command of this artillery.* A sudden rise in James River and the destruction of the bridges, however, compelled the great raider to change his route, and it was not unlikely that he might make an attempt against Richmond on the north and west. Artillery here, too, had to be the main reliance, as no infantry could be spared from the trenches. General Pendleton wrote, March 17,—

"The raiders have probably passed round to Grant. They did a good deal of mischief. I was in Richmond to aid in guarding against them on the northwest. Returned here yesterday. Have been very busy ever since. We look for active operations before long. It will be a very severe campaign. I am D. V. to preach for Cabell's battalion day after to-morrow."†

Early in February Congress had conferred on General Lee the title of commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, a position which, if given him before, might have led to a state of things very different from that now pressing upon him. At this time also a bill for further promotions in the artillery branch of the service was, after long delay, brought to a favorable conclusion. We have before seen that in January, 1862, a bill had authorized the appointment of one brigadier-general for every eighty guns, a colonel for forty, etc. General Pendleton's own promotion to the rank of brigadier was, however, the only one made until

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* On the note from Colonel W. W. Taylor, A.A.G., containing General Lee's direction to General Pendleton to select and despatch this force, is a pencil memorandum by General Pendleton of the men sent,—"Garber, Jones, and Carrington's companies."

† Camp Callaway, March 16, 1865.

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON.

DEAR SIR,—Circumstances with us are so favorable now that I would be very glad to have you come and preach for us, if the nature of your duties will permit. We have a commodious church, a large congregation, and a ripe state of religious interest. I would be glad that you would address us twice, if convenient, and once, at least, use the ritual of the Episcopal Church. I would be glad that you would consider yourself my guest. May we expect you next Sabbath, if the weather is favorable?

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant and brother in Christ,

CHARLES J. OLIVER,

Chaplain Cabell's Battalion Artillery.
September, 1863, when Colonels A. L. Long and E. P. Alexander were given similar rank, and Colonel R. L. Walker after the passage of the last bill. This tardiness in acknowledging the gallant services of so important and efficient a branch of the service General Pendleton felt as a great injustice to the brave officers serving under him, and from the seven days' battles round Richmond he had not ceased to urge that the full allowance of promotions should be given to men who so well deserved it. The slowness of the legislative authorities in acknowledging the efficiency of the artillery General Pendleton accounted for in a confidential communication some years later:

"On the ground, probably, that this arm of the service, all-essential as it is, can never be independent, but always only co-operative with others, Confederate law allowed in it no grade above that of brigadier. Only such, therefore, was I to the last, though having under me three other artillery brigadiers, and, consequently, serving in fact as a major-general. But as no exaltation of name was, so far as I know myself, a ruling motive with me, the incongruity never disturbed me. It was about to be corrected on General Lee's recommendation when irreparable reverse befell our army and cause."

This irreparable reverse was now close upon them. Lee's army seemed melting away. Grant was preparing for vigorous work so soon as the spring should open. Sherman was almost within striking distance in North Carolina, and Sheridan drawing near to lengthen and strengthen the already immense body of the besieging army. The Richmond authorities had opposed and prevented General Lee's plan of withdrawing from Petersburg, and he must remain there against his better judgment and face the tremendous odds before him. But to sit quietly awaiting the contraction of the deadly coil which must soon surround him was contrary to the genius and practice of the great soldier. Frequent and earnest were the consultations as to the best utilizing of the force which still held the long line of defences.* On the morning of March 25 the chief of artillery was notified to meet

* Constant summons to such consultations are found among General Pendleton's papers.
the commanding general at five o'clock A.M. at the head-quarters of Major-General Gordon. General Lee had decided to make a daring and desperate attempt to break General Grant's line near the centre by an attack upon Fort Steadman, which, it was believed, could be carried by surprise. The attack was made gallantly in the early morning and at first seemed successful, but "for some reason which has never been made very clear" the supporting column did not advance promptly to the assistance of the force which had seized the fort. "One of those unfortunate failures in combination which have caused the loss of so many battles here occurred, and the well-devised plan of the Confederate commander came to naught . . . whatever may have been the cause of the fatal delay."* Two days later Sheridan joined Grant, and preparations were at once made to surround Lee on his right and seize all his southern communications.

Divining his enemy's purpose, General Lee moved quickly to the right, with all the men he could spare from the fortifications, about seventeen thousand, and, as was his wont, attacked himself the Federal advance. Their foremost divisions gave way, but the heavy masses behind these could not be successfully encountered by Lee's greatly inferior force, and he returned to his intrenchments. Sheridan's advance upon Five Forks the same day, March 31, was met and driven back by Fitz Lee's cavalry and Pickett's infantry. Reinforced, however, by two infantry corps, he carried the position at Five Forks on April 1, and on the morning of the 2d the whole Federal force was thrown upon the thin and exhausted Confederate lines, and overpowering them by their immensely superior numbers, succeeded in taking possession of the outer line of fortifications, the Southern troops falling back behind the inner line of works.

Forts Alexander and Gregg were strong redoubts defending this inner line, and against them a powerful Federal assault was directed. Fort Alexander was taken, and, after a desperate resistance, Fort Gregg also. Of the two hundred and fifty gallant soldiers who held it only thirty were taken alive,—every other man died in its defence. This was about seven o'clock in the morning. When General Pendleton joined General Lee at day-

* Long's "Life of Lee."
break, he had sent Lieutenant Peterkin with some directions to Colonel Hilary Jones. Riding rapidly to deliver this order, and returning, Mr. Peterkin met General Lee, accompanied by General Pendleton and others, drawing slowly back from the vicinity of Fort Gregg, which had just fallen. There was no Confederate force close at hand, and an immediate advance might have captured General Lee and those with him. With the enemy thus within his stronghold, the utmost that General Lee could do was to maintain a bold front during the day, and withdraw his army as soon as night came. Tidings of the disaster which had befallen the army, and of his intention to evacuate the lines at Petersburg, were immediately sent to the government at Richmond, and arrangements made for withdrawing the army as soon as the darkness should conceal their movements.

The part taken by General Pendleton and the artillery during these last days in the trenches is best told by himself:

"Owing to the demonstrations of the enemy on the right of our lines near Petersburg on the morning of April 1, I ordered seven guns of Poague's battalion, which had been held in reserve near Howlett's, to march to Petersburg, and on the night of the 1st, by direction of the commanding general, I ordered down the remainder of the battalion, and at the same time ordered the guns, which had arrived during the day, to proceed on the road towards the right, so as to be out of sight of the town by dawn. Those guns were used with good effect near Mr. Turnbull's house (General Lee's head-quarters) on the morning of the 2d, where the enemy had unexpectedly massed a heavy force against that portion of our line, and succeeded in breaking it, and then, sweeping down towards the city, captured a number of men and guns along the line. While these guns were well contesting the ground and holding the enemy in check, Lieutenant-Colonel Poague arrived with the remainder of his guns, and rendered admirable service in retarding the heavy advance of the enemy until such troops as remained could be withdrawn into the interior line. Three pieces with Major Brander were placed on the north side of the Appomattox, so as to annoy the left flank of the enemy and prevent his crossing. On the line and to the right of the Cox road were placed four pieces of the 'Horse
Artillery,' under Lieutenant-Colonel Chew and Major Breathed. The enemy had by this time (twelve o'clock) fully established his line from Fort Gregg to the Appomattox River. In the fighting attendant upon these operations various batteries of the Third Corps were captured. The conduct of officers and men was worthy of all praise, and that of the drivers and supernumeraries of the artillery,—Third Corps,—who had been by General Walker, chief of artillery of that corps, armed with muskets, deserves special mention. Those in Fort Gregg fought until literally crushed by numbers, and scarcely a man survived.

"In the mean time the firing on Colonel Jones's front, east of the city, had been severe. During the night of the 1st the fire from mortars and guns was incessant, and the men were very much exposed throughout the 2d. I saw Colonel Jones on the line about three p.m., and found his pieces so disposed as effectually to prevent any attempt of the enemy to improve the advantage already gained at the river salient.

"I was at Battery 45 during the day, and directed its guns against columns of the enemy moving down the valley towards the Weldon Railroad. The officers in charge of that part of the line deeming an attack imminent, I ordered two pieces of artillery to strengthen the position.

"In obedience to orders from the commanding general, I ordered the withdrawal of all the guns at eight p.m. This was accomplished with entire success. And although the difficulties on Colonel Jones's line were very great, he succeeded in withdrawing all the guns but about ten, which for the most part were not provided with horses and not intended to be removed. Several mortars were also brought off. Every piece that was abandoned was first disabled. After making all necessary arrangements with regard to this movement, and seeing all the guns safely across the river, about two a.m. of the 3d of April 1 moved on by the Hickory road and marched all night."*

The crossing to the north side of the river was a necessity, since the enemy occupied all the country on the south side, and the army was pushed on to Amelia Court-House. The relief of

* General Pendleton's report, written at Appomattox on April 10.
getting away from the trenches and being once more in the open
country for a little while buoyed up the spirits of men and offi-
cers, and the march of the first night and day was a rapid one.
But the roads were heavy with incessant rains, the scanty rations
were soon consumed, the long wagon-train encumbered and hin-
dered the progress of infantry and artillery, and the weary,
hungry men plodded along and urged on their tired teams,
cheered by the hope of finding a good store of provisions for
man and beast at Amelia Court-House. But, alas! disobedience
or neglect, incompetence or wilful disregard of duty, had failed
to carry out General Lee's direction that an abundant supply of
food should meet him there. "Delay and embarrassment un-
avoidably ensued,—men and horses were starving." For nearly
two days and nights they had been without rest or food, and it
was impossible for them to proceed until something of both
could be procured. Foraging parties were, therefore, sent out
to secure whatever food was to be had, and the retreating force
in this way partially depleted and demoralized. Of the progress
to Amelia Court-House General Pendleton says,—

"The march on the 3d was very slow and fatiguing on account
of the immense number of carriages with the army. At night I
bivouacked on the road-side about nine miles from Goode's bridge.*
Amelia Court-House I reached on the morning of the 4th."

The lack of food made it necessary to divide the column, so
that a wider extent of country might afford a better supply of
forage especially. General Pendleton, therefore, "immediately
proceeded to arrange for reducing the artillery with the troops to
a proportionate quantity and properly to dispose of the surplus.
These arrangements were at length effected, and on the 5th Gen-
eral Walker moved to the right and west of the line of march of
the army, having in charge all the artillery not needed with the
troops. Ninety-five caissons, mostly loaded, which had early in
the winter been sent from Petersburg to the rear, were here
destroyed." †

* Here the army had to cross to the south side of the Appomattox to push on
westward.
† Report.
All hope of pressing on beyond the enemy's pursuit was rendered impossible by the enforced delay at Amelia, and when the retreat was resumed on the evening of the 5th, hunger, weariness, and despondency had lessened the spirit and endurance of the twenty thousand men remaining of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the mean time the Federal cavalry had pressed rapidly to the front, and Grant's whole force advancing by an almost parallel line, took advantage of the opportunity to seize on the most important points, and to intercept the retreating troops at the most unexpected places. And now began a series of continued skirmishes and fightings accompanied by disaster after disaster.

In the words of one of General Pendleton's staff, "It was a period in which no note was taken of day nor night; one long, confused, dreadful day. There seemed to be no front nor rear, for firing and fighting might be heard ahead and behind and on both sides at once. There were no 'head-quarters' except where the ambulance happened to be." And this confusion was intensified by almost absolute starvation. One day a tiny bit of raw bacon, another a handful of uncooked corn,—part of the scanty horse-feed,—was all that the general had to sustain life, and men and horses dropped by the road-side exhausted by want and weariness.

"By ten A.M. on the 6th of April we reached Rice's Station, South Side Railroad," continues General Pendleton. "Our troops here went into line, and I chose positions for guns, commanding the Burkeville road and sweeping the ground to its left. On this line there was severe skirmishing during the evening, but no attack by the enemy. The enemy's cavalry, meanwhile, having attacked our wagon-train about two miles back on the road, I, happening to be with the commanding general when he received information of this, was requested by him to see what could be done to prevent any further loss in that quarter. On the way I met a few wearied men of Harris's brigade, and taking of them some twenty volunteers, proceeded with them to the road where the train had been attacked. While attempting to rescue some of the property most valuable I discovered a line of the enemy in a thick pine wood, and supposing it to be but a small body I prepared for attack thereon,—one of General Cooke's regiments
having just reported to me in consequence of a message sent by me to the commanding general. This regiment, however, proved unable to hold its ground, and fell back some half a mile until reinforced by two regiments of cavalry. They then again moved forward, but after regaining the original position the infantry was recalled by General Cooke, and the cavalry, by my direction, fell back with a few prisoners they had secured. The enemy had, meantime, fired our train to prevent anything being saved. They then seemed disposed to quit, and as nothing apparently remained to be accomplished by the small force with me, I directed it slowly to withdraw towards our main body and myself returned in that direction."

Having ascertained from a confidential despatch captured in Richmond the numbers and plans of the Confederate commander, General Grant had pushed forward heavy masses of his troops to points which the retreat must pass, and at nearly the same time with the fight at Rice's Station the rear half of Lee's army, under command of General Ewell, was attacked both in front and rear by a force immensely outnumbering them. Exhausted by hunger and fatigue, their brave resistance was soon overpowered, and with the exception of two hundred and fifty men the whole command was either killed, wounded, or captured. General Lee had gone in person to try and turn the tide of disaster, but finding such attempt useless he returned to the other troops, and told General Pendleton on coming up with him, "General, that half of our army is destroyed."

When night set in the guns along the line were withdrawn, and the retreat continued towards Farmville, which was reached on the early morning of the 7th. Here some rations were found and distributed to the troops, the first they had had since leaving Petersburg. Short time was there, however, to prepare this food, for it was necessary again to cross the Appomattox to the north side, and the enemy being close behind, the bridges were fired to check, if not prevent, pursuit.

During this time a consultation among the superior officers was held, and they decided that, in view of the immense force

* General Pendleton's report.

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which was pressing them and the exhausted condition of their small numbers, further resistance was unadvisable, as it could only result in destruction to the remnant of the army without accomplishing any good.

General Pendleton was deputed to communicate this opinion of his brother officers to General Lee. His own account says,—

"Fighting was going on, but not very severely, so that conversation was practicable. General Gordon had with me an interview, told me of discouraging intelligence from the South, and of a conference which had been held between other responsible officers and himself, and announced their joint wish that, if my views agreed with theirs, I should convey to General Longstreet, as second in command, and then, if he agreed, to General Lee, our united judgment that the cause had become so hopeless we thought it wrong longer to be having men killed on either side, and not right, moreover, that our beloved commander should be left to bear the entire trial of initiating the idea of terms with the enemy. My judgment not conflicting with those expressed, it seemed to me duty to convey them to General Lee. At first General Longstreet dissented, but on second thought preferred that himself should be represented with the rest. General Lee was lying alone, resting, at the base of a large pine-tree. I approached and sat by him. To a statement of the case he quietly listened, and then, courteously expressing thanks for the consideration of his subordinates in desiring to relieve him in part of existing burdens, spoke in about these words: 'I trust it has not come to that. We certainly have too many brave men to think of laying down our arms. They still fight with great spirit, whereas the enemy does not. And, besides, if I were to intimate to General Grant that I would listen to terms, he would at once regard it as such an evidence of weakness that he would demand unconditional surrender, and sooner than that I am resolved to die. Indeed, we must all determine to die at our posts.' My reply could only be that every man would no doubt cheerfully meet death with him in discharge of duty, and that we were perfectly willing that he should decide the question."*
Less than twenty-four hours after this General Grant himself sent General Lee a note asking for the surrender of his army. To this General Lee replied with an inquiry as to what terms of surrender General Grant proposed to offer, and in the mean time pushed his army on a long march towards Appomattox Court-House. Says General Pendleton,—

"As we were leaving Farmville by the bridges which there cross the Appomattox River the enemy pressed up close after our rear-guard, and guns were placed in position and used to good purpose on the heights north of the river. . . . This position was held all day, and it was not until midnight that the column moved on. In spite of the terrible roads quite a long march was effected, and the evening of the 8th saw the head of our column near Appomattox Court-House. I pushed on in person to communicate with General Walker, and found him with his command parked about two miles beyond the court-house. While I was with him an attack, wholly unexpected, was made by the enemy on his defenceless camp. To avoid immediate disaster under this attack demanded the exercise of all our energies. It was, however, at once effectually repelled by the aid, especially, of the two gallant artillery companies of Captains Walker and Dickenson, under command of the former, which, being at the time unequipped as artillerists, were armed with muskets. They met the enemy's sharp-shooters in a brushwood near, and enabled a number of General Walker's pieces to play with effect while the remainder of his train was withdrawn.

"After a sharp skirmish this attack seemed entirely remedied, and I started back, having received by courier a note requesting my presence with the commanding general. When I had reached a point a few hundred yards from the court-house, some of the enemy's cavalry, which had under cover of dusk gained the road, came rushing along, firing upon everything, and I only escaped by leaping my horse over the fence into a clump of sassafras-bushes, and skirting along the left of that road towards our column then advancing, and until I reached a point where the enemy's charge was checked." *

* Report.
When General Pendleton did come up with General Lee—at about one A.M. of the 9th—he found the general "dressed in his neatest style, new uniform, snowy linen, etc." To General Pendleton's expression of surprise General Lee explained, "I have probably to be General Grant's prisoner, and thought I must make my best appearance." Since their interview of some thirty hours before, repeated communications had passed between the Federal and Confederate commanders, and General Lee had resolved, if an attempt to cut through the enemy's cordon and push on next morning should prove unsuccessful, he must then make the best terms possible and surrender his worn-out little army.

"Having briefly expressed to me his views," writes General Pendleton, "he desired me, worn and weary, to get some rest, and closed by directing me,—'In the morning be governed by circumstances.'"

In the morning "circumstances" were more hopeless than ever. The brave little army found itself surrounded and intercepted on all sides by an immense force, and though a gallant resistance in front by cavalry, artillery, and infantry succeeded not only in checking the enemy's advance, but actually drove it back and captured two guns and a number of prisoners, it was evident to all that prolonged fighting could only result in the absolute destruction of the eight thousand men who had been reported for duty that morning. General Lee therefore requested an interview with General Grant, and towards one o'clock the two commanders met and agreed upon terms of surrender.

By the time General Lee returned to his own lines the news of their surrender had spread through his army, and the conviction that they had failed to achieve the independence they had so valiantly struggled for—that the cause for which they had fought and bled and for which so many noble Southerners had died was lost—filled all hearts with an agony of grief too deep for expression. There was some relief to know that the unequal struggle was no longer to be maintained,—that the weary might rest and the starving hope for food; but far stronger than this was the sense of humiliation, the regret for hopes crushed, and the anguish of defeat to men so long accustomed to victory against almost any odds.

As General Lee rode back to his head-quarters the men
crowded round him, and with tears streaming down their bronzed faces sought to press his hand, and silently showed their devotion to the beloved commander whose appearance they had been wont to greet with shouts of applause.

General Grant appointed as his commissioners to carry out the details of surrender Major-Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt. Those on the Confederate side were Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Major-General Gordon, and Brigadier-General Pendleton. These officers, as soon as practicable, adjusted articles of the surrender in detail, and the different bodies of troops were paroled and disbanded. Notwithstanding the "oppression and depression" which filled all hearts, there was considerable excitement among General Pendleton's staff when they learned of his appointment as one of the commissioners of surrender, and a general desire to enable him to make the best appearance possible. To brush up his well-worn gray uniform, tarnished and defaced by the long winter on the lines and the hardships of the march, was all that could be done for his clothing. Even if they had possessed better, the stout soldier of fifty-five could not wear the apparel of his younger, slenderer attendants; but they, too, were in such woeful case that only one among them could be made neat enough to accompany him. The most they could accomplish to better his outfit was to mount him upon Dr. Graham's handsome black horse instead of his own "old Brown," and to put upon his hands a pair of new gloves belonging to another staff-officer. And so, accompanied by Mr. Peterkin, he rode to General Gibbon's head-quarters, where the details of the surrender were agreed upon and signed by the six commissioners.

Then came the leave-taking between himself and his beloved commander, when both were affected to tears, and other officers who had come on a similar errand wept in sympathy. Then the sad parting among the military family at artillery head-quarters, endeared to each other by the common dangers and hardships of their arduous campaigns; and finally the starting homeward in the ambulance, accompanied only by Dr. Graham, who was also a resident of Lexington. Before this departure the whole army, including stragglers, had been paroled and disbanded. In concluding his final report on the 10th of April, General Pen-
dleton stated that “of two hundred and fifty field-pieces belonging to the army on the lines near Richmond and Petersburg only sixty-one remained and thirteen caissons” to be surrendered. The rest had been captured or abandoned on the retreat.

After the morning of the 9th the starving Southerners had been fed by rations issued on General Grant's orders, who in this as in other arrangements connected with the surrender showed himself a magnanimous conqueror. Respect and admiration for his foe must have largely filled his mind. Not only had General Lee held him at bay for many months with an ill-fed and half-clothed army not one-third as large as his own well-equipped and nourished troops, but, after disaster which might well have appalled the boldest, had withdrawn the remnant of that army successfully from his front, and after struggling for a whole week, not only against overwhelming numbers, but against starvation and deathly fatigue, both officers and men had been ready on the very morning of the surrender to fight to the death to defend their rights and homes. Knowing the small number—“not more than twenty-five thousand men”—who began the retreat from Petersburg, and the enormous hosts which Grant summoned to surround them, we can but marvel at the steady and determined spirit which animated them under circumstances well calculated to fill them with despair.

When, on April 10, the troops were paroled there were only eight thousand with arms, and counting stragglers, civilians, and all who claimed to form part of the army, there were only twenty-eight thousand three hundred and fifty-six of all arms.

The Army of the Potomac was, when the pursuit began, one hundred and twenty-one thousand strong, and must have numbered one hundred thousand at least at this date.

All the circumstances and experiences connected with the surrender of Lee's army were so painful that General Pendleton rarely spoke of them. Once or twice he began a narration of them to his daughter, Mrs. Lee, who was in Canada at the time, but emotion choked his utterance, and he put it off until “some other time,” which time never came. Writing to her some six weeks after the sad conclusion of hostilities, he said,—

“You were, no doubt, greatly astonished and shocked at the
suddenness with which our army and cause failed after the break-up at Petersburg and Richmond. It was to some extent a matter of surprise to us who were on the spot. But the truth is the enormous disparity of force was experienced then as never before, and the conviction of it, added to all their long privations, so discouraged the majority of our soldiers in the ranks as to take all the fight out of them. And, therefore, when the disaster of a broken line at Petersburg occurred, and we had to evacuate at night, and then continue retreating a week or more, mainly at night, while offering battle in the day, with a vastly outnumbering force of cavalry, as well as of other arms, literally surrounding us, our men scattered in the woods, etc., until the army melted away to a mere handful, so that at last we had only some seven thousand muskets to oppose Grant's multitude. Still, battle was delivered on the very morning of the surrender, with habitual spirit and triumphant success by the brave remnant of the heroic Army of Northern Virginia up to the very moment of recall to our troops by General Lee. The South was really exhausted and could do no more, hence with the failure of this army the rapid collapse of the entire cause."

CHAPTER XLIV.

RETURN HOME—RESUMPTION OF PARISH WORK—CONDITIONS OF DAILY LIFE.

The first tidings of the culmination of disaster at Appomattox came to the household in Lexington on Wednesday, April 12, from a crippled soldier friend, who with faltering voice and streaming eyes related to them the rumors that filled all hearts with dismay. For two days they kept the sad news from Mrs. Pendleton, fearing it would be injurious to her enfeebled health. Late in the dusk of Good Friday, April 14, when the rain was pouring in torrents, the sound of an approaching vehicle was heard, and in a few moments the beloved husband and father was restored to his home. So great, however, was the pressure of disappointment and defeat,—nay, almost of despair,—that this
home-coming so long and earnestly desired was announced and welcomed with hushed voices and solemn steps, as though some form beloved and dead were being borne to its last home. The household mourned not only their lost cause and their own gallant dead, but shared the universal grief of their bereaved and conquered Southern Land. To repine under calamity was, as we have seen, contrary to the character and principles of the family, and the comfort of being once more together and the knowledge that bloodshed and devastation had ceased, cheered them amidst their sorrow. Then there was the dear baby to brighten them, and household cares and duties to occupy and divert their minds.

It is almost impossible for those who did not experience it, to realize the absolute disorganization of affairs in Virginia at this time. There were no mails, no public conveyances, no banks, no money. Those officers and men of the paroled army who were so fortunate as to possess horses were, by the terms of surrender, allowed to take them home; others had to make their way thither on foot, depending on the kindness of the people along the road for food and lodging.* Nothing more strongly testifies to the honor and virtue of Southern manhood than the fact that throughout the wide extent of territory traversed by thousands of penniless soldiers thus returning home there were so few instances of marauding and maltreatment of the country people.

On returning from church on Easter Sunday, April 16, where General Pendleton had accomplished his ardent desire and had dedicated his little grandson to God in baptism, the parsonage porch was found full of soldiers, who had come thither sure of welcome and refreshment. Welcome was abundant, but where-with to feed so many hungry men was a serious perplexity. Mrs. Pendleton's sole remaining piece of meat—a small ham—had been boiled the day before and not much of it remained. A kind lady in Lynchburg had given the general two beef-tongues and a box of sardines, but the tongues were uncooked and the sardines not a mouthful around. There was bread and milk, a

* Going down-town one morning, Miss Pendleton saw six one-legged soldiers sitting on a pile of plank; they seemed cheerful and uncomplaining, and expected to limp safely to their homes in Tennessee and North Carolina.
pot of coffee from a precious hoard kept for sickness, and a little winter lettuce. True, this was better fare than the war-worn soldiers had been accustomed to for long months, but not sufficient in quantity or quality to satisfy a hospitable Virginia hostess. While the ladies were discussing the possibilities of providing more dinner, one of them was summoned to the kitchen, where she found a negro woman with three dozen eggs. To provide some scanty mourning for their brother the young ladies had sold such of their dresses as could not be colored black. This negro woman had bought one of these dresses in October, paying down three hundred dollars Confederate money and promising the other two hundred dollars when her hens should lay. That time had now come, and having some association in her mind between Easter and eggs, she had trudged into town three miles that Sunday morning with them, thus relieving Mrs. Pendleton's anxieties and her guests' hunger. One of the latter described the dinner as the most delicious he had ever eaten.

Yankee adventurers soon pervaded the country and opened variety stores, selling their wares at exorbitant prices, and absorbing the small hoards of gold and silver which the negroes—who had been clothed and fed by their masters—alone possessed. Although there was no way of getting money for supplies, the soldiers continued to claim hospitality, and the question of food became daily more pressing. Had not some small stock of provisions remained in possession of the Confederate commissary, from which the paroled soldiers could in the first weeks get an occasional ration, there would have been several times absolutely nothing to feed them on.

So soon, therefore, as the late spring and incessant rains made it practicable, General Pendleton devoted his time and labors to the planting his garden and lots near the town. One of his riding-horses proved unfit for such work; but with the other and his son's riding-horse his lot was ploughed by himself and the school-boys, and corn planted with the assistance of his daughters. More than once it happened that weary and hungry soldiers accosted the roughly-clad, mud-stained, gray-haired man they saw digging and planting, with the request that he would show them where they could get something to eat, and on being taken at once to his own house, were overwhelmed with con-
fusion to find that they had mistaken the beloved and honored general for a day-laborer.

Many weeks passed before the United States government established any postal facilities. In the mean time the only way to communicate with the absent daughter was to send letters by private hand in the hope that they might reach Mrs. Edmund J. Lee in Shepherdstown, and be by her forwarded to her son and his wife in Canada. Many of these letters never came to hand, others remain to tell their story.

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, May 26, 1865.
Friday night, in mamma's room.

"Our hearts were inexpressibly cheered this evening by the receipt of your letter of May 11, which is the only intelligence we have had direct from you since that written March 3, by Mr. West. Your mother writes that she has sent us all of your letters, but not one of them has ever reached us except E——'s, giving the description of your first journey. We embrace every opportunity of sending letters to points where they can be mailed. You would be more than surprised to see how quiet and comfortable we are here. The enemy has paid us but one short visit, of which mamma wrote you this week. There were three hundred, and they stayed only two or three hours, their sole errand being to arrest Mr. Letcher,—on what plea no one knows. There are as yet no 'Freedmen' here, and our 'servants' are still in statu quo. Mr. Slow was permitted to go with Henry Douglass to Jefferson, to visit his family, some time ago. Mrs. P——'s Harriet had to be notified to leave three days ago, as she seemed inclined to assert her equality. Their benefactors tell them in proclamations that, though 'free,' they do not share their masters' property, and will have to work to support themselves even harder than they have done heretofore. We have an armed patrol which keeps perfect order and makes them stand in some fear. Dudley has been with us since Tuesday. We never hear a word from Richmond, though papa has received forty dollars of the one hundred dollars.* We

* Before leaving Richmond, General Edwin Lee had felt it necessary to make some provision for his wife, in case she should be captured by the blockading fleet and she forced to return home. He therefore sold all their household and personal effects, and brought a hundred dollars in gold, which he committed to safe-keeping in Richmond;
could not live without it. Papa has gotten both gardens in fine order, and the rain, which has been falling all day, will help all of his pets. The big lot which we planted in corn seems to bid fair to repay our labors, and I hope our patches of watermelons and muskmelons will flourish too. The whole atmosphere here is redolent with the sweet perfume of the thousand roses which delight our eyes. The bushes were much killed by the severe winter, but the bloom, though not so profuse as I have seen it, is very beautiful. We have had three little dishes of strawberries for our tea, and sugar with them too. But the baby grows beyond everything here. He is devoted to both of his grandparents, and it is amusing to see their efforts to entice him to leave the arms of one and go to the other. The little monkey has had so little experience of the good things of this life that he refuses both sugar and strawberries. We got the four dresses by Mr. Charles Lee, and we cannot express our gratitude and thanks for them. Nancy and Rose took the calicoes, mamma the chally de laine, and the other is put by for Lella. . . . Papa is sleepy and tired by the setting out of several hundred cabbage-plants, so we must leave him the privilege of retiring. We are afraid to look into the future, and can only trust ourselves in the hands of our all-seeing and all-merciful Father, who doeth all things well."

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, Thursday, June 7, 1865."

"MY DEAR CHILD,—Your letter of May 25 reached us yesterday in a bundle, sent by Mrs. Lee, containing two mousseline dresses and a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs. . . . You ask how we get on. Much as usual. The 'Freed' have not left yet, but will do almost nothing. We have plenty of flour, but not a bit of meat, though we have only been a few days with a dinner of herbs. This day week we had dried apples, lettuce, and our Georgia molasses. The next morning before breakfast Colonel Gilham sent me a fore-quarter of nice mutton, which made us comfortable dinners for four days. Yesterday and to-day we dine on herbs. True

and after the surrender, this money, with twenty dollars sent them by Bishop Johns, was all the family in Lexington had for several months. It is curious to remember that the articles which brought the highest price were General Lee's wedding suit and some bridal finery of his wife."
to my resolution not to open the molasses until your papa’s return, we have it now in this our scantest time. We opened it on the day you wrote last, Ascension Day. Dudley was here, so Mary made a good pudding of the cherries we dried last summer, and we thought it delightful. Lest you have not received our letters, I must tell you again that your papa is at work frequently from five in the morning until six in the evening. I trust it may please Heaven to give us fruitful seasons and a rich reward for all his labors. He has the garden in beautiful order. . . .

"Our oppressors have as yet established no mails. I hate to be indebted to them for even what will be a comfort to us. No letter from Anne Rose since April. . . . Your papa says I must tell you both he waits on Providence. If they infringe his parole he will appeal to General Grant. If you have not received our letters you don’t know that Mr. Norton left the Tuesday after your papa got home, and the vestry asked your papa to take charge of the parish until they get a minister, saying frankly that they can pay him nothing. I suppose we will stay until they can afford to pay him, and that will be a long, long time. The house leaks dreadfully, but still we are comfortable. . . . Why we are so prostrated I cannot see. I cannot think we are a dead people, and that all that we have done and suffered is for less than naught I cannot believe.

"Our enemies are now hunting poor Governor Smith ‘like a flea in the mountains.’ Last night seventy-five men rode up to General Smith’s and searched for him. Colonel Massie’s house was searched too. It is said three negroes went to Staunton and reported the poor man here. We hear these seventy-five soldiers are come to stay; they are encamped in General Smith’s meadow opposite the Institute grounds. Your Uncle Philip’s negroes had gone, and most of them from Oakland. Betsey wrote that John,* Bob,† and William,‡ with two women, were replanting corn. Dear Aunt Judy quite well. She still has President Davis prayed for. The two last Sundays your papa has omitted the prayer. It seems right, but is very painful. . . . Mrs. Letcher has heard of Governor Letcher from a friend in Winchester, who went to

* Major Page. † Rev. Dr. Nelson. ‡ Colonel Nelson, of the artillery.
see General Torbert to inquire after him. He is in a comfortable room in the arsenal, closely guarded, and not allowed to write to her. . . . Our baby is very sweet. I trust he may escape measles, which are all around us."

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, June 12, 1865.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—Your Cousin Bob, who came on a brief visit last Friday, leaves us to-morrow morning, and as he expects to take a trip on business as far as Washington, and probably to New York, his going furnishes an opportunity not to be lost of communicating with General Edwin and yourself. Your last letter written on Ascension Day duly reached us, greatly to the comfort of all the household, for hopeful as we are that you will both continue safe and well where you are, we are always anxious to hear freshly and definitely of your well-being.

"I have not much to tell you in the way of news. Indeed, of the general course of events you are kept by the Northern papers better informed than we are. Papers frequently reach here,—Northern, Richmond, and Lynchburg,—but it is not often that I can permit myself to encounter the irritation of reading them. There seems still to be some uncertainty as to Andy Johnson's purpose respecting officers and others excepted from the Amnesty Proclamation,—whether he intends confiscation and banishment, or either one without the other, or some other infliction, or a final exoneration. I am not particularly anxious about my own destiny in the case. Satisfied as I am that duty in the sight of God has been my aim, and that our cause is and has always been a righteous one, I hope I can meet the trial that may come in the right spirit and still possess my soul in patience, relying upon those supports which the Almighty will not withhold from His servant looking to Him in trouble. But the fact is I do not believe the shrewd Andy will violate Grant's parole, notwithstanding the blood-and-thunder announcement of malignant judges, charging grand juries, etc., etc. Our parole pledges the honor of Grant and his superior subordinates that so long as we remain at our homes obedient to the laws recognized in the section where we reside, we shall be in all respects unmolested by the Federal authorities. And although some wretches affect to
regard this as a mere military arrangement not to be respected in civil relations, that pretext is too flimsy to cover their treachery. This view I shall, if at any time molested, endeavor to present in the way of protest to Grant and his associates. Nor can I believe they will disregard it. And on this ground none of the stories about the arrest of General Lee, etc., much affect me. I do not believe they will venture to harm him or any of us.

"But even without this our condition is bad enough. At one swoop they have robbed the South of two thousand millions of dollars' worth of property vested in labor. The desolations of their unscrupulous warfare have diminished our values by fully as much more, besides all the loss of capital incident to the expenses of our own defensive effort, so that our people have since this time four years ago been divested of, I suppose, about five thousand millions of dollars' worth of capital. This is only a minor element in our situation. Thousands, ay, tens of thousands, of our noblest population have been shot down by German, Irish, negro, and Yankee wretches invading our homes under the impulse of Northern envy and malice, stimulated by fanatical madness in some, lust of power and plunder in others, and iniquitous passion in all, though sought to be covered over by the shallow pretence of virtuous devotion to constitutional liberty, as represented by the best government the world ever saw. Sad as this is it is not half. We have no country left, nor hope of one for an indefinite period. Few dare say their souls are their own. None can write, or at least publish, what they know to be truth in opposition to Yankee authority. No one can vote without Andy's permission, nor trade, nor perform any function involving relations with society without permission of the same functionary. Soldiers are quartered all over the land, and with the insolence of rowdies arrest whom they please. Our people are for the most part disarmed and exposed to insult and attack from the negroes let loose. These are thrown broadcast upon our society; idle, improvident, homeless, helpless, to perish by thousands. Yankee adventurers are appearing among us with money to cheat our people out of their little remaining coin. Our banks are all said to be ruined. Contracts made since the war are pronounced by Andy and his tool, Pierpont,
invalid. We have no country, no currency, no law. When such facts and the prospect they exhibit rise before me, I feel almost thankful that so many of our beloved have been taken from the evil here. For ourselves, we are much favored by a kind Providence. Our servants remain much as they have been, but Martha is getting ready, I believe, for a trip to Richmond. Poor creatures, they little dream of the difficulties freedom will bring them. They cherished the absurd idea that they would exchange places with us,—be gentlemen and ladies in our homes and have us for their negroes. To find themselves still black, with woolly heads, is to them an immense disappointment. Altogether the case is gloomy enough. Still, we have thousands of sensible and brave men and true-hearted, heroic women who, while submitting to evil at present unavoidable, will cherish their own country and its principles in their inmost being, and keep alive that noble character which has heretofore distinguished us, hoping for some ordering in the future by which divine Providence may yet enable us to achieve the independence which is our birthright and of which we have now been despoiled by a mighty combination. . . .

It may be one reason why Supreme wisdom has allowed us to be so overwhelmed,—that we must cease to be such comparative idolaters in our estimate of Virginia and our character and privileges as freemen; that we must be content to live without a country, having our hearts engrossed with that better land where no sin enters, and where peace and charity prevail forever. Our Saviour and the apostles lived thus under foreign domination. So lived many of the martyrs. And surely we may well follow their example in giving our affections to that better country of which, by God's grace, no earthly malice or power can despoil us. While I have been writing this, Kate has just received a letter from her friend, Miss Sallie Munford, in Richmond, telling among other things of the fact that Colonel Walter H. Taylor, General Lee's adjutant-general, and a number of other officers have been summoned to give evidence against General Lee as charged with high treason, and that the expectation is general that he will be tried. This may be so. But I still do not feel that they will so outrage the common judgment of mankind as to attempt violence towards one admired throughout Christendom for his extraordinary virtues. A creature named Underwood,
appointed, as a tool of tyranny, judge of the eastern district of Virginia in place of Judge Halyburton, has recently charged the grand jury in Norfolk in the most furious and bloody manner to indict rebel leaders, urging among other things that the parole on surrendering was only a military arrangement entitled to no consideration by the civil authorities. I shall write this morning to Major-General Gibbon, who was their ranking officer on the commission for adjusting the terms of surrender for our army, calling his attention to the solemn compact by which they pledge that we should be 'in all respects unmolested by the Federal authorities,' and claiming its fulfilment as an obligation of honor on himself and his associates. . . .

"But enough of all this. We get on in considerable comfort. Sometimes, just now, without meat for a few days, but then with abundance of bread, milk, and butter, and a supply of fruits and vegetables. The fruit of my labors in the garden is beginning to appear. Everything flourishing. My lots, too, are doing very well. I employ myself also in reading, and before long shall begin writing, first the memoir of our beloved Sandie and then recollections of the great struggle.* Of course foreign publication only can be secured. The little Sandie improves daily. He is certainly a very fine and uncommonly sweet child, so good and sweet-tempered. . . . We have not yet received the remaining sixty dollars of the one hundred dollars from Mary Williams. Kate is to have thirty dollars of it when it comes. I must stop. All send love. God bless you both.

"Your fond father,

"W. N. Pendleton."

The letter from Canada in reply to this is given in part, as showing how matters looked from different stand-points, and forming a connecting link in the history of this period.

* A year later he wrote,—

"Difficulties of one kind and another keep me very backward in my own writing. So much to be looked after while means of subsistence are so limited. I must try to economize time."

These difficulties hampered him to the end.
"MY DEAR PAPA,—It was an unspeakable pleasure to me to receive your long letter last night. It is our greatest comfort to be able to communicate with our friends and loved ones, and to feel that we need not dread the interruption of this precious intercourse at any moment. I am so thankful, too, that you are safe and comparatively so comfortable. I hope you will soon get the rest of the money from Richmond, as I am sure it will contribute to your comfort. For a while I was most anxious about your personal safety, especially after the indictment of General Lee. But now I begin to believe that your view of the case is the correct one, and that General Grant means to have his parole respected. The papers say that Stanton ordered him to be arrested, but General Ord refused to do it, saying he would resign first. Then Grant interfered and said it should not be done. This has been a comfort to me, for, even if they do try and find him guilty, it will be absurd to talk of punishing a man whom they cannot even arrest. And safety for him will be safety for all his army. I cannot think either that wholesale confiscation will take place, for the Northern papers are beginning to be very earnest upon the utter impoverishment of the South and the absolute necessity of letting the people alone, and giving them securities for their remnant of property to insure anything like recuperation of the energy and prosperity of the country. I think that Northern financiers will ere long take the alarm also, and—out of sheer selfishness, the consciousness that Southern productiveness is the necessary basis of Northern wealth—will influence the law-makers and tax-voters to something more of justice towards Southern property-holders. As to the papers, I don't wonder at your being disgusted with them, and yet, situated as we are, we read them eagerly, for through them only can we gain the least idea of the conditions of the people and state of things at the South. And the changes and phases of public feeling at the North are not without importance to us. I am (D. V.) certainly coming home as soon as I can get an escort, but you must not say a word about it. I do trust most earnestly that matters may subside by winter, so that Edwin can get a pardon and permission to return. Do you think us utterly demoralized for talking of such a thing? I assure you we don't feel so, and the dose will be a nauseating,
bitter one, take it when we may. But I don't think it will be so bad as exile. None know the horrible dread of that but those who have experienced it. There is not, I believe, the smallest prospect of Southern independence until the final breaking up into many governments of the overgrown United States power, and if it is to become a republic, I for one don't want to see it. They must all drift into anarchy or tyranny. There is nowhere that the masses of people can go and be better off; and if we are to live under the Yankee rule, hateful as it is, I cannot see dishonor or perjury in promising to obey the laws. As for the amnesty oath, as Dan Lucas says, you only swear to support the Constitution and everything heretofore done in violation thereof. But for the future don't bind yourself to anything but the Constitution. I must confess Pierpont is a harder mouthful for me than Johnson. But if he is not the governor of the State no one else is, and I suppose bad rule is better than none. To do the creature justice, I think he does in a measure desire to ameliorate the condition and gain the approbation of his unwilling subjects. And while I share your cordial contempt for the men who have so quickly rushed forward to take him by the hand and make what they can for themselves, still I am inconsistent enough to be rather glad that they have done it. He is said to be so immensely flattered at their notice as to have some dawning aspirations after the name and manners of a 'Virginia gentleman.' And low as their standard and influence is apt to be, it must be better and more for the interest of the State and people than those of the miserable creatures who surround him in Alexandria. Of course this is the way matters look from outside to one disposed to try and find the best in what is all so bad.

"I am truly glad your garden and lots promise so well. We only realize how our land is favored by residing elsewhere. This is a bleak, barren land at best. Such a climate must be unproductive. Sunday and Monday were intensely hot,—ninety degrees in the shade,—and men and horses having sunstrokes. To-day is uncomfortably cool: we have on thick clothing and the windows all down. Still, the people might do much more in the way of fruit and vegetables if they had any energy. It never seems to occur to them that where plums, strawberries, and raspberries grow so abundantly wild they can be improved and cultivated in
the gardens. I assure you, seeing the thriftless, untidy, ignorant French and English Canadians has given me a certain sort of respect for the tidy, notable Yankee ways, much as I hate the people."

Letter to General Gibbon.

"LEXINGTON, ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, June 13, 1865.

"GENERAL,—As one of the commissioners for adjusting the terms of surrender at Appomattox Court-House, April 10, 1865, I address you a brief appeal in view of occurrences recently reported.

"First. I respectfully remind you of the condition of surrender,—that officers and men thus submitting should, so long as observing their own pledge and obeying the laws prevailing where they reside, remain 'unmolested by the Federal authorities.'

"I observe that Judge Underwood charges the grand jury in Norfolk to disregard this solemn assurance as a mere military arrangement, not binding upon the civil authorities. You will recollect that at the time it was understood to be a solemn compact, rigidly binding on both sides and accepted on the venerable sanctions of truth and honor. Surely you are aware that brave men, who had for nearly four years encountered every form of danger and privation in defence of rights they believed justly theirs and wrongly assailed, would not have laid down their arms, but would have battled on unto death, selling their lives as dearly as possible, however great the odds against them, had they supposed it possible the pledge of honor for their protection could be disregarded afterwards, and that pains and penalties even to the halter about their necks were to be inflicted. Fully believing yourself and your associates to be actuated by genuine sentiments of honor, widely as I differ from you in the estimate of governmental relations connected with the war, I appeal to you to exert such influence as you rightly can towards averting the infictions now sought by prejudice, passion, and unopposed power to be visited upon the defenceless men who relied upon your integrity in so critical a transaction. For myself I cannot, without falsifying my convictions, apply for executive 'clemency.' Because wholly conscious of having but the most virtuous inten-
tions in my share of the late defensive struggle, on my part, I cannot do or say anything which signifies that I condemn myself therefor. I am perfectly willing to submit my whole record in the case to any just tribunal on earth, and more than willing to meet the final adjudication of my course by the unerring Judge on high. At the same time, included as I am in two of the classes excepted from the benefit of President Johnson's late proclamation,—viz., as a graduate of West Point and as above the rank of colonel in the late service,—and having upon me family and other obligations, which render peculiarly desirable exemption on my part from further suffering under war measures, I wish as far as possible to avoid inflictions that may be intended. My original resignation from the United States army was after the usual three years' service thirty-two years ago, and with full sanction of the authorities, for the purpose of doing such good in the land as I could in the capacity of a Christian minister and a college professor. When my native and beloved Virginia seceded and called upon her sons to aid her in repelling invasion, I was, as for thirty years I had been, employed as a parochial clergyman. The furious threats of Northern violence embodied in the cry uttered by leading journals 'Booty and Beauty' induced me to yield to the appeal of a volunteer company here formed May 1, 1861, and to accept commission from the governor of Virginia as its captain. And as the cry of Northern passion seemed to become more furious, and as the pressure of power against Virginia increased, I never found myself at liberty to withdraw from a service thus entered upon. The value attached to what were, or were supposed to be, my services to our endangered South caused promotion to be tendered me, and for reasons prevailing with me from the first I did not feel at liberty to decline, hence my final relation to the Confederate service. So far as in this brief recital there is explanation which may be favorably interpreted, I shall be obliged to you if you can secure to me the benefits thereof. At the same time honesty obliges me to add that my convictions remain wholly unchanged respecting the rights of the States, and the great wrongs inflicted on Virginia and her Southern sisters by their Northern copartners, in the flagrant violation of the compact of union by the latter which compelled the former to seek redress by separation. As it has,
however, pleased the Almighty Ruler of the world to permit us to be overwhelmed, I accept the necessity of the position, and am willing to submit myself peaceably to an authority which, whatever I think of its justice, I cannot resist to any good purpose.

"Respectfully your obedient servant,
"W. N. Pendleton,
"Late Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery,
"A. N. Va., C. S. A.

"Major-General John Gibbon,
"Commanding Twenty-fourth Army Corps, U. S. A."

Rev. Dr. Peterkin to Dr. Pendleton.

"Richmond, June 15, 1865.

"Rev. and dear Brother,—Bishop Johns was here last week and left one hundred dollars, which some one had given him (I think) for any of our clergy. He directed me to send twenty dollars each to five of our brethren, of whom you are one. I have nothing to do but obey orders, and you will find the amount enclosed. The other enclosure, a gold piece, ten dollars, I presume George has written about. I think it came through Mrs. Dr. Williams. I heard from 'E. G. Lee' under date June 5, Montreal, Canada West. His health has greatly improved. It seems the order of Providence that the North should overrun the South in the New World as in the Old. But here, as there, the South may impress the North with its civilization and religion, and be the real conqueror in the end. I doubt not, however, that you leave all in the hands of God. I have been greatly comforted by four lines, the author of which I do not know,—viz.:

"'With patient mind thy course of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He.'

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Pendleton and the young ladies, I am,

"Affectionately yours,
"J. Peterkin."
CHAPTER XLV.

PERSONAL INDIGNITIES—CLOSING OF THE CHURCH—RALLYING AGAINST DISASTER IN THE STATE AND DIOCESE—REOPENING OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE AND THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE—RETURN OF VIRGINIA TO CONNECTION WITH THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

The occupation of Lexington by Federal troops became a source of much annoyance to the people of the town, and General Pendleton seemed a special mark for indignities and petty insults. He had given up using the prayer for the President of the Confederate States since that government had ceased to exist. But taking the ground that there was no "civil authority" in Virginia or the South, that military power had no control over men's consciences or their prayers, and that the Episcopal Church in the Southern dioceses had formally set aside the prayer in the Prayer-Book for the President of the United States, he also omitted it, using in its stead a prayer for rulers and all in authority compiled from different petitions in the Prayer-Book.* Most of his congregation and the vestry sympathized in his views and approved his course, while a few—from fear, policy, or a real preference for Yankee character and rule—professed to be greatly outraged at his action. In some way the omission of the prayer for the President of the United States was reported to the officer commanding in Lexington, and General Pendleton was confidentially informed by a young lady friend living a few miles out of town that he had "given great offence to the powers that be" on Sunday, July 9: that his sermon on that occasion was pronounced "very inflammatory," and that it was threatened that "if he did not mend his ways" he would be put under arrest and his pulpit given to a "loyal man."

On Sunday, July 16, one of the Yankee officers, accompanied by several armed men, came clattering into church, and there was

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* A prayer almost identical was used for months in St. James's Church, Richmond, and other places, without any notice being taken of it by the military.
apprehension in the congregation lest they should commit some outrage during the services, as had been done elsewhere. General Pendleton, however, proceeded calmly with the service and sermon, but on returning to the vestry-room was arrested and conducted to the dirty, uncomfortable guard-room, where he was detained until late at night. This arrest was accompanied by great brutality of language and manner, the superior officer replying to a remonstrance addressed to him, "Damn the proprieties!" They also demanded the sermon, which had been, as was frequently done, handed to a deaf parishioner to read. General Pendleton refused to give up either this sermon or that of the previous Sunday* until he had them copied. Accordingly, on Monday morning he was escorted under guard to a room in the court-house, where the copies were made by a gentleman of the congregation. The Federal officer then asked to see the original, averring solemnly that he would give it back as soon as he had examined it. Immediately, however, upon receiving it he put it in his pocket and absolutely falsified his promise.

From this time the church was closed by military authority for a number of months and a series of annoyances practised. General Pendleton was stopped by soldiers, who cut the brass United States buttons from his gloves. His daughters covered the Confederate States buttons on his gray uniform—the only coat he possessed—with black cloth and thus saved them from a like fate. The wooden head-board which marked his son's grave was scribbled over with improper language and mutilated by the soldiers' knives. He was forbidden to leave home, even to present in person an application he wished to make for the vacant mathematical professorship at the University of Virginia, and every written or spoken remonstrance was replied to with rude insults by the illiterate men to whom was committed an arbitrary power over thousands of their fellow-creatures.†

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* Both these sermons had been written in Maryland twelve or fourteen years before.
† One or two specimens are given as historical curiosities.

" Head-quarters U. S. A. Forces, Lexington, Virginia, July 24, 1865.
" To Rev. Mr. Pendleton, Lexington, Va.
" Sir
" In reply to yours received I can only state that I was ordered here to relieve Lt.-Col. McLeester and receive my instructions from him his instructions in your
While the church was thus closed, service was held every Sunday at the parsonage, and the Holy Communion there administered at the regular times. Finding himself, however, constantly hampered and his usefulness impaired by the military persecution practised against him, General Pendleton yielded to the solicitations of some of his friends, especially of his eldest daughter, and in the late summer took the required "amnesty oath" and made a formal request to the Federal authorities to be restored to his civil rights as a citizen of the United States.

The midsummer brought to the household a great joy in a visit from the absent daughter, and a bitter sorrow in the death of the beloved little grandson, the child of so many hopes and prayers. His baby life had been the one bright influence amid long months of hopeless sadness, and his removal seemed to deepen and intensify the unappeasable sorrow for his father's death. He passed from earth to join that father's glorified spirit before he was a twelvemonth old.

A people who, like the Virginians, had endured the shock of battle and the tramp of contending armies for four years—who had given their all for what they believed the sacred rights bequeathed them by their forefathers—could not be expected to sit supinely down amid the ruins of their hopes and their fortunes and make

case is that you are not to leave this county until I hear from him in case he neglects to notify me until August the 1st."

"Head-quarters U. S. Forces, Lexington, Virginia, August 1, 1865.

"Gen. Order No. 1. . . .

"You will be required to abide by the following. I. You are not to use any Treasonable Language in the pulpit. II. You are not to use any disrespectful Language against the U. S. Officials in any way. III. You will be required to pray for the President of the U. S. & the Officials thereof. Any violation of the above will subject you to immediate arrest & you will be sent to Hd. Qrts. for trial.

"N. R. Banker,
"Capt. Comdg. Post."

"Lexington, Virginia, September 30, 1865.

"Your quibbling would be impertinent were it not contemptible. When you are prepared to use the prescribed form of prayer—not a garbled quotation from another part of the Prayer-Book—I will request the proper authorities to permit your church to be opened.

"Robert C. Redmond,
"Maj. Comdg."
no effort to retrieve their losses and wrest what energy and resolute diligence could acquire from the hands of destiny. With the same fortitude and industry we have seen exhibited by General Pendleton, Southern men everywhere set to work to do what the time made possible to better the condition of their families, their country, and themselves. Gallant officers who had been used to command armed hosts ploughed and planted their desolated fields; men of high breeding and broad culture drove street-cars and drays, acted as night-watchmen, went into the woods and cut cord-wood by the day, turned their hands and their labor to any and every occupation which could procure the necessaries of life for their families and give them time to look for better employments; and all this without lowering their manhood or losing one particle of their self-respect or the respect of their countrymen. True, it seemed at first a hopeless task to restore anything like prosperity and comfort to a land and people so bereft and devastated. When Mrs. Lee, early in August, went from Shepherdstown, on the Potomac, to Lexington, the journey had to be made by private conveyance to Winchester and from there by stage, and along the hundred and fifty miles of road there were not two miles of fencing standing, nor any cattle, hogs, or sheep to be seen. Solitary chimneys, burnt bridges, and broken mills marked the track of Sheridan's ruthless invasion, and the whole land lay deserted and voiceless, a spectacle to move even an enemy to compassion. And as was the valley so was the greater part of the State,—a wide, open wilderness. Little by little the condition of affairs improved. A bounteous nature and genial climate favored the out-door labors everywhere and hid the scars of battle under an abounding verdure. Men gathered up the remnants of their fallen fortunes and turned them to what use they could; smaller homes were built out of the débris of stately dwelling-houses; neighborhood and county government was gradually taken hold of by the residents, who knew the needs and requirements of their sections; and the marvellous activity and prosperity which to-day marks Virginia, from the ocean to the Ohio River, is the outcome not of immigration or Northern capital, but is the legitimate result of native energy and indomitable resolution. It furnishes one of the most unanswerable proofs of the doctrine of heredity, and illustrates the profound truth of the maxim noblesse oblige. The men
who to-day control the destiny and conduct the ever-improving fortunes of Virginia are the soldiers and sons of soldiers of 1861–1865. Nay more, in immense proportion, they are direct descendants of those fearless spirits who first planted Anglo-Saxon civilization on this continent, and who, after creating an empire here, first vindicated their right to govern it according to their own principles and then gave to the Federal Union the mighty territory from the Ohio to the lakes and the Mississippi,—and that without recompense, even almost without acknowledgment.

Washington College, Lexington, had been kept open as a grammar school during most of the war. Now the trustees felt it their duty to restore it to its former collegiate position. They therefore offered the presidency of the college to General Robert E. Lee, who was living in retirement in Cumberland County. Other organizations, insurance companies, railroad corporations, etc., also proffered that great soldier highly-lucrative positions, but believing that in becoming a college president he could do work at the same time more useful to his oppressed section and more congenial to himself and family, he accepted the place in Lexington, and in the fall of 1865 removed thither with his family. His coming was an inexpressible gratification to his old friend, who became by this move his pastor, and the relations of cordial intimacy thus rendered permanent became a great comfort to both noble men amid the ruin and disappointment of hopes and aims they had striven to achieve for their beloved Virginia.

The Virginia Military Institute also, so utterly crippled and destroyed by fire and sword under General Hunter's ruthless hand, was by the wonderful energy and unremitting diligence of its devoted superintendents, General Francis H. Smith, set upon its feet, and in the fall of 1865, some six months after the downfall of the hope of Southern independence, both these educational institutions entered upon a new career of usefulness and honor.

The odds against them were great. Washington College was the better off, for her buildings were in a condition of tolerable soundness, though she had neither apparatus nor library fit for use, and her endowments were absolutely unproductive. At the Institute there were neither buildings, books, nor equipment of any kind. But it was resolved to do the best possible with temporary appliances, and at all events to open both colleges.
Marked success accompanied both efforts from the outset, and though the general destitution of money prevented many parents from sending their sons, the very liberal terms offered drew together numbers of youths and young men whose education had been interrupted by their country's call to arms. These students and cadets had to be accommodated among the residents of the town, to which their coming gave a fresh and vigorous activity. General Pendleton's old house was, among others, filled to overflowing with young relatives, sons of his old friends, or young soldiers desirous of carrying on their studies. A number of these latter, wholly unable to pay for their maintenance and instruction, were not the less willingly taken into the household, trusting to the rectitude of themselves and their friends to make compensation when they should be able so to do. With no salary from the church and so many of the large family consumers and not producers, it became necessary for the daughters to engage in teaching. Work at home their father did not object to, but it was a serious trial to him to have them leave home, and one in which he never freely acquiesced.

In September, General Pendleton attended the Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, which met in Richmond, and decided by a large majority not to make any overture to the General Convention, which was to meet in October, but elected delegates to the Council of the Southern Church, which would assemble in November, some weeks later. When the General Convention did meet, Bishops Atkinson, of North Carolina, and Lay, of Arkansas, went to Philadelphia, and after an informal conference with the presiding bishop, Horatio Potter, resumed their seats in the House of Bishops, "trust ing to the honor and love" of their Episcopal brethren to do them or their Southern coadjutors no wrong. Christian charity and an ardent desire for the unity of the Church so far triumphed over partisan and sectional feeling that in the legislation and published expressions of this memorable convention a genuine spirit of kindness and good will towards the Southern Church was manifested, and a liberal hand extended to help it in its time of great need; and when the Southern Council, at which were represented the five dioceses of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, met in November at Augusta, Georgia, it was re-
solved that any one of them might return to its former connection with the Northern Church, while, at the same time, any two of them which might agree in desiring to preserve the separate organization of the Southern Church were authorized to do so. The old prayer for the President of the United States was also adopted, coupled with a resolution that each bishop might use his own discretion as to the time for its introduction. Bishop Johns had some months previous requested his clergy to use the prayer, so that by this action of the Southern Church one of General Pendleton's chief objections to such use was removed. President Johnson's order forbidding military interference with religious services, and the gradual restoration of some civil government in Virginia obviated the others, and on these grounds General Pendleton again applied on December 2 to the Federal commander in Lexington to have the church opened, and declared his willingness now to use the prayer which had been for so long a barrier to his freedom of ministerial action. The embargo on his church was raised only by the departure of the Yankee soldiers in January, 1866.

Although he had been prevented from the regular exercise of his clerical functions, work of other kinds multiplied upon him. As soon as postal facilities were re-established, letters poured in upon him from old and young soldiers advising with him as to their future course, or asking his recommendation to some desired position; from parents seeking counsel as to the education of their sons; from clergymen and bishops discussing with him the grave questions which affected religion and the Church throughout the South. Men had learned more than ever during the four years of trial just passed to look to him as one whose large experience and calm judgment could safely be relied on in time of doubt or emergency, and whose unbounded good will and helpfulness could never be overtaxed. Influenced by this confidence in his efficiency, the trustees of Washington College requested him to make an effort to secure some additional endowment for their impoverished institution, and enable them to add several important chairs to their former limited curriculum, and to this end he visited Richmond, Baltimore, and New York, and laid the matter persuasively before a number of wealthy and influential parties. The long interruption to their studies made
college work more than usually difficult to most of the young men who now assembled in Lexington, and finding General Pendleton always able and willing to help them on, it became their custom to apply to him constantly to construe difficult sentences in Greek or Latin, to solve abstruse mathematical problems, or to unfold to their bewildered minds the intricacies of logic or science in its various branches. It is not too much to say that hours were thus occupied daily in instructing not only the youths in his own house, but their friends also, and the salutary influence of the broad culture and untiring kindliness then given to their aid is to-day bearing fruit in many parts of our land.

During this fall some of General Pendleton's former parishioners in Frederick, Maryland, gave a most gratifying and acceptable evidence of their affectionate remembrance by sending through the saintly Miss Eleanor Potts a large box of dry-goods to the household in Lexington. All the articles in this box were carefully selected to suit the necessities of the different members of the family, were of the very best materials, and comprised everything needed to fill the wants occasioned by four years of wear and tear with no means of procuring new clothes. Not the least pleasing portion of the packages was that containing a complete outfit for General Pendleton,—black broadcloth suit, underclothing, handkerchiefs, hat, and gloves. Mrs. Sandie Pendleton and Miss Page were also generously provided for. This box Miss Potts sent to Shepherdstown to Mrs. E. J. Lee, accompanying it with a letter telling for which individuals certain articles were intended, and giving a list of the generous donors. Only those who can recall the privations and expediency to which the women of the South had been reduced for wearing apparel, sewing materials, etc., can form an idea of the comfort and delight of Dr. Pendleton's wife and daughters at finding themselves once more, through the kind thoughtfulness of their friends, in possession of a full supply of neat and appropriate clothing, and their work-baskets and toilet-tables fitted up with appliances once considered necessary, but now by long deprivation become highly-prized luxuries.

The same diligence in endeavor to restore what was wasted and weakened by four years' decay characterized General Pendleton in Church affairs. As he had been constant in preaching
the Gospel amid the interruptions and distractions of army-life, so now he used all his powers to promote the cause of his Master, and until failing health prevented he was a prominent figure in all the proceedings and interests of the Church. The *Southern Churchman* of this period contained frequent articles from his pen directed to the maintenance of a pure faith and practice; he also was an active agent in the organization of the Convocation of Southwest Virginia, and gave his services to the associations held by its members in various places. Wherever opportunity offered he preached in different parts of Rockbridge County and in the vacant churches in Botetourt, gradually extending these missionary labors to Bath and Monroe Counties.

When the Episcopal Council met in Alexandria in May, 1866, the principal and absorbing question was the resumption by the Diocese of Virginia of its former connection with the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. Bishop Johns's strongly-expressed wish for the immediate renewal of such relations had been overruled the fall before. Now, feeling that General Pendleton was regarded as the most likely leader of any opposition to such a measure, the bishop appealed to him if he could not advocate union with the Northern Church, at least to refrain from antagonizing a resumption of fraternal relations. Finding that, whatever General Pendleton's personal feeling might be, his judgment approved the step, the bishop appointed him chairman of the committee to consider the subject. This committee reported the following resolution:

"Whereas, The conditions which rendered necessary the separate organizations of the Southern dioceses no longer exist, and that organization has ceased by the consent and action of the dioceses concerned; and whereas the Diocese of Virginia, unchanged as are her principles, deems it most proper, under existing circumstances, to resume her interrupted relations to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States; therefore,

"Resolved, That this diocese do accordingly now resume its connection with the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." . . .

This result of their deliberations General Pendleton presented with a weighty argument for its adoption. His brother-in-law
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D.D.

and companion through the war, Major John Page, followed him in a speech full of wit and pleasantry, and when the vote "by ayes and noes and by orders" was taken, fifty-seven clergymen and thirty-six laymen responded in favor of the resolution, while nine of the clergy and eleven of the laity opposed it. The members of this small minority expressed themselves as deeply disappointed to find General Pendleton heading the movement, when they had relied upon him to take a stand against it, and believed that with his influence they could keep the diocese to itself, at least for some years longer. Of this action General Pendleton wrote his wife,—

"ALEXANDRIA, May 19, 1866.

"... The papers will show you somewhat of what we have done. I have participated in the return of the diocese, as on the whole under the circumstances was the right thing. We will talk it over. All friends thank me for my part. My conscience is peaceful under it, though the necessity of the step grieves me."

The question also arose at this Council whether a division of the diocese was not desirable; but at Dr. Pendleton's suggestion was amended by an enlarging both of the committee and their work, and extending the scope of their inquiry to the question whether it would not be better for the diocese to have an assistant bishop. This subject occupied much of his time and attention during the next twelve months. Numerous letters passed between himself and others,—members of the committee and influential clergymen and laymen of the diocese. Dr. Pendleton was on principle opposed to the subdivision of dioceses and multiplication of bishops; he believed that "small, weak dioceses make small, weak bishops," and that the money used to carry on the "machinery" of different dioceses might be far better employed in supporting missionary work throughout the Church's borders. In Virginia he had seen assistant bishops prove a most efficacious mode of strengthening the Church and preserving sound doctrine, he therefore threw himself earnestly into the work of the committee, and took vigorous part in a controversy which was waged for months in the Church papers.

The death of the Rev. Mr. Kinkle devolved the chairmanship
of the committee upon Rev. Dr. Andrews, who wrote General Pendleton on March 18,—

"If I write the report I shall look to you to take the laboring-oar in debate. I wish you would give me an outline of what you think the report should contain."

Notwithstanding the wide difference of opinion among the committee, they reported to the Council in Staunton in May, 1867, that though a division of the diocese might be required at some future day, they recommended the immediate election of an assistant bishop, and the Council elected the Rev. Francis M. Whittle, of Louisville, Kentucky, to that position. Mr. Whittle had become a communicant at the high school where he was first a pupil and then a teacher during Dr. Pendleton's mastership, and the affectionate relations there established between the two continued through life. Replying to one of General Pendleton's letters urging his acceptance of the bishopric, Dr. Whittle wrote on July 2,—

"You have certainly made it look very much like it may be my duty to go to Virginia, and I am trying to give due weight to all you have said."

The report on the state of the Church, read by Dr. Pendleton at this Council, contained the following suggestion:

"Every settled pastor within our borders can, if duly alive to this important cause (diocesan missions), awaken a lively interest in it on the part of his people. And more than that, he can make occasion for useful labors in some needy neighborhood within his reach. And by wise combination and diligent effort the settled clergy may accomplish incalculable good in well-arranged missionary tours."

At the Council which met in Lynchburg in 1868, General Pendleton was among those nominated to be sent to the General Convention in October. The general immediately rose and desired that his name should be withdrawn, stating that as Virginia had decided to renew her relations to the Northern Church, it was eminently proper that she should do nothing to prevent
those relations being as amicable as possible; that he felt sure he
would be personally obnoxious to a large part of the General
Convention, and his appearing as a member of the body calcu-
lated to prejudice the interests of the Virginia Church. General
Robert E. Lee, who had been nominated, also declined to be
voted for, as the reasons urged by his rector would apply with
even greater force to himself. But for the stand thus taken by
themselves, there is no doubt that these two representative men
would have been chosen as among the fittest exponents of the
views and feelings of their brother Virginians. At this same
Council, as chairman of the Committee on Missionary Work, Dr.
Pendleton read the report, which recommended several practical
measures, which have since proved most efficacious in building
up the waste places and in strengthening and enlarging the
Church in Virginia, such as stated collections, the employment
of itinerant missionaries, and especially reiterated the recommen-
dation of the previous year, "That each settled minister of the
diocese ought to consider himself free, and indeed called upon
once or more during the year, with the approval of his vestry,
for such interval (from one to four weeks) as may be deemed
best, to intermit accustomed local duties for the purpose of ren-
dering missionary service at points to be agreed upon by consul-
tation with the bishop and Missionary Committee, such service to
be rendered by the clergy—singly or in pairs or small groups—
as may be judged best in cases as they arise." This, the habit
of himself, his dear friend Dr. C. W. Andrews, and some others,
was known to have effected great good throughout the regions
where such services were given.

Rev. C. W. Andrews to Dr. Pendleton.

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, July 20, 1866.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I propose to give a month to extra
preaching in the missionary field embraced in our Convocation,
but also going over into Amherst at the earnest solicitation of
Brother Smith; but it occurs to me that I may be intruding into
your bounds, of which I wish to be informed, though I am not
sure that the authority of 'Convocation' has come as yet to be
much respected.

"But I wish to take you and General Lee in the way, and
propose being in Lexington about Friday, August 30. If you want any extra services about that time shall be ready to serve you." . . .

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, August 9, 1866.

"DEAR BROTHER PENDLETON,—I received yours from Abingdon to-day. I believe it is the plain duty of ministers in the neighborhood of destitute places to give them at least one service in the year. I have been in the habit of doing this for years without asking any questions of vestries. Others, also, by doing the same thing have kept these places alive, and some of them growing. . . . Had I known that the Lees would not be at home I should have arranged differently, but as everything is fixed, suppose I shall adhere to the plan, unless you will come to Staunton and spend the Sunday there, which I had intended for you, and let us have a big meeting there, should Brother Latane wish it, which, judging others by myself, I assume that he does. He writes me very urgently to-day to meet him on the 11th and 12th at Aylett's, in King William, where there is the loudest call for services and, he thinks, the greatest promise of usefulness. If C——, who is spending the summer here, will preach for me, I have half a mind to go. My tour up the valley I propose beginning on the 20th, stopping at Middletown, and shall, I suppose, have services once or twice a day from there on to Staunton. Let me hear from you before you leave for Bath." *

"September 17, 1866.

"I got through all my appointments and hope some good was done, especially in Amherst, which was the only point of expectation in that line beyond our Convocation limits." . . .

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, March 31, 1868.

". . . Much as I should enjoy a good long talk with you, and still more a series of preachings, prayers, and exhortations, interspersed with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, this pleasure will not be mine shortly unless you will come down here, where, if you will come, we will certainly have them with this difference and additional satisfaction to me, that the preaching, etc., would be in your hands."

* On a similar missionary tour.
CHAPTER XLVI.

AGAIN RECTOR OF LATIMER PARISH—PECUNIARY DIFFICULTIES—CONSTANT WORK—AID FOR SOUTH CAROLINA—LETTERS.

We have somewhat anticipated the course of the daily life while speaking of diocesan affairs. General R. E. Lee was chosen a vestryman soon after coming to Lexington, and at its first meeting in April, 1866, after a preamble expressing their approval of Dr. Pendleton's course during and since the war, the vestry passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That we tender to our beloved pastor our cordial, gratified sense of the zeal, ability, and devotion he has exhibited in his sacred office, and that he be invited by the vestry to take the regular charge of this parish," and took measures to raise a salary for him, to begin January, 1866. So uncertain, however, were the means to be relied on that it was not until April, 1867, a year later, that the small stipend of eight hundred dollars was definitely promised. The first pressing need was to repair the leaking roof and dilapidated windows, blinds, vestibule, and fences of the church, and to procure stoves and lamps, that the building might be in such condition as "to promote the comfort and order of the congregation."

The old parsonage was in so ruinous a state that, to render it tolerably comfortable for the family and the youths who crowded into it, a considerable amount of repairing was necessary. This had to be undertaken at General Pendleton's own expense, notwithstanding the want of income which constantly harassed him; the repairing and refurnishing of the house had therefore to be done on credit. The obligations thus incurred he expected to meet from the payment of a debt of over three thousand dollars due him. He had in 1851 invested a small sum belonging to Mrs. Pendleton in a lot on the outskirts of Chicago which he had sold in 1859, taking in part payment about thirty acres of land close to Lexington and notes for the balance. These notes the purchaser had voluntarily renewed in the fall of 1865, and upon the strength of them General Pendleton thought himself justifiable in incurring
liabilities which could be met as they became due. The debtor, however, proved as fertile in evasions and excuses as he had been ready in promises. Not one cent of the debt was ever received, and he was equally careless that his own notes should be protested or his too confiding creditor distressingly hampered for years by this lack of honesty. Indeed, looking back over the records of these years, it is hard to understand how General Pendleton could work so steadily and preserve so brave and cheerful a spirit under a pecuniary pressure which would have utterly discouraged most men. Fifty dollars sent him by Bishop Johns in January and one hundred and nineteen dollars contributed by the congregation was the only money, except the board from the students, received in 1866 up to the call to the parish above referred to.

In July of this year the trustees of Washington College sent him a check for one hundred dollars, accompanied by a note of thanks for the services rendered by him to the college during the year, and regrets that the amount fell so far below the intrinsic value of his gratuitous and disinterested exertions.

The worry of his own business matters did not deter him from sympathy and helpfulness for others. The correspondence of this period shows him occupied in distributing to the most needy of whom he could hear a fund placed at his disposal by the members of the Southern Bazaar held in Baltimore; seeking positions for young men and old soldiers; giving counsel on every imaginable subject, from the proper arrangement of a group of photographs to the preparation of scientific and historical articles for the various magazines and reviews * struggling for existence in the South.

A constant hospitality was also—now as always—exercised by himself and family, and the ready welcome extended to all friends made the parsonage a favorite resort for old and young. "Never turn away thy face from any poor man" was an injunction literally fulfilled by Dr. Pendleton, and, although his unsuspicous benevolence was sometimes imposed upon, he continued to act upon the principle that it is better to help several who are unworthy

* These were sometimes delivered as lectures before the Franklin Society previous to publication.
than to refuse assistance to one deserving person. "Not all the five thousand and seven thousand fed by our Lord can be supposed to have been meritorious, and yet the necessities of all were relieved without question," he frequently said, when told that he too readily gave charity to all who sought it.

He was also much concerned at this time to have prepared for the use of Southern schools a series of text-books which should be of higher tone and more accurate scholarship than most of those hitherto furnished by Northern writers and publishers. Especially was this desirable in United States history, all the text-books on the subject being sectional in spirit and wholly unfair to the South. A number of letters on this subject passed between himself and some of the leading Southern educators. Learning that several of the professors at the University of Virginia were preparing such text-books, it seemed best to postpone any combined action of States or teachers until these books were offered for public inspection.

Rev. Dr. Zacharias to Dr. Pendleton.

"Frederick, Maryland, September 14, 1866.

"Rev. Dr. Pendleton.

"Dear Brother,—I have a strong desire to send my son George, a lad of eighteen years, to Washington College, Virginia, and hence beg to be excused for troubling you with a note of inquiry concerning the conditions under which a student is admitted to that institution, and his probable annual expenses there.

"My son has pursued a course of selected studies in the academy here, and during the last year at Washington, Pennsylvania. His scholarship and character in both institutions were unexceptionable. My impressions concerning Washington College, Virginia, are so favorable that I feel strongly inclined to place my son there, if circumstances as to conditions and expenses will admit. Living, as I believe you do, in the neighborhood of the institution, I have therefore ventured to trouble you with this note. May I beg an early answer?

"Permit me to say, in conclusion, that I still retain a very pleasing remembrance of your esteemed family and yourself whilst we enjoyed your residence in our midst. I still look back with delight to those days, though since then how many a weary
and sad hour have we passed! May the everlasting arms ever be beneath and around you and yours! I beg to be very kindly remembered to Mrs. Pendleton and all your family as if named.

"Truly yours in Christ,

"D. ZACHARIAS." *

The closing weeks of 1866 were saddened by the departure for China of Dr. Pendleton's dear friend and cousin, Rev. Robert Nelson, who, having recently returned to Virginia at the breaking out of the war, had by it been detained for five years from his missionary labors. Dr. Pendleton could not leave home even to take leave of his friend. Mrs. Pendleton, however, went to spend with the family their last days in Virginia. To her Dr. Pendleton wrote,—

"November 19, 1866.

"... What a week to be remembered at 'Oakland' is this last week of Bob's sojourn there with his family, under the roof with his dear old mother, and amid the scenes consecrated by so many precious memories! His departure on the great Christian errand, for a heathen land so far away, while our beloved aunt is drawing so near the term of a very protracted pilgrimage, is to me very impressive as illustrating the supremacy of those great concerns and those precious hopes which lie beyond this season of duty, separation, and trial.

"I do not wonder Aunt Judy is, as you say, very calm in the prospect of their departure. Bitter as is to her the certainty of seeing them no more this side of heaven, greatly modified to her is that bitterness by the sweet assurance that they are doing the Master's work, and will ere long meet her in that holy home where loving hearts are no more lacerated by long farewells. The near prospect of heaven so reduces the significance of all earthly experiences that incidents otherwise most engrossing cease greatly to stir the mind. May she have a still brightening view of that good land, and find it tranquillizing and delightful even to the end!"

In April, 1867, Dr. Pendleton delivered, at the request of the faculty of the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, the course

* Dr. Zacharias was the German Reformed pastor in Frederick.
of scientific lectures prepared for the purpose six years before, and which the opening hostilities in April, 1861, had prevented. During this absence from home he had the painful pleasure of visiting his honored friend, President Davis, in his cell at Fortress Monroe. Many fruitless efforts to see Mr. Davis had been made, but only now was the privilege granted. At this meeting with the noble martyr of the Southern cause, and administering Christian consolation to him, profound admiration and reverence for his heroic fortitude and dauntless adherence to principle were mingled with a passionate indignation and revolt against the persecutions and indignities inflicted upon him as the representative of the Southern people, and General Pendleton could never tell of his sojourn in the cell with him without a flashing eye and faltering voice. When he was leaving home his daughter Rose told him to ask Mr. Davis to send her "something he had used,—one of his handkerchiefs." In reply to this request Mr. Davis said he could not send a handkerchief, for he had but two; but he wrote his own name and Miss Pendleton's in a little book of sacred verses, "The Changed Cross," which bore marks of constant use, and sent it with his love to his young friend.

Mr. Thomas A. Clagett to Dr. Pendleton.

"Leesburg, March 5, 1867.

"My dear Friend,— Permit me to introduce to your kind and favorable consideration my young friend Melville Jackson,* the son of Dr. S. K. Jackson, now of Norfolk, and for many years my family physician and friend. Young Jackson is a descendant of that family of Jacksons that gave our Church five valuable ministers; he is a grandson of Rev. Edward Jackson, long rector of our congregation in Winchester. Melville is a communicant of our Church, and, as far as my observation extends, consistent. He is possessed of a mind far above mediocrity, amiable and sociable in his disposition, and, with watchful care and judicious training, I doubt not he will make 'his mark' in the world and most probably in the Church. He will be necessarily exposed to many temptations in Lexington, more so at this time than at any previous period, from the extraordinarily large number of young

* The present assistant bishop of Alabama.
men congregated there, not only from Virginia, but from all the Southern States. A safeguard against which he will find in your pastoral care, to which I commend him.

"Providence permitting, I hope to shake you by the hand next summer at Staunton, prepared to co-operate with you in reference to your action on the subject of the division of the diocese.

"With the kindest wishes for the health, happiness, and prosperity of yourself and family,

"Believe me truly your friend,

THOMAS A. CLAGETT."

General J. E. Johnston to Dr. Pendleton.

"ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, August 7, 1867.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your note of the 5th instant was received in due time, and gave great pleasure to Mrs. Johnston and myself, although we cannot hope that she will be able to make such a drive as that to Lexington for ten or fifteen days yet. She has had a severe illness since your visit, and is just beginning to recover, and is, of course, very feeble. Be assured, however, that we will not let an opportunity to see Mrs. Pendleton and yourself escape.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"I wish very much that I could make you forget our conversation in relation to Mr. Davis. It is very pleasant to think well of people, and much the reverse to think unfavorably of them. Therefore there was something very like malice on my part in saying anything calculated to shake your belief in the good qualities of our late President. Selfishness made me, in love for my own opinion, forget you.

"Your visit made us so happy that Mrs. Johnston hopes that it may be repeated before she is able to make the journey to Lexington, and that Mrs. Pendleton may come with you. She sends her love to you both, in which I join. The enclosed picture is for my sweet young friend of last summer.

"Affectionately yours,

"J. E. JOHNSTON."

General Edwin Lee and his wife had returned to Virginia in the spring of 1866. Failing health compelled him to go farther
South for the winter. The accounts given by Mrs. Lee of the destitution in South Carolina during the winter of 1867–68 so moved the sympathies of the Episcopalians in Lexington that a fair held by the little girls of the congregation realized two hundred and two dollars for South Carolina. This benefaction was acknowledged in the two following letters.

Bishop Davis, of South Carolina, to the little girls of Grace Church, Lexington, Virginia.

"CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, May 31, 1868.

"My dear little Girls,—I have received from your beloved rector a check for one hundred and two dollars, to be distributed among the sufferers in this State. I thank you very much for it, and I thank God for having put it into your hearts, dear children, to seek to do good to those who are in distress, for the sake of your dear Saviour, who has done so much for you and for all of us.

"Let His example of gentleness and mercy and loving-kindness be ever in your minds and hearts, and may God bless you and give you His Holy Spirit to dwell with you, making you fruitful in every good work, and preparing you for His kingdom in heaven.

"Your gift will bring much comfort to suffering hearts, and I give you a bishop's blessing in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Very affectionately your friend,

"THOMAS L. DAVIS."

"BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA, May 31, 1868.

"THE REV. DR. PENDLETON, Lexington, Virginia.

"My dear Brother,—Yours, containing a check for one hundred dollars, reached me this morning, and I hasten, before the mail closes, to tell you how much I was gratified by, and how grateful I am for, your most kind remembrance of me and our poor and troubled people.

"You are quite wrong in supposing that you are unknown to me. Somewhere, some years ago, I had, I think, the pleasure of meeting you, and since then, during the war, your name as General Pendleton, of Virginia,—your honored State,—has had associated with it sentiments of high estimation and deep and loving interest in the hearts and circles of South Carolina, and especially
in the circles of the Barnwell and Rhett families, of which my wife, who lived just to return with me to her old home and die, was a member, and whose scion, John G. Barnwell, our children delight to call cousin: the father of whom has ever been a most dear and cherished friend and parishioner. Your name, then, often mentioned in our family circles, as elsewhere, is one dear to us, and now renewedly so by your thoughtful, brotherly memory of us in our affliction, and that, as I have often had occasion to say, is peculiarly great and oppressive. No part of South Carolina, no section of any of the Southern States, has met with the treatment which this parish—St. Helen's (or county, as you would speak)—has met with. Everywhere but here property has been restored. Some bitter Abolitionists, led on by a smooth-faced yet fierce and fanatical renegade South Carolina Baptist preacher, Brisbane (just elected by the negroes to Congress from this region), determined to make the beautiful town and island embraced in the parish an 'American Liberia.' So the government seized and disposed of, according to their good pleasure and with that view, every house and lot in the town of Beaufort and every foot of land in the parish. And what the result? I will not say another Liberia; I would rather say another—almost another—Hayti! The church and parsonage have been restored. The church was used as a hospital: the pews, pulpit, and organ destroyed or greatly injured. The parsonage was used as a sutler's shop: the partitions torn down, etc., to fit it for the purpose, and left in a very desolate condition. And then to the original and rightful proprietors deepest poverty,—poverty the more painful and oppressive because of their former condition and attributes, personal and social,—but, as I will add, borne with wonderful patience and child-like submission to God's wise and blessed will. The end is not yet!

"I am happy to say that our friend J. G. Barnwell and his brother Robert did not lose their plantations. Their father, now living in Columbia, lost one of his, which was on Port Royal Island. But his sons' plantations, though close by, were not in the doomed parish, and so were not confiscated. They are engaged in planting. Last year, from the unfavorableness of the season and the greatly disordered condition of the negro laborer, they grievously failed. This year, I hope, in God's goodness,
they may succeed better. I meet them occasionally, and shall gladly convey your message.

"My brother, Rev. Edward T. Walker, driven from his home and parish during the war, has been and is still living at Edgefield, South Carolina. He has been a heavy sufferer by the war. His very valuable plantation on Port Royal Island was seized by the government and is now held by it, and the use of it they let the negroes have to live on, or, rather, starve on. There is no prospect of its restoration by the present government. Bruce Walker's home for years has been in Columbia. His fine residence there escaped the torch of the Vandal Sherman, though fearfully visited and plundered. As to the remnant of our people here in Beaufort (returned when the Confederacy failed), deprived of all their property, they cannot well be poorer than they are. They returned here from their suffering exile in poverty, hoping they might get back their houses in Beaufort and their estates; but this hope has pretty much died out, and they cannot leave, as they would gladly do. They are too poor to move,—a large proportion being widows, maidens, and orphans. It is by sewing, etc., working with their hands in the hardest toil and drudgery, they manage in some sort to live,—merely to live,—and that from day to day. Some few by foreign aid have bought back their beautiful houses from the government, but not more than two or three have back their plantations; and, got back, all worthless to them. No white man can safely live in them. And the negroes on this island can get oysters, crabs, fish, etc., so easily they will not work; no dependence can be placed in them. What the poor creatures—negroes, I mean—will come to is dreadful to think of. But the Lord's paths are even in the great waters,—even as in the swellings of Jordan!

"Should you offer the enclosed note to your little girls I think it will do as an acknowledgment, and please get one of them to copy it and send it to the Southern Churchman; or, if you think good, modify it and send as from me for publication. This, I fear, confused letter is a private one, though its facts and statements you will please use as may seem good to you, but not using my name specifically.

"Yours gratefully and faithfully,

"THOMAS R. WALKER."
CHAPTER XLVII.

DISTINGUISHED PROFESSORS IN LEXINGTON—EFFORTS TO ENLARGE THE CHURCH—PAROCHIAL AND FAMILY TROUBLES—DEATH OF GENERAL R. E. LEE—LETTERS.

The large number of students,—seven hundred in the two schools,—with their professors and the families attracted to Lexington to educate their sons, gave wide scope to the rector's activities.

Among the professors were not a few men of note. General Robert E. Lee, president of Washington College, was assisted by an able and distinguished faculty. Four of these—Judge John W. Brockenbrough, head of the law department; Colonel William Preston Johnston, now the accomplished president of Tulane University, New Orleans; Colonel R. H. McCulloh, widely known as a chemist and mathematician; and Professor Edwin S. Joyner, the thorough and competent linguist—belonged to Dr. Pendleton's congregation. At the Military Institute, General F. H. Smith, the superintendent, collected an equally brilliant corps of professors. Of these may be named Colonel Thomas Williamson, of the original faculty; General Custis Lee, who succeeded his father as president of Washington College; Commodore Matthew F. Maury, the world-renowned pathfinder of the winds and waves; Captain John M. Brooke, of the old United States, and afterwards of the Confederate States, navy, whose successful invention for telling the character of the ocean's bed had made possible the laying of an Atlantic cable; and Colonel Marshall McDonald, whose ardent love for natural history developed in one direction has made him the great authority on fish-culture, and placed him at the head of the United States Fish Commission.

A military training seems to incline men's minds to the orderly mode of worship of the Prayer-Book, and not only these professors, but almost all of their coadjutors were Episcopalians. With these gentlemen and their families, as with the Episcopalians of the town proper, Dr. Pendleton's relations were of the
most intimate and affectionate character, while he was also on terms of cordial friendliness with those members of both faculties, and with the citizens, who belonged to other branches of the Church catholic. The records of the vestry show that body to have been of professors and private citizens in about equal proportions.

The accommodations of the little church were too limited for this increased number of Episcopalians, and so early as 1868 he began his efforts to enlarge or rebuild it. Some of the old church members were opposed to both schemes, and Dr. Pendleton at first confined his endeavors to the raising a sufficient sum for building a Sunday-school and lecture-room. From the poverty of the South no aid could be expected; the congregation could barely pay their current expenses, and he therefore addressed himself to various churchmen in the Northern cities, from some of whom he received considerable help. Writing to Bishop Horatio Potter, of New York, on the subject, General Pendleton said,—

"... Your own friendly part in the public move some time since in New York to aid the college here, presided over by General Lee, furnishes the encouragement under which I write.

"The case is this: The church here, of which I am rector, is at once very important and very poor... It was not, like so many other churches in Virginia and farther south, demolished during the war, but it was somewhat defaced and otherwise injured. Our people, however, are, as you doubtless know, crippled in means and unable to do more than struggle for bare subsistence, material and spiritual. Of their deep poverty the congregation has, since the war, besides moderately contributing to my support as their rector and providing for essential repairs, paid an old debt of several hundred dollars, and raised between two and three hundred dollars for our starving brethren in South Carolina.

"But, bishop, much more needs to be done, and the good people cannot do it. The church building requires considerable outlay for its actual protection, and more sittings are needed for the accommodation of the large number of students attending. In addition, it is extremely important that we should have a plain
structure for Sunday-school purposes. My Bible-class instruction to the young men of the college is greatly hindered by want of a room in which to meet them. Such a room and two others for Sunday-school children of medium and youngest age are almost essential; they could be provided in a structure of the kind proposed for twelve hundred dollars.

"The importance of these appliances may be in part estimated from the fact that there are attending the two institutions here—Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute—some seven hundred young men, mainly from the South. Probably more youths of intellect and culture attend my ministrations from Sunday to Sunday than are instructed by any clergyman in the city of New York. But we are utterly cramped and crippled for want of means. The total ruin which has fallen upon Virginia and her Southern sisters is not imagined by persons at the North. . . . Multitudes can do nothing more than just subsist, many are absolutely starving; and the limited number who, through some special adjustments of Providence, are in a condition rather better, have still to struggle very hard to maintain Christian worship and ordinances, educate their children, etc. . . . The actual state of affairs, bishop, could you see it, would send a shudder through your soul. . . . Can you, will you, do anything for us? No human soul knows of my writing. I have conferred about it with none but our common Lord. Any sum contributed will be thankfully received and faithfully applied. Indeed, I should wish it sent to the vestry and not to myself."

To Mrs. Pendleton, who was absent from home, her husband wrote in November,—

"I have been busy all day having the monument put up over the graves of our dear son and grandson. It is very simple and impressive.* In admirable taste, I think. The inscription for the father on the face next the walk at the head, that for the infant son opposite, against the heads of the graves.

"We are always anxious to hear of dear Aunt Judy. It will be hard to give her up when at length she is taken to her reward, happy as will be the change to her. It is a chief regret to me

* A solid white marble cross about six feet high.
that I cannot get to see her. She will accept my tender love by proxy instead, as duty forbids my leaving home."

During this same November General R. E. Lee, as chairman of a committee on the church finances, reported to the vestry that of the rector's eight hundred dollars' salary two hundred and thirty-one dollars for 1867 and 1868 was in arrears, and urged that not only should this deficiency be at once made good, but that, "in order to relieve him from the weight of pecuniary embarrassment, and to enable him to perform his pastoral duties with efficiency, his salary for 1869 be increased to at least one thousand dollars, and if possible to twelve hundred dollars." Very little over the one thousand dollars was raised, and the obligations incurred in 1865 continued to harass him for years.

During all this time Dr. Pendleton was untiring in his efforts to win the young men thrown under his influence to Christ. He held service with the cadets on every Tuesday and Thursday evening, and, in conjunction with the other ministers in the town, conducted daily morning prayer at the college. These labors and the prayers of the Christian people were rewarded in the spring of 1869 by a wide outpouring of the spirit, and after weeks filled with pastoral duties and the giving religious instruction, in which he was assisted by Rev. Dr. Walker and others, he had the happiness of presenting to Bishop Johns for confirmation on the 17th of May a class of sixty-six. Four only of this number were females, sixty-two were students and professors in the two schools, and of these the Military Institute furnished four professors and forty-nine cadets. Four other cadets were admitted to communion a few weeks later.

His work and encouragement at home only increased his interest in the cause of the Church in the diocese, and especially within the bounds of his Convocation.

Bishop Whittle to Dr. Pendleton.

"ALEXANDRIA, August 31, 1869.

"MY DEAR DR. PENDLETON,—Your letter of July 27 was duly received. . . . More than a dozen additional ministers might well be employed in the diocese to-day, but I do not know where they are to be had or the means to support them. . . . All we can hope to do, I am persuaded, in many places and under
present circumstances, is to keep alive the things that remain. I am very glad you feel so much interested in this part of the field. My sympathies were very much moved by what I saw in Amherst. I trust you will never hesitate to write and suggest anything you may think I can do for this or any other part of the diocese."

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, September 6, 1869.

"My dear Mr. ——,—You ought not thus to keep me in the dark as to what you may be able to do."

"My situation is so distressing as to deprive me of sleep. I am sued by different parties in consequence of your disappointing me so entirely. Unless you can raise for me at least five hundred dollars by 1st October I know not what to do. I have no property that can be sold to any purpose. And if I had it ought not to be sacrificed, large and helpless as is my family, advanced as is my life, and very small as are my resources. . . ."

"W. N. PENDLETON."

Rev. Dr. Andrews to Dr. Pendleton.

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, September 9, 1869.

"Rev. and dear Brother,—Yours of 6th received. With respect to your church, if I can do anything per aliam I shall be very glad. . . ."

"I had you in hand two nights ago, without your or anybody's knowing it, except Edmund Lee, who, I believe, takes you for an oracle, as I do, indeed, on all points except whiskey and 'diniteria.' He had reported you as having silenced some objection to your example in drinking a glass of whiskey by saying, 'Let him follow my example (i.e., not go beyond me) and he will be safe enough.' So I had up my friend the Rev. Dr. —— in a temperance address, and having it all my own way, easily demolished him. But Mrs. Lee told me that Edmund was concerned lest he or I had done you some wrong. I told her to tell him not to be alarmed, that my friend Dr. Blank was also my friend General Blank, and that he would either fight or surrender, and had smelt too much powder to be demoralized by such an attack.

"You will probably agree that upon payment of one hundred
dollars to your church there shall be no renewal of hostilities on
your part, it being understood as a part of the compromise that
upon condition of figuring no more in my temperance addresses
' Dr. ——' shall take the pledge."

"SHEPHERDSTOWN, September 15, 1869.

"Yours received. My friend Rev. Dr. —— drinking whiskey
at a bar or such like place, as reported to me by a gentleman in
justification of his own views and practice, and suitably treated
by me in the abstract, turned out at next hand to have been at
his tent door, at the next inside of his tent, at the next the
whiskey was turned into wine, and that at his own table, and as
this must have been at his own expense, I am doubtful about
even that, not on account of his liberality, which is well known,
but because I am doubtful whether he had the money. Still,
your letter develops a considerable amount of heterodoxy, which
may give me some trouble in the future. . . . Will do what I can
for your church elsewhere."

It having become evident that the Sunday-school room pro-
posed the year before would not meet the want for more accom-
modations in the church itself, it was determined to make a
strenuous effort to enlarge or rebuild that; and, as heretofore,
the main work of raising the money devolved upon the rector.*
He therefore, with the approval of his vestry, left home in
October to visit the Northern cities again, and do his utmost to
obtain the needed funds. During his absence the Lexington
church was supplied by different clergymen, with an occasional
lay service. His daughters Mary and Rose accompanied him as
far as Baltimore to visit friends there, and being with them a
good deal rendered this sojourn from home less trying to him
than were most others. To them their mother wrote on Friday,
November 12,—

"MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You may be surprised at the contents
of this letter. —— came last Saturday with money to pay his

* A check for eight hundred and five dollars, the proceeds of a concert held at the
Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs for the Lexington church, was sent to General
Lee in August by Mr. W. W. Corcoran.
debts, and to my surprise he owed us two hundred and five dollars. This was all down in a book. I demurred to it, but he said 'yes,' and I didn't feel it right to say 'no.' I am truly thankful for it to him and to the Giver of all good. It will pay my debts, enable us to live, and I can send you this sum—ten dollars—for each of you. To you it is not half as much as I owe you. I only wish it were more."

General Pendleton raised during this tour several thousand dollars,* and enlisted the sympathies of many who did not seem at first likely to listen to his appeal. Among these Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sent him a check for fifty dollars and two letters for Mr. A. T. Stewart and Mr. Claflin, and expressed the hope that he might "find raising money in New York much easier than it usually is." His own account for personal expenses, "eighty-six dollars," shows how little of self-seeking there was mixed up with his errand.

The records of this year cannot be more fittingly closed than by an extract of a birthday letter written Dr. Pendleton.

"December 26, 1869.

"... The New Year of your life and of time come in so near together that for them both at once I can wish you many, many returns, and all of heaven's best blessings, temporal and spiritual. I was thinking this morning about your age. Can it be possible that you have reached your sixtieth birthday, or have I added a year to the days of your life? I could wish heartily that you might be spared to see a hundred and sixty, to diffuse happiness and kindliness and the blessings of Christian charity around you as you always have done. But I think you would scarcely wish to be kept out of heaven that long. So without looking farther into the future than God intends us to see, I only pray Him that your beloved and useful life may be spared to your family and the Church just as long as His infinite love and mercy can grant it, and that then an abundant entrance may be given you to the fulness of joy amid the pleasures at His right hand."

* One thousand dollars of this was part of a legacy left by Mr. Dorsey, of Howard County, Maryland, for the aid of the South.
Dr. Pendleton was not harassed alone by narrow means during this period of his life; the usual trials of a parish minister fell to him also. Choirs which produced other discords than those of sound; an unavowed but very real jealousy between the schools, which sometimes occasioned a factious spirit and encounters of sharp words between their representatives; and, above all, that heaviest of ministerial responsibilities, the necessity for dealing out admonition and discipline to erring church members, gave him bitter pain and anxiety, which only his devotion to duty, and determination, by God's help, to discharge his ordination vows with fidelity enabled him to endure with steady patience and Christian cheerfulness. Only those nearest to him knew how his soul was tortured when he felt that he must do that which might seem to some unjust, to others unkind, and which would surely cause sorrow and dislike in the case of the parties immediately concerned, but which was realized by him as a solemn obligation which he must fulfil. The courage which faces death on the battle-field falls far short of that which thus enables a loving, sensitive, Christ-like soul quietly to follow the dictates of conscience, knowing well that disapprobation and hostility and even contumely must ensue to itself as well as pain and reproach to those dealt with. The tender sympathy with which he welcomed back every erring brother brought to see the danger of his course, and his loving joy over each evidence of true penitence, not infrequently made earnest friends of those who at first seemed likely to become inveterate enemies.

Sickness and sorrow in his own family added to his anxieties. To his wife, absent from home with an invalid daughter, he wrote in the spring of 1870,—

"Your letter of yesterday saddened me by its tidings of——'s suffering condition. I had not expected any great change from the trip, but hoped she would experience some benefit. Still, God knows better than we do, and His hand is in sickness as in all other dispensations. . . . I can fancy you all in the chamber and parlor, talking over matters since last you met. Could I be there, too, it would be to me one of the choice treats of my life. Among all the memories most precious in my mind, those are perhaps dearest to me which cluster around those dear
places and people in Hanover, identified alike with my own parents and home and with the great waking up of my soul when it was inspired with soul-love for you.

"How sweet the recollections are of "Springfield" and its recurring visions, with sister Lucy and yourself as almost angels to my boyish eye, with the venerable old lady of Revolutionary honors, and sweet, sad, woe-stricken Aunt Judy Carter!

"Then the associated visions of 'Rugswamp' and 'Edgewood' and 'Montair' and 'Oakland,'—the latter from my childhood,—and all with the heyday of our happy young married life! Then the sober scenes of later years,—the decline of our parents, the departure of all that generation, the great change in all the conditions of life; and now the dear ones at 'Oakland' left, and ourselves, with a few others, the connecting links between those old scenes and the hard practicalities of the new age! I am not much given to romancing in this day of trial, but sometimes it is very pleasant to indulge feeling in that way."

To his invalid daughter he also wrote,—

"My dear,—Try to be a yielding invalid. A great deal of discomfort you may avoid, or at any rate moderate, by learning to manage yourself under sickness. Try, my daughter, to make up your mind to it, and be passive, acquiescent, and cheerful, like dear Mrs. Lee, in her helpless and hopeless pain and unmovableness. Employ yourself in any pleasant way not too much taxing your eyes and strength. And if the disease laid on you by the Almighty prevents your sleeping, be as prayerful and patient under it as you can, and make it a rule to speak in a cheerful tone of voice, even though you may feel much more like crying."

In August of this year Dr. Pendleton's son-in-law, General Edwin G. Lee, after years of failing health, died suddenly at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, whither he had gone for a few weeks with Dr. Pendleton and two of his daughters. Of this gifted kinsman General Robert E. Lee wrote,—

"Hot Springs, August 27, 1870.

"... I am truly sorry to hear of Edwin Lee's death. He was a true man, and if health had permitted would have been an
ornament, as well as a benefit, to his race. He was certainly a great credit to the name."

General Lee himself died on October 12. So that in a few weeks there was added to family affliction the sorrow, little less poignant to Dr. Pendleton, of laying to rest the friend whom he had loved from boyhood; who was to him the perfect pattern of all that was to be loved and honored as a man, a patriot, and a Christian; the commander whom he had trusted and followed implicitly from Richmond, in 1862, to Appomattox, in 1865; and upon whom for five years, in the cherished intercourse of daily life as parishioner and vestryman, he had learned to depend for that true sympathy and encouragement so dear to a pastor's heart. But his grief for General Lee was not only that of a man for his friend, a soldier for his beloved captain. He mourned for and with the Southern people, that there should be taken from them, at the time when they most greatly needed it, the influence and example of the man who in his life so thoroughly combined a patient submission to the authority of the United States government as established by force of arms after a mighty struggle, and an unconquerable devotion to the principles of State and individual liberty for which he had fought and suffered, and a determination to do his whole duty as a Christian man and a Virginian, though debarred by Presidential proclamation from the free exercise of his rights as an American citizen. Grief and sympathy for his overpowered and oppressed country may truly be said to have broken General Lee's heart. Sorrow for his friend and captain and for his fellow-countrymen threw a shadow over General Pendleton's later years. Fitly to commemorate General Lee's character and to impress his example upon the Southern mind became at once strong moving springs of his life.

A great rain which fell at the time of General Lee's death,—October 12, 1870,—by destroying railroads and bridges, isolated Lexington from the outside world, and gave cogency to the determination of Mrs. Lee and his family that the little town should be his last resting-place. Immediately after the funeral a memorial association was formed, with General Pendleton as president, having for its object the erection of a suitable monument to mark General Lee's burial-place. In deference to Mrs. Lee's prefer-
ence a marble sarcophagus, with a recumbent statue of the great soldier, was decided upon, and Mr. Edward S. Valentine chosen as the sculptor.

On the day after General Lee's interment Dr. Pendleton made a call at Commodore M. F. Maury's. A little boy, two years and a half old, ran before his nurse to the door, and on seeing Dr. Pendleton drew back with astonishment, exclaiming, "Why, I thought you was dead under the roses!" And it took some persuasion to convince him that he was not talking to General Lee.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MONUMENT AND MEMORIAL CHURCH FOR GENERAL R. E. LEE PROPOSED—SOUTHERN TOUR TO RAISE MONEY—SCHOOL FOR LITTLE BOYS—FAILING HEALTH.

At a vestry-meeting held September 28 a communication from the rector had set forth the urgent necessity for immediately enlarging or rebuilding the church, and had offered, should the vestry agree, to go on a further tour to raise additional means. To this statement he added a representation of the inadequacy of the salary—one thousand dollars—for his support, and requested an increase, if possible, at the same time offering his resignation, to take effect at the end of a year, should the congregation believe that a younger or a different pastor could serve them better.

In reply to this, the vestry immediately began to consider means for raising the funds to enlarge or rebuild the church, increased the rector's salary to twelve hundred dollars for the ensuing year, left it to him to decide upon the question of another collecting tour, and postponed for two weeks the consideration of the latter part of the rector's letter. When the day for meeting again, October 12, came, all hearts were filled with mourning, and nothing could be considered but the great loss just sustained by the Church and country. At a meeting a few days later, however, they unanimously declined to receive the rector's resig-
nation unless he felt that the material interests of himself or his family required it, and requested he should at once make the tour of collection proposed. They also determined to build a new church as a memorial to General Lee, and issued a circular-appeal for contributions. This appeal stated that "the very last hours of his (General Lee's) active life, in a meeting of the vestry over which he presided on the evening of the 28th of September, only a few minutes before he was stricken with his fatal attack, were given to the consideration of the subject herein presented. Himself chairman of the committee charged with the task of rebuilding, he had just been earnestly engaged in devising the means by which a fund could be secured for this purpose, and this object was among the very last which occupied the thoughts of his noble and unselfish mind. The accomplishment of this object, therefore, in the spirit of his enlarged designs, the vestry now regard as a sacred duty to his memory." From this time the completion and proper accommodation of the recumbent statue and the erection of the Memorial Church became objects of engrossing interest and untiring exertion on Dr. Pendleton's part.

Before the end of October he had set out on the laborious and irksome work of procuring funds for the Memorial Church, and wrote of his occupation to his wife and daughters,—

"RICHMOND, October 31, 1870.

"Saturday I began operations, but saw only a few persons. General Anderson subscribed for us three hundred dollars. Today I am at it again, and have secured, I hope, two hundred dollars more. Saturday I saw Dr. Minnegerode. He engaged me to preach for him Sunday night, preferring the morning himself, as Mr. Davis was expected, as he wished Mr. Davis to hear him as his old pastor. But when we met yesterday at church he thought the President had not come, and asked me to preach then. I accordingly did so, and behold Mr. Davis was one of the large congregation. I preached without manuscript from part of 1 Cor. xiii. 12, 'Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face,'—felt very free in speaking, and the congregation seemed attentive and impressed. I went to Minnegerode's to tea, and Mr. Davis was there. He looks well, but sad."
"November 3.

"I have been so constantly going and am so tired out that I feel like doing very little to-day except resting for the soldiers' meeting to-night. Have done next to nothing about my special mission since Monday, because the Fair matters and those pertaining to this memorial soldiers' gathering, which could not be put off, have really occupied me day and night. Last night and the night before I was up till two o'clock concocting the best programme towards harmonizing elements that threaten to be conflicting in regard to monumental plans, and have earnestly tried, in the most disinterested spirit, to contribute all that my mind and conscience could suggest to the common fund of reasonable plan for so commemorating General Lee as to do good here and at Lexington, while holding forth to honor his character in connection with the great cause which he represented. We shall have a very large and significant assembly, and you will be gratified to know that Mr. Davis is to preside. He is enthusiastically received here. . . . The papers will have told you of occurrences at the fair-grounds on Tuesday. I went out, and being seen in the crowd by General Early, who, with President Davis and others, was on the platform, was so beckoned up that I could not with propriety decline. Mr. Davis was enthusiastically cheered and called on to speak, which he did most gracefully for two or three minutes. Early was then shouted for, and said a few words. Then the crowd called on me, and I spoke but a moment; and finally Colonel Withers was summoned, and did as the rest had done. The whole scene gratifying and inspiring.

"That morning, at Valentine's request, I had been two hours in his studio with General Lee's uniform coat on, that the artist might get the details of his military bust with life-like truth and effect. After tea I went to the Exchange, where General Early was, and where, with Allen and others, I was at work for the soldiers' gathering until considerably after twelve. Yesterday morning I had to be at the Exchange with Early a little after seven, and then get way out to Gilham's to breakfast to meet my old chum Lloyd Beall. After breakfast Gilham took me afoot to the fair-ground,—a long way. There I had the chief work of passing judgment on the flowers, and how I did wish for you
and the girls! The collection not very large at this season. No fuchsias or verbenas, and only a few fine roses. But flowering shrubs, leaf-plants, chrysanthemums, etc., luxuriant and beautiful. Some chrysanthemums the most exquisite I ever saw, as large as the largest rose and much more double, of the purest white blended with delicate pink.

"Squeezing through the crowd to make our award was hard work, but accomplished in less than two hours. I then started for the cars to get home, being very tired, but met Colonel Nelson, who had just arrived, and went about with him for nearly two hours more. At last, worn down, I got to Peterkin's, and actually had to go to bed, whence I was waked up at four for dinner. Afterwards I did not go out, but again last night sat up later than I had intended to write up the ideas indicated by Early and others about the meeting for to-night. After breakfast this morning I went to see Mr. Davis, then to the Exchange, and thence to Valentine's studio again, from there to Mr. Isaac's office, where I began this letter, but at twelve, remembering Thanksgiving-day, I went to St. Paul's as a worshipper, and after service came home to finish this."

"November 19, 1870, Louisville, Kentucky.

"... No letter here for me. It is a trying disappointment. My whole heart is with you and my own people, and this wandering about as a beggar, even for so important an object, is a grief my good friends can hardly appreciate."*

* Not only were these wanderings and personal solicitations trying, but the mail brought many letters full of unkind feeling and even of insult. One of these is given as a specimen.

"(Stamp for return postage.)

"Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg, May 7, 1874.

"Rev. Major Pendleton.

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed you will find a small contribution for the church you are erecting to commemorate the virtues of that truly good and loyal man, General Robert E. Lee.

"May we ask you to aid us in a somewhat similar enterprise that we have in hand? We are desirous that the South should co-operate with the North in the erection of a suitable monument to commemorate the virtues of that great and good man, John Brown, of Ossawatomie, of blessed memory. The inscription will record the fact
"LOUISVILLE, November 24.

"This morning all the Episcopal churches united in Thanksgiving services* at St. Paul's. I preached, after an hour or two of meditation, and was grateful for the freedom of thought and utterance I had and the solemnized appearance of the congregation. Dr. Norton said in the vestry-room after it was over, 'I don't often say anything about sermons, but that was the best Thanksgiving sermon I ever heard.' It was God's blessing in answer to prayer and a sincere purpose to honor Him and do good."

"MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, December 14.

"To-morrow I expect to start for New Orleans. . . . By request I last night made an address in Carmichael's remote little church on General Lee's life and work since the war, with which the people are much delighted. A long report of it appeared in this morning's paper. By the bishop's request I made again tonight, in another little church, an address on the same general topic. He is to have collections taken up for us. . . . I have been at this hotel all the while with Mr. and Mrs. Davis. He is working very hard on his insurance company work.

"My love, the more I see, the better I am satisfied with our lot, plain in some respects as it is. We have many mercies."

Hastening from New Orleans to Selma, Alabama, General Pendleton spent the Christmas of this year at General Hardee's, where he had the pleasure of meeting his daughter Rose, who was teaching Mrs. Hardee's nieces, some miles away in the country. His course then lay through Augusta to Savannah, and on home again by the last of January, 1871. This tour realized that the monument is erected by the combined efforts of those in the North and South who sympathized with him in his noble efforts in the cause of human freedom.

"On one side will be inscribed two lines from that good old hymn,—

"'John Brown's body lies a-moulder in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.'"

"Please remit amount to B. F. Butler, Treasurer, Arlington Heights.  
"Yours sincerely,  
"STEVENS THADDEUS."

* The national Thanksgiving, that in Richmond being the Prayer-Book day.
three thousand five hundred dollars, to which Mr. W. W. Corcoran added a check of five hundred dollars for the church and one thousand dollars for the monument.

Colonel Thomas G. Jones to General Pendleton.

"MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, January 20, 1871.

"My dear General,—According to promise, I send the memorial address delivered by Hon. Daniel Clopton, of this place. I have ventured to send an address delivered by myself at Winchester, Virginia, about one month before General Lee's death. I, of course, claim no merit or eloquence for the address, and send it simply as one among a thousand things which show how completely General Lee's example permeated through almost every sentiment and relation of Southern life. There was no gathering and entertainment nor custom in which the young men of the South participated whose tendency to evil could not be banished at once by a simple allusion to General Lee's example. As far as regards the young men of the South who were turned adrift at the end of the war, General Lee's life and example were, if it were possible, more valuable to the country than during the war. His determination to remain in the country restrained hundreds of young men in every community from that despairing search of honor and liberty in foreign lands which often leads to death, always to misery. I well remember a brave but dissolute young man here, who was wont to 'loaf' and whine about what he had suffered and lost by the war, and complained of want of appreciation of his services by the people and that he could get no easy work. The day it was announced that General Lee was going to Lexington to take charge of the college this young man was around a drinking-saloon, when his elder brother, who was very much like the younger, said, 'Bill, they say old Marse Bob had a heap of soft places offered him, and now he is going to teach a school. If he can go to work as a teacher from being a general, I reckon you and I need not be ashamed to work on the farm.' It acted like a charm, and to-day the two brothers are thrifty farmers."

* * * * * * * * *

General Joseph E. Johnston to General Pendleton.
"Savannah, January 25, 1871.

"My dear Friend,—I enclose the check of Messrs. Ketchum & Harbridge for one hundred dollars, drawn to your order, on the Fourth National Bank of New York. . . . We were wishing all day yesterday that you had stayed until to-day. And to-day we are wishing that you were staying till to-morrow. And we shall be always wishing and hoping that you will come again,—Mrs. Pendleton with you.

"Affectionately your friend,

"J. E. Johnston."

Following a suggestion of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Dr. Pendleton took measures during this visit to the South to secure a few little boys to be taught and trained at his home, mainly by his widowed daughter, he having a general supervision and ultimate authority over them and taking some part in their instruction. The school thus begun, to which was added a considerable number of day pupils, was continued for ten years, and proved an instrument of usefulness, besides furnishing the chief support for his family.

The necessity of becoming again a teacher and guardian of little boys, at sixty years of age, would be to most men very irksome. But Dr. Pendleton's love for children and fondness for teaching made the drudgery not so grievous to him, and, indeed, he was able to derive from it a considerable amount of pleasure. The amusements of the boys were never too trivial to interest him nor their troubles too slight to excite his sympathy. It was his custom to pass an hour or two with them in the evening, when they gathered round his chair, eagerly asking for war stories or pressed up to overlook and criticise the games of chess or draughts he played with one and another of them. The youngest was usually the first antagonist chosen, and when the little fellow proved the victor, no one was more pleased or amused at his exultation than "the general." One characteristic illustration of his ever-ready sympathy and helpfulness is given. A youth of seventeen who had passed from the home school into Washington and Lee University, but still remained under General Pendleton's care, came into his room one evening in much trouble. The young gentleman was dressed for his first "grown-up party,"
and found, to his disgust, that the new shoes provided for the occasion were mismatched, while the old ones were unwearable. Everybody in the house was willing, but no one able, to assist him, and it looked as though he must stay at home. In his emergency he came to the general for sympathy. The old gentleman listened to his grievance, joked with him a little, and then, after a moment’s reflection, inquired of his wife what had become of a pair of patent-leather shoes which had been presented to himself a year or two before. No one else remembered the shoes, but he had them hunted up from the closet where they were stowed away. They proved an excellent fit, and the student went on his way rejoicing, and more convinced than ever that “the general can always help a fellow out.”

The constant strain of mind and body under which he had worked for many years, the hardships and exposure and griefs of the war and the trials of life since, had already begun to tell on Dr. Pendleton’s health, and when to these were added the sorrows of the past year and continued anxiety for his invalid daughter, even his powerful constitution could not bear up uninjured. From the summer of 1871 he became subject to sudden and alarming attacks, varying from the simple suspension of consciousness to violent illness. His physicians prescribed absolute rest, but to his active nature and energetic character this seemed impossible. Incessant and vigorous work had become a necessity to him, and, except when actually incapacitated by temporary feebleness, he continued to exert his faculties of mind and body for the good of those around him. Any privations as to food or amusement, any torturing treatment, or nauseous remedies, he unhappily submitted to; but to be idle, to give up his Master’s work while he had any ability left for His service, was not to be considered. Nor could any degree of pain, any continuance of weakness, not even the apprehension—very distressing at the time—that under God’s ordering he might be incapacitated for work and become a burden upon others, produce more than a brief depression of his bright and hopeful Christian spirit. “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him” seemed the involuntary expression of his inmost soul. The agony of intense earache, the protracted suffering and debility of dangerous carbuncles, nights of sleeplessness, nor weary days were
ever permitted to lessen the habitual cheerfulness of his voice nor to occasion one murmuring utterance. In the relaxation of slumber he might moan and sigh, but once awake again no sound or sign of impatience or suffering escaped him. When he could work he would; when God's hand obliged him to refrain from that activity which was so dear to him, he yielded to his Father's will with the sweet submission of a loving child. Looking over the records of these latter years, we find that his age and weakness accomplished more than youth and strength sometimes achieve.

During the intervals of comparative good health he was, as formerly, actively engaged in the work of his parish and the diocese. Elected a trustee of the Theological Seminary and Episcopal High School near Alexandria in 1872, his interest and efforts for the good of both institutions were unvarying, and he was especially desirous to raise the standard of scholarship at the Seminary, as a long step to which end he favored abolishing the preparatory department, and requiring postulants to come to the Seminary prepared to begin the regular course. Such intellectual training at a good college or high school would, he thought, tend to broaden a young man's mind more than could be expected in a course of five or six years at the Seminary itself.

CHAPTER XLIX.

NEW CHURCH BEGUN—VOYAGE TO HALIFAX AND ENGLAND—DEATH OF MISS AND MRS. LEE—SECOND TOUR TO RAISE MONEY—CONNECTION WITH DIOCESAN WORK—LETTERS.

In the early summer of 1872 the vestry thought they could safely begin the building of the new church. The old one was accordingly pulled down and preparations made for putting up a stone one on the same lot, but farther back from the street. The severe and prolonged financial depression which began soon after prostrated the resources of the country to such an extent that it was not until June of 1875 that the basement of the new
building was ready for use. In the three years thus elapsing the congregation was kindly permitted to worship in the Methodist church on the morning of the first and the afternoon of the other Sundays of each month. No charge was made for this extension of Christian fellowship, but the vestry gladly contributed out of their slender means several hundred dollars towards the expenses of the Methodist congregation.

In the summer of this year a sea-voyage was prescribed for Dr. Pendleton. His own slender means did not permit his going farther than Halifax, Nova Scotia, whither he sailed, accompanied by his daughter Lella. Through the instrumentality of Captain Matthew F. Maury, Messrs. Allen, however, sent him a free passage to and from Liverpool on one of their fine steamships, and kind friends in Baltimore and New York generously made it possible for him to make use of it in a short visit to England and France. Both himself and daughter proved excellent sailors; the weather was fine and the ocean travel yielded unmixed pleasure. In London he was the guest of Rev. Dr. Tremlett, and there, as elsewhere, met with great kindness. The number of Southerners abroad prevented any feeling of loneliness; the entire change and recreation proved of great benefit to his health, and though not an enthusiastic sight-seer, he greatly enjoyed visiting the scenes of historic interest to which he had access. After climbing to the highest point possible on St. Paul's Church, London, he was much amused at a stranger saying, "You must be an American; only Americans make such foolish climbs." On this journey his tendency to work showed itself. Sent abroad to rest, he preached on shipboard, and again in England where opportunity offered, and returning home much invigorated and refreshed, soon began the preparation of his "Personal Recollections of General Lee" formerly referred to. This he first delivered in the chapel of Washington and Lee University, at the request of the faculty, as a memorial address, on General Lee's birthday, January 19, 1873, and afterwards repeated at many points in the South for the benefit of the Memorial Church. This exertion, added to such parochial work as he could perform without any church, and the anxiety to get the new one in habitable condition, together with causes of anxiety at home and around him, proved very detrimental to his health, and several
times during the next two or three years his life seemed ebbing away.

In the spring of 1873, shortly before setting out on his Southern tour, he performed the painful service of burying his valued friend and parishioner, Commodore Maury. Among the sad consequences of his death was the removal from Lexington of his wife and daughters and the family of his son, Colonel R. L. Maury. Dr. Pendleton’s intercourse with them had been very intimate and affectionate. The younger family had been inmates of the parsonage for several years, and the breaking up of such cordial associations was a great trial to the pastor and his family.

In the late fall of this year additional sorrow came to Dr. Pendleton and his household in the death of General Lee’s daughter Agnes, followed in three weeks by that of her honored and beloved mother, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee. These Christian women had, during their eight years’ residence in Lexington, endeared themselves to the community, to the church, and especially to their pastor, whose hands they strengthened by love and good works. The influence of the daughter helped to elevate and refine all who came in contact with her, and her labors among the poor and suffering brought whole families to the chancel for baptism, while the mother, in her Christian fortitude under constant suffering, her cheerful activity in laboring with her hands for the church, although unable to stand or move without assistance, and her unfailing sympathy with the sorrows and joys of others, when her own pain, helplessness, and bereavement might well have engrossed her thoughts, illustrated what the faith of the Gospel can do to ennoble and purify true womanhood. Mrs. Lee had been a fit helpmeet to her husband, and after his death the desire to build the new church as he would have thought worthy of the house of God, and to honor his memory in so doing, became the ruling desire of her life.

In 1874, when the minds of Virginia churchmen were much exercised on the growth of ritualism and the question of Prayer-Book revision, Dr. Pendleton was a member of the committees on these subjects, and took vigorous part in the discussion of them, both with his pen and in the Council. In October of this year he was present in New York during the General Convention,
and frequently in consultation with the Virginia delegation, whose position on the great questions of the day was in sympathy with his own.

Dr. Pendleton to his wife:

"NEW YORK HOTEL, October 7, 1874,
5:30 P.M.

. . . At 2.40 P.M. we left Baltimore per fast train for New York. Dr. Minnegerode and Judge Parker, the first persons we saw, made the trip agreeable. Came with them straight to this hotel. Must probably stay here, costly as it is. A number of friends here. Lella gone out, while I write, with Bishop and Mrs. Whittle to the Church Congress for this evening. I concluded not to face the rain, having taken last night a little cold in the head. Saw the bishops, etc., in St. John's Chapel this morning. Love to each one of you and to the young men and the boys."

In March of 1875 Dr. Pendleton found himself so enfeebled by prostrated illness that he requested the vestry to procure the services of an assistant or associate rector, and desired them to take half the sum hitherto paid himself to add to the salary for such additional minister. On Trinity Sunday, 11th of June of this year, the congregation had the happiness of again assembling for worship in their own church, the basement of which had been completed and fitted up through the exertion and self-denial of themselves and generous contributions from outsiders. Dr. Pendleton baptized four children, preached from Ps. cxvii. 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," and administered Holy Communion.

In October the Convocation, of which Dr. Pendleton had for nearly ten years been so active a member, met once more in the new basement, and shortly afterwards the Rev. G. W. Nelson became associate rector of the parish. The burden upon the congregation of providing for the two ministers—five hundred dollars and the parsonage for the rector and twelve hundred dollars for the associate rector—was, however, so obviously beyond their means that Mr. Nelson felt it his duty to resign after holding the position a little more than a year.

Not long after this, in 1877, feeling greatly concerned for the growth of the Church in Lexington and the outlying stations in
the surrounding country, Dr. Pendleton requested the vestry to secure as his assistant Mr. James R. Winchester, recently ordained deacon. Mr. Winchester was an alumnus of Washington and Lee University, had acted as lay-reader in Grace Memorial Church for several years, and during his seminary vacations, and had become a candidate for orders under the recommendation of the vestry, who were very fond of him. To secure his services Dr. Pendleton not only offered to furnish for him a home and board, but requested the vestry to take from the six hundred dollars paid himself two hundred dollars towards the second salary. "In view of the great difficulty of providing for their large debt, and the stringency of the times," the vestry did not find it expedient to call an assistant, but assured their rector of "the gratification with which they witnessed his heroic efforts to sustain the burdens placed upon him," declared their "earnest wish to make these burdens as light as possible," and that he would find the congregation "satisfied with whatever ministrations his strength was fully equal to. His own ability, with constant reference to the preservation of his health, should be the measure of his labors. Under the blessing of God these may be as effectual as more elaborate efforts."

His regular "ministrations" from this time to the close of his life consisted of one service and a sermon on Sunday, an afternoon service and lecture on Wednesday, a service at the V. M. I. every Thursday evening, communion on every first Sunday, and three weekly services in Lent. For several summers after this time the bishop, at his request, sent Dr. Pendleton a theological student to help him as he thought best. The Rev. J. Thompson Cole and the Rev. F. M. Burch assisted him in this way year after year. Alternating with these young assistants he held service during the summer months at Goshen, Glenwood, and Balcony Falls, laying the foundations for the churches since established at those points.

Work among the colored people also occupied him. A colored Sunday-school flourished in his church for some years before his death, and his daughter Rose taught a mission parish school for young negroes in Lexington for several years, and only gave up the work when funds to carry it on utterly failed.

To this ministerial work and the numberless daily calls upon a
WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON, D.D.

busy, helpful man, he added regular teaching of the boys in his house, diligent attention to whatever could provide for the wants or increase the comfort of his household, and untiring efforts to secure money for completing the Memorial Church and the monument for General Lee's tomb.

Valentine's recumbent statue was finished in 1875, brought to Lexington, and securely stored until some suitable place to contain it could be provided. General Pendleton preferred an independent mausoleum, but the majority of the committee decided to build the present structure in rear of the University Chapel, and he became active in endeavor to have it finished.

In May of 1876, a few weeks after the death of Bishop Johns, two requests for a division of the diocese were laid before the Council,—one from West Virginia asked that it should be set off as an independent diocese, and another desired that Virginia itself should be divided by the line of James River into two dioceses. To both of these propositions Dr. Pendleton was opposed on the same grounds he had taken ten years before. West Virginia became a diocese in 1877, and in 1878 the question of further division was settled for the time by Bishop Whittle, who declined to sanction it because he believed that a large majority of the people of Virginia were opposed to it. In this year and again in 1879 Dr. Pendleton was active and energetic in conciliar work, being a leading spirit in recommending to the Council that the original voluntary Convocations, which had been productive of so much good in the State, should not be superseded by a canonical Convocation system, with metes and bounds laid down by the Council, and also that the vestry law in the diocese should not be changed. Both these recommendations received the sanction of the Council.

Dr. Pendleton to his wife.

"LEXINGTON, March 5, 1878.

"MY DEAR LOVE,—It is now a quarter to ten A.M., and by our chamber fire, with breakfast done and things attended to and all well, I scratch you off another note. . . . The day is pleasant and you will have a comfortable ride, I hope. Your arrival at 'Oakland' will be a delight to all parties, and I enjoy it myself in idea. The late pleasant weather is no doubt freshening up things there as here."
“Lell and I finished tying up the raspberries yesterday, and to-day John is cleaning up around them. As soon as that is done he is to mulch the roses. The tomato-seed in your box are coming up. I water them regularly.

“Yesterday was, you know, court-day, and there were crowds of country people in town. Some one told me the fragrance in the court-house was unendurable. A poor, bad negro woman was on trial under charge of murdering her step-child, three years old, and crowds of her race were in attendance.”

“March 25, 1878.

“. . . Dr. Madison asked me Saturday to administer to him yesterday after the Holy Communion, and desired Dr. Barton and Colonel Williamson to partake with Mrs. Madison and himself. Accordingly, at five p.m., we had for him that sacred service. He was sitting up, but coughed most distressingly. He is in a calm frame of mind, with Christian trust decided and faculties active and clear. The free play of his thoughts, the sweetness of his disposition, and the freshness of his remarks, now and then partaking of humor, and all pervaded by loving reliance on the gracious Saviour, are most remarkable; indeed, not less than beautiful and wonderful. . . .

“Late Saturday I was visited by a young McCown, that he might ask me to take his place in opening the debate at the Franklin that night on the question, ‘Is the division of the Christian Church into sects an evil?’ He was on the affirmative, and as that, on the whole, is my conviction, I agreed to take his place accordingly. At 7.30 p.m. I was there,—all my preparation for yesterday being done,—and when the question was called, arose and proceeded to give the arguments in order for a half-hour, holding my watch in my hand.”

In February, 1879, Bishop Whittle addressed to the rectors and vestries of the diocese a pastoral letter on a subject on which Bishop Johns and himself had more than once instructed the Council,—the introduction of innovations and novelties into the service in Virginia churches. Finding these instructions without avail, the bishop now pronounced to his presbyters and their congregations his “godly monition” and “godly judgment” that
"the services of the Church should be conducted as prescribed by the Rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer, without adding thereto or subtracting therefrom," and going on to state that the introduction into the Church of evergreens and flowers at Easter, or of fruits, flowers, and vegetables on Thanksgiving-day, and also the use of different-colored altar-, pulpit-, and desk-cloths at different seasons in the ecclesiastical year, were "novelties," "innovations," and "new and strange things in the Church in Virginia, and ought not to be done or allowed."

This letter created quite a ferment in the diocese. Fair-colored altar-cloths, etc., were not widely used, but flowers at Easter had for several years been placed in churches of the most conservative tone. Among these was Grace Church, Lexington, and it had become, there as elsewhere, a labor of love in the households to provide plants for such decoration. Mrs. Pendleton and her daughters had taken part in this movement with the full approval of the rector. But he immediately acquiesced in the bishop's decision, notified the congregation that he felt it his duty to forbid any flowers at the approaching Easter service, and at once began to use all his influence to strengthen the bishop's hands. In the ensuing Council, when the whole subject came before that body, he was one of the committee which declared that the bishop had the right to regulate such matters of ritual, and urged upon the clergy and laity that it was their duty to yield "cheerful and willing obedience" to the bishop's views and admonitions.

When in 1880 the subject of providing for increased episcopal visitations, either by electing an assistant bishop or dividing the diocese, was again brought before the Council, Dr. Pendleton was an earnest advocate for an assistant, and one of the committee which recommended that the General Convention be requested to give its consent to such an election, on the plea of extent of territory; and very great was his disappointment when this request was refused by that body. Not foreseeing that in the next three years the temper of the general Church would have changed and Virginia allowed an assistant bishop, the venerable presbyter now began to study up the question of division and settle in his own mind what dividing line would best promote the interests and preserve the evangelical tone of the Virginia Church. In investigating this
subject he was untiring in collecting information as to the needs, claims, and resources of the different portions of the diocese. It is not a little significant of the wisdom of his final decision that, when in 1891 the committee appointed the previous year met to determine some line of division to present to the Council, they unanimously agreed to recommend one presented by Dr. Huncel, of Charlottesville, which was the very line suggested by Dr. Pendleton and drawn by his own hand. Not only in this direction did he, as it were, foresee and voice the judgment of his brother churchmen, but he not infrequently declared that if Virginia could secure an assistant bishop, "Randolph, of Baltimore," was the man to whom his vote would be given. Again and again during these years he tried to get the Council to meet in Lexington, and was greatly pleased when such meeting was agreed to in 1882. Circumstances, however, prevented this, and the bishop appointed Richmond instead.

Dr. Pendleton to his wife, absent on a visit to her brother in Hanover County.

"Lexington, Virginia, September 26, 1880.

"... I am entirely well, and have been ever since you left. My course of life day and night is precisely as you witness it, except for missing you all the while. The girls take your place in handing me the well-meant though disagreeable draughts, and I am as comfortable as I can be without you. ... If you meet with any of the residents around give them my love. It is not very likely that meeting between them and myself will occur again till we are removed to a 'better home.'"

"October 14, 1880.

"... Delighted shall we be to have you at home again. But don't hurry, now you are one of the circle not likely to be all together again soon, if ever, this side of Paradise.

"The forest hues you describe I well recollect. We have the like here; very beautiful. Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Judge Lea's niece, of the Baptist Mission in China, told me to-day this forest coloring in autumn not only occurs nowhere else, but can't be realized as actual by residents elsewhere. She is preparing cases of the leaves to take with her for persons to see."
"October 23, 1880.

"Lell wrote yesterday, and therefore as I was busy on my sermon I did not, and besides other duties I had to acknowledge Mr. Davis’s letter, and let him know I will do the best I can in furnishing, as he requests, the names of artillery officers he wishes to mention in his book. . . . They are shingling the house, and making both a noise and a litter. Lella had the parlor put in winter dress yesterday, and will go on fixing as she can. They are busy with new carpets and old. The new one bright and pretty. . . .

"Colonel Johnston is elected president of the institution in Louisiana where Colonel McCullough is. We shall be grieved to lose them from our circle. The Peabody place will most likely be given to some Northern man. Small chance have Southerners under radical supremacy. But I don’t intend to touch on politics. In the end, the Judge of all the earth will have justice done, and for that we must wait. . . . Our chamber nearly fixed for the winter. Very snug. The Franklin stove from room over the parlor brought down for us. Doesn’t smoke! Many blessings, indeed, to be thankful for."

Ex-President Jefferson Davis to General W. N. Pendleton.

"Beauvoir, Mississippi, January 9, 1880.

"My dear Friend,—I am deeply grieved to hear of your recent illness, and write at once earnestly to request you not to tax your strength by efforts to comply with my late request for information on military affairs. We are too old to disregard monitions, and I love you too dearly to be willingly the cause of over-exertion on your part.

"With earnest prayers for you and yours,

"I am ever faithfully,

"Jefferson Davis."

"Beauvoir, Mississippi, October 14, 1880.

"My dear Friend,—It is true that I have not often written to you. It is equally true that you have never been long absent from my memory, and never removed from the high esteem and tender affection with which I have for many years regarded you.
"It was not, however, to give you this, which I hope is an unnecessary assurance, that I now write to you. In the preparation of the work on which I am engaged I wish to illustrate it by a group of the most distinguished and worthy officers in that arm of the service of which you were the head.

"Will you send me the names of those you would thus distinguish not only in the Army of Virginia, but elsewhere, and whether commanding divisions or battalions or batteries of artillery? We cannot hope to rescue all the brave and meritorious from the forgetfulness which naturally results from the onward movement of the busy world, but I wish to do something for those who deserve most, but perhaps did not acquire all the distinction they merited. I shall not attempt to imitate 'Old Mortality,' but I have a great respect for the character saved from oblivion by Sir Walter Scott.

"Mrs. Davis joins me in kindest remembrance and best wishes for you and yours.

"Ever truly your friend,
"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

*BEAUVIOR, MISSISSIPPI, December 1, 1880.*

"REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,—I received your note and subsequently the fulfilment of the promise it contained of your letter of the 24th instant. Did I not know that the labor you performed in preparing the sketch was for a cause as near to your heart as my own, I would apologize to you for the tax my application imposed.

"I have not contemplated anything like a minute account of campaigns and battles, because I knew that could, and I hoped would, be better done by those who were actively engaged in them. I wish, in general terms, to correct some prevailing errors and to do justice to some from whom it has been withheld; also to show under what great disadvantages we labored from want of the material of war and some improvident waste of the little we had.

"In this last connection, I would be glad if you could give me a summary statement of our losses in heavy guns by the retreat of the Army of the Potomac and that of the Peninsula.

"If you could add a sketch of the battle of Gettysburg, and
the condition and possibilities of affairs at Dalton when you visited it, say within the next six weeks, and could let me have it, I should be very grateful.

"I have devoted most of my time and attention to the vindication of our cause and conduct. Not being a Bookwright, I am very apprehensive that I shall fall very far short of fulfilling the wish which stimulated me to write. The assistant whom I employed to collect material for the narrative portion of the work has utterly failed me. He is, however, entitled to the excuse of finding those to whom I directed him to make application either negligent or unwilling to incur the responsibility of a reply, so that when I expected it to be all ready, I have had to go to work, as I would have done, but for that dependence, long ago, and at the last moment find myself hurried.

"Our people, after making sacrifices and performing heroic deeds unsurpassed in any age or country, seem—like the ship which, having braved the storm, goes down in calm—to be now ready to surrender their birthright for less than a mess of potage.

"My efforts to vindicate their cause will find, therefore, little favor with this generation. Perhaps they may arraign me for disturbing the harmony about which they prate, and of which the only evidence is to be found in their humiliating concessions. If, therefore, my object had been to gain applause, reason would teach me that I had better burn what I have written than have it printed.

"I have not lost my faith in the people, if they could only be aroused to the use of their sober judgment. But grinding poverty on one side and gilded wealth on the other have worked the corruption which preceded the downfall of all ancient republics; and the body of the people, whose only interest must be in good government, run idly about, as in Athens, to ask, 'What news?' In the eternity of truth and the government of the world by Him who 'doeth all things well' rests the only hope which is left to me. I do not expect to see a restoration, but shall die hoping—almost believing—that it will come, and that the example of our forefathers will in some future generation be emulated by their posterity.

"I ardently desire to see you again, and to hear again from
your lips such prayers as you offered before we shared our narrow bed near Frazier's farm and Malvern Hill.

"My wife joins me in cordial wishes for you and yours.

"Affectionately your friend,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

CHAPTER L.

GOLDEN WEDDING—ILLNESS—WORK TO THE LAST—DEATH.

In July of 1881 Dr. and Mrs. Pendleton celebrated their golden wedding. It was an occasion to be remembered for the happy thankfulness which irradiated the faces of the handsome, aged couple, and the harmony and kindliness of the large concourse assembled to congratulate them. A touching service was held by their friend and cousin, Dr. Robert Nelson, returned from China for good, and several persons were present who had witnessed the marriage fifty years before; while a great many letters of congratulation and a number of costly and substantial presents gave evidence of wide-spread affectionate good-will in Lexington and elsewhere.

Rev. Dr. Hoge to Dr. Pendleton.

"RICHMOND, July 20, 1881.

"MY DEAR DR. PENDLETON,—I have just read with deep emotion the interesting account in The State of this afternoon of your 'golden wedding.' Had I known in time that such an anniversary would be celebrated on the 15th I would have sent my hearty congratulations earlier. But now will you not permit me to unite with your friends in Virginia and all over the country, with Mrs. Preston, in saying,—

"‘So I can only ask, as one
Who fain would twine my bit of spray
Into your wreath, God's benison
Upon your Golden Wedding Day’?

"MOSES D. HOGES."
Bishop Lee, of Delaware, to Dr. Pendleton.

"WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, July 12, 1881.

"My dear Dr. Pendleton,—Please accept for Mrs. Pendleton and yourself my sincere congratulations on your being permitted to celebrate your golden wedding.

"Fifty years of wedded happiness is a boon granted to very few in this uncertain world.

"Wishing you both a very pleasant occasion, and a continuance of divine blessings, I am, very truly, yours,

"ALFRED LEE."

General Humphreys, U.S.A., to Dr. Pendleton.

"WASHINGTON, July 11, 1881.

"Dear General Pendleton,—I have this moment received the invitation of yourself and Mrs. Pendleton to your golden wedding on Friday next.

"Appreciating fully the delicate compliment this invitation conveys, I regret exceedingly my inability to be present. Let me, however, offer Mrs. Pendleton and yourself my hearty congratulations at the golden return of a day that marks the great event of one’s life, and my wishes for a long continuance of happy days to yourselves and household.

"Faithfully yours,

"A. A. HUMPHREYS."

Honorable A. J. B. Beresford Hope to Dr. Pendleton.

"ARKLOW HOUSE, CONNAUGHT PLACE, W.,
July 13, 1881.

"My dear Dr. Pendleton,—Many thanks for your touching remembrance. All happiness to you and to Mrs. Pendleton for many more years to come.

"For me there is no golden wedding in prospect, for she with whom I had hoped to keep it was called away this spring, and has left me thoroughly desolate. God be thanked, Paradise is near and duty survives, though happiness is dead.

"Yours very sincerely,

"A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE."
MEMOIRS OF

Thomas Nelson Page to General Pendleton.

"RICHMOND, July 13, 1881.

"My dear Uncle and Aunt,—I had hoped to be with you on the 15th, and give in person my congratulations and good wishes for the past and the future. It is impossible, however, for me to get away at this time, so I am forced to content myself with a note. Although I may not be able to express myself so satisfactorily in this manner as I could were I present, I am sure that you have not now to learn that every good wish I can find in my heart is yours. I find upon glancing back over my own life that my single valuable possession—my education—is due to your kindness, and the gratitude which I feel is not diminished by the fact that two generations of my house are indebted to you in the same way. Besides this, the kindness and love for which I am indebted to you place me under an obligation which I can never repay. So far, however, as good wishes go towards paying it I give you all I have, for I hope that the remaining years, during which you may be spared to each other and all of us, may bring you as much happiness and enable you to do as much good as all the half-century which you have just finished. I cannot say more, but I send you my best love for now and always, and am your affectionate nephew,

"THOMAS NELSON PAGE."

To Dr. and Mrs. Pendleton on their golden wedding day.

"Suppose the grant were given,—that you,
Who stand amid the smiles and tears
Of friends who gather here to view
Your wedded path of fifty years,

"Might backward turn the tide of time,
And in your youth and beauty bright
Might kneel as in your early prime
A Bride and Bridegroom here to-night,—

"Would you accept it? Would you blot
The past with all its joy and pain,
And venture for, you know not what,
Another fifty years again?"
"Nay, that you would not! All the bliss
Of all your past is fixed secure:
A love-truth as supreme as this
Is safe as heaven is, and as sure!

"There might be less of care and care,
There might be less of earth's alloy;
There could not—could not, anywhere,
Be more of life's divinest joy!

"And what is care, and what is loss,
When the divided burdens fall
Half on each heart? 'Tis scarce a cross
When both together bear it all.

"You have the best life holds in store,—
Fair fame, true faith, contentment, love,
Children, and friends, and home, and more
Than all, the heaven that waits above.

"So I can only ask, as one
Who fain would twine my bit of spray
Into your wreath, God's benison
Upon your Golden Wedding Day!

"Margaret J. Preston.

"Foxleigh, Maryland,
July 13, 1881."

Judge J. N. Lea to General Pendleton.

"Col Alto, December 26, 1881.

"Dear General Pendleton,—I regret exceedingly that owing to a recent attack of illness, from which I have not yet recovered, it would be imprudent for me to be out in such threatening weather, and I am therefore deprived of the pleasure of paying my respects and tendering my congratulations to you on the return of your seventy-second birthday. One who has filled so large a sphere of usefulness as you have is well entitled to those congratulations. Is not the man to be congratulated who at the age of seventy-two years finds himself in relatively good health, surrounded by appreciating friends, from whom he receives honor, love, obedience, 'and all that should accompany old age,' and can look back upon half a century of useful labor, spent in the service of his Maker and of his fellow-men?

"Yours very sincerely,
"J. N. Lea."
Dr. Pendleton to his sister, Mrs. Mildred Pendleton, Augusta, Georgia.

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, January 4, 1881.

"DEAR SISTER MILDRED,—If any one had told me, when I got your letter in reply to mine, some six months or so ago, that I should have let all this time pass without writing to you again, I could not have believed a word of it, and should certainly have set him down as no prophet, and might even have regarded his suggestion as a sort of charge to call for denial. Yet so it has occurred; and while much work to do, and being at times not altogether well, constitute a sort of excuse for such delay in performing a duty which is really pleasant when actually set about, I have to confess that the tardiness is a fault for which you have a right to blame me, and for which I must try to make amends by guarding against it in the brief future before us.

"A letter from Mary Williams, in Richmond, the other day, told of one she had received from you, which let them know that you are in not uncomfortable health for a grandmother approaching fourscore, and this is a gratifying piece of news to Anzolette and all the rest with me. For, though my pen is so slow to move towards you and yours, far otherwise is it with my heart. In all my regular devotions, day by day, you are distinctly remembered with tender love and earnest intercessions, embracing, too, all of yours.

"When you let us hear from you, tell us as distinctly as you can about each of your children and grandchildren.

"As for myself and mine, so much have we to be thankful for that I hardly know how to speak of it. Anzolette keeps in the main so well. My strength and spirit so kept up to serve my parish with the loving approval of the people in general. Our daughters kept in health and employed usefully and happily. And creature comforts abundant, even during the Arctic weather lately upon us,—thermometer twenty degrees below zero! Yet our home delightful! Mercy far beyond all we could justly expect. And though, like our Master, poor, yet with a little provision—not less than wonderfully ordered by Providence—for our five daughters, to help them against want and to continue useful when their mother and I go to the better country. Should Anzo and I live till the 15th of next July, our golden wedding comes. A little over a week ago—Sunday, December 26—I numbered
my threescore and eleventh birthday. The Lord still keep and bless us, and bring us to a happy meeting in Paradise."

"May 31, 1881.

"... To learn of yourself and all of you, as you fully mentioned in your last, was a satisfaction. That you were still able to get to church, generally on Sunday and sometimes in the week, called for my thanks to the Sustainer of your strength. Approaching fourscore as you are, to be thus supported beyond the threescore and ten term should awaken especial thankfulness.

"Anzolette and I are both thus favored and called upon for peculiar gratitude, getting smartly beyond that term as we are. But you are some eight years my senior, and while at middle life that interval seems a comparative trifle, it is towards the latter end found a serious matter.

"That we have objects of love to cling to, rendering life more or less desirable even after most of our immediate generation are gone,—and that we are privileged to expect with glad hope our great change,—is one of the striking instances of our Father making all things work together for good to them that love Him.

"You have probably seen in some of the papers accounts of our Diocesan Council in Danville. Anzolette would not undertake the journey, but our daughter Rose went with me. Owing to interference with canal travel from here to Lynchburg, we went round by Charlottesville, and spent a day or two with Virginia and Dr. Robert W. Nelson. William Nelson, of 'Oakland,' and Rev. Dr. Bob, missionary, returned from China, were at Virginia's with us, and went with me and Rose to Danville. George Dame, who married Uncle Carter Page's daughter Mary Maria, is rector of the church in Danville, and has been, to good purpose, for forty years. Three sons, clergymen, were with him in the service on the opening day of the Council, when his handsome new church was consecrated. A rare spectacle among men! George Dame, though perhaps looking older, lacks three years of being as old as myself. He still works actively. The man now alive who has on his shoulders the heaviest weight—England's prime minister, Gladstone—is just one day younger than I am. Colonel Edmund Pendleton, a distant shoot from our old stem, and a leading lawyer of this region, living here now, is, I reckon, fifty-odd,
perhaps sixty. His wife told me one of her grandmothers lived
to eighty-nine, another to ninety-eight; and there is, within a
stone's-throw of us, an old lady over one hundred, who recently
walked on the street! For neither you nor ourselves ask I so
to linger, but that all the days of our appointed time we may be
enabled to work and wait till our change come, and then find it
far better to depart and be with Christ."

In the summer of 1882 a long and desperate illness brought
Dr. Pendleton to the verge of the grave. This sickness served
to show the love of the congregation and community for their
old pastor and friend, and night and day his family and physici-
ans were encouraged and assisted by kind attention and faithful
nursing from different gentlemen. God blessed their efforts and
prayers and restored him to even more than his usual health, so
that he was able to resume his services in the sanctuary.

To Mrs. Mildred Pendleton, Augusta, Georgia.

"LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, December 22, 1882.

"My dear Sister,—You will be gratified to see my hand-
writing after so long a time. For between two to three months I
have been kept from almost every kind of exertion of mind or
body by medical direction in consequence of a prostrating ill-
ness, which in the earlier portion of that time was for days ex-
pected every hour to end my earthly life. At length, however,
I am entering upon accustomed duties, and gladly, among them,
at once send you this Christmas greeting, having just directed to
you a Christmas card.

"Although you have reached the term pronounced by Supreme
authority 'but labor and sorrow,' and next Tuesday, 26th, com-
pletes for me only three years over threescore and ten, you
are, in some respects, I reckon, quite as active and reliable as I
am. The visitations occasionally sent upon me of suspended
conscioutness for a few minutes, although seeming to result in
slight harm, occasion constant concern and watchfulness on the
part of my home people lest at some time especially unsuitable
a visitation of the kind occur. Then, whether connected with
that infirmity or not I do not know, I am quite uncomfortably
deaf, so as to miss a chief part of conversation where I am and
to risk not regulating aright the pitch of my own voice in desk or pulpit. And besides, what is still more serious, to remedy failing memory, I have to be far more studious and otherwise constant in employment towards retaining accuracy of knowledge requisite for a teacher, above all, of saving, revealed truth. Still, the Lord enables me to retain a good degree of strength of body and, I trust, of mind, to rest refreshingly and to enjoy sustaining food, and to share cheerfulness of disposition perhaps beyond the average. And I am granted a very comforting measure of confiding and affectionate esteem, on the part of the community as well as of the congregation under my pastorate. For all this my wish is to be truly grateful, while committing anxiously my earthly as well as my eternal future to unerring goodness in Christ our Saviour. Anzolette experiences, too, infirmities from wearing years, though also sustained by blessings and hopes. We are through Providential kindness comforted with moderate means, and altogether the lot granted us is full of goodness and mercy.

"And now, dear sister, to yourself, as the closing time comes, experience is given, I pray and trust, of the sure hope on high. The Lord still keep and bless you and bring us to a happy meeting in Paradise.

"Your loving brother,

"W. N. Pendleton."

Rev. Dr. Robert Nelson to Dr. Pendleton.

"Brooklyn, New York, January 9, 1883.

"My dear Cousin,—It is in due course to begin by wishing you and all your household not merely 'the compliments of the season in the phrase, "A Happy New Year,"' but within this outside wrapper are enclosed our heartiest and most sincere desire that the best of the Father's blessings, and the richest of the Saviour's love, and the most gracious gifts of the Spirit may abound to you in the year on which we are permitted to enter. To you two especially, my dear and venerable cousins, as compared with whom, though past my threescore, I still feel but a child, I tender my warm congratulations, with most earnest wishes that at your eventide you may have light glowing."
Dr. Pendleton was by nature benevolent and sympathetic, and the trials and experience of his long and varied life had deepened and strengthened these characteristics. His own sorrows taught him to understand the griefs of others and to administer to them gracious consolation; from sickness and suffering he became more compassionate for the bodily ailments of his fellows, and more tolerant of all their infirmities of temper or character; chastened and trained in the school of God's discipline, he learned that Christ-like forbearance towards human frailty which loves the sinner while loathing his sin. This heart-felt sympathy made him the friend and consoler not of his own flock alone, but of all who were in trouble. To hear of suffering or trial anywhere in the community was to him an immediate summons to render what aid or comfort he could, and everywhere his presence and voice seemed to carry something of his Master's strength and consolation. His desire to help and benefit all around him led him sometimes into incongruous companionships. In his morning and evening walks he not infrequently joined himself to one and another working-man going to and fro to his daily task, and while chatting pleasantly on the business and news of the day, found opportunity to speak some word of Christian admonition or suggestion. So much was he wont in this apparently casual intercourse to interest and influence for good persons looked upon by others as utterly godless and impracticable, that he might be seen walking and talking with an avowed unbeliever or miserable drunkard, and upon being laughingly told by his daughters that it would go hard with him to be judged by the company he kept, his smiling reply was, "Poor fellow, he can't hurt me, and I may do him some good." Such cordial intercourse with his fellows gained for him the confidence of all who knew him, and individuals who would not suffer an approach from other men on the subject of religion would listen respectfully to his kind and faithful admonitions. On the morning when the tolling bell announced his sudden death a journeyman-carpenter stopped one of the vestrymen, and after expressing his sympathy for the family said, "He was a friend to everybody. He often stopped and chatted with me, and he never spoke to a man without doing him good." Not long after this a poor sewing-woman told his daughter, "If I miss him so much I don't
see how you can live without him." "I did not know you saw much of him," was the reply. "Well, I didn't," said the woman; "but you know he passed by my house three or four times every day, and I never heard his soldier step or the click of his cane on the pavement without feeling that there was one good man in the world who would always help me if I went to him. Oh, I do miss him dreadfully!"

The end of this life of labor and beneficence came suddenly and without pain. January of 1883 was cold and stormy, and there was sickness and privation among some of the poor in whom Dr. Pendleton was specially interested. On Sunday, the 14th, he preached as usual in the morning, and after dinner took a long, cold walk over ice and snow to visit a poor family, and carry to them material as well as spiritual comfort. On Monday, 15th, he was unusually well and bright, and not only performed his customary duties, but, to fulfil a promise made to his wife, began preparation for the next Sunday. At nine o'clock he stopped writing at his desk, chatted cheerfully with his family until ten, had family prayers, and retired. A few minutes after eleven his daughters were summoned by a call from their mother, and found him gasping and struggling for breath. He never roused, and in a moment all of this life was over.

His funeral was the first service held in the church, the completion of which he had so ardently desired, and a few months afterwards General Lee's monument was unveiled. By unremitting exertion at home and great liberality elsewhere both these memorials were brought to a gracious completeness; but he who had done so much and longed so eagerly for such a consummation was not permitted to witness it. God called His faithful servant to come up higher to the temple not made with hands.

This record of his life is fitly closed in the words of his vestry:

"A student from his youth, learned in theological lore, an accomplished and ripe scholar, and well versed in the exact sciences, he came to his sacred profession well equipped for its difficult duties, and his writings and discourses remain to attest his high literary culture and evangelical creed.

"It is but simple justice to say of him that he was an humble, obedient, and devoted servant of God, a Christian of great sin-
cerity and purity of character, a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, 'thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' E'er diligent in the work of his Master, loyal to his convictions, courageous in meeting all the responsibilities of his high office, with an ear quick to hear and alert, ever responsive to the calls of suffering humanity, firm but charitable in reproving, given to hospitality, and in his own daily walk setting before his people a noted example of godly living,—the memory of his virtues and of his good deeds rests as a blessing and a benefaction on the parish which he so long and so faithfully served. Severely afflicted with disease in the closing years of his ministry and his life, death walked beside him as he trod the path of his daily duties, but not to disturb the serenity of his soul or chill the ardor of his zeal. It but gave him opportunity to take pleasant glimpses into that blessed future which lay plain to his eye in the eternal domain beyond the grave.

"The last day, and almost the last hour, of his earthly existence found him still employed in the active service of his Divine Master, and he fell, as he desired to do, with his Christian armor on. He expected his summons not with presumptuous boldness, but with submissive and cheerful calmness, and we feel comforted in the belief that, when it came, he was ready to depart, 'having the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope, in favor with God, and in perfect charity with the world.'

"The massive and beautiful church edifice in which we are now met, the completion of which is largely due to his persistent energy, is, perhaps, the best monument to him, and it must be thought a happy circumstance that its entire completion was coincident in time with the close of his well-rounded life."

Mrs. Pendleton survived her husband only a twelvemonth, passing away almost exactly as he had done,—suddenly in the night on January 15, 1884. Their mortal remains repose, in the hope of a joyful resurrection, in the cemetery at Lexington beside the graves of their son, grandson, and son-in-law.

* Upwards of twelve thousand dollars were raised for the building of the church by Dr. Pendleton and his youngest daughter.
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